

East And West

VOL-8, Part-3

1909

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EAST & WEST.

VOL. VIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1909.

No. 95.

DECENTRALIZATION IN INDIA.

IT has always seemed to me doubtful whether the appointment of a *Royal Commission* was really necessary to deal with the subject of Decentralization. There is nothing in the Commission's Report which would not have had ample authority if it had emanated from a Commission appointed by the Government of India on the lines of the Army Commission of 1879, or the Finance Commission of 1886, or even the Police Commission of 1902. There is no evidence that the selection of a Chairman from England added any particular weight to its deliberations or to its recommendations, whereas an Anglo-Indian officer, as Chairman, would have possessed Indian experience and as much impartiality as the Chairmen of the Commissions just mentioned. This remark is not meant to disparage the importance of the subject under consideration. The terms of reference directed the Commission "to report whether by means of decentralization or otherwise the relations between the Government of India and the Provincial Governments and between the latter and the authorities subordinate to them, could be simplified and improved, and the system of Government could be better adapted to meet the requirements and promote the welfare of the different Provinces, and (without impairing its strength and unity) to bring the executive power into closer touch with local conditions." None of these points required any knowledge of any other country than India; no international politics were involved; and decentralization is no new idea or principle. It has certainly been well known in India since (to quote Sir John Strachey) "the system of financial decentralization inaugurated by Lord Mayo was largely developed during the viceroyalty of Lord Lytton." The amount of financial decentralization has come under review every five years, apart from occasional decisions on particular points. The appointment of the

Commission from England has, however, afforded further evidence of the growing (and pernicious) practice of governing India from England. The Report would have been even more valuable if the Commission had not been precluded, or had not held themselves to be precluded, from considering "any alteration of the existing control exercised by the Secretary of State over the Indian Governments." If the administration of India could be further decentralized from the India Office and from Parliament, much advantage could be gained. But in these days of rapid communication this is perhaps too much to expect.

It is possible to acknowledge the general excellence of the Commission's Report, and at the same time to disagree with some of the conclusions and recommendations, and to criticize others. It is sometimes stated or suggested that Decentralization involves antagonism between two principles, *viz*: (1) that of greater efficiency in the administration and (2) that of the political education of the Indians. If this view were correct, the Government could hardly advocate or countenance Decentralization. No Government can deliberately impose or approve any system of administration which does not make for efficiency: the terms of reference above quoted show that the Commission were required to report on the possibility of improvements in the existing system, and improvements can only mean changes in the direction of greater efficiency. But there is plenty of room for difference of opinion as to the time and manner in which efficiency is to be, or can be, attained. Decentralization, then, may be regarded as a means, not of immediate, but of what may be called indirect or deferred efficiency. The wisest despot could not personally conduct all the business of a modern Government. As Sir John Strachey wrote of the financial decentralization scheme, "No central authority could possibly possess the knowledge or find the time for the efficient performance of such functions (the decision of minute financial references) throughout so vast a tract of the country." The practical justifications for Decentralization are that it allows the central authority time to deal better with the most important matters and it utilizes local knowledge, while it also gives the people an interest in and power over their own affairs, and is a way of giving them political education. It is hardly worth while to dwell more fully on the ethics of Decentralization, as it is universally

admitted that a central authority required to decide every minute reference would be immediately swamped with work, so that the real question is—where is the line to be drawn? The Report of the Decentralization Commission is the answer to this question, so far as the Government of India, in India, are concerned.

In the first place it is indisputable that the central Government of India must retain in their own hands certain matters of business of the highest importance, and at the same time lay down general principles for observance. To quote again the author already quoted: "Some branches of the public administration are obviously imperial rather than provincial in their nature. The Government of India must, for instance, be responsible for the military defence of the empire, for payment of the interest on the public debt, and for the charges to be met by the Home Government. Some departments, such as the Post Office, Telegraphs, and Mint, must be managed throughout India on a uniform system, and are more conveniently controlled by the central authority. Receipts and charges under the following heads are treated wholly or chiefly as imperial—Opium, Salt, Customs. Tributes from Native States, Post Office, Telegraph, Mint, the Public Debt, Railways and Army Services." The enumeration of these important items is far from exhaustive of the total business of the administration of India. An enormous amount of business—such as, for instance, civil and criminal justice, police, jails, land revenue, Local Self-Government and many other matters, by no means only details—are left to the local Governments. By means of Legislation, and by the issue of resolutions and orders in the *Gazette*, the Government of India lay down general principles for observance by these Governments. About fifty years ago Mr. John Bright, M.P., in advocating the decentralization of the Government of India, went so far as to propose that each of the several great Provinces of India should have a separate and almost independent Government of its own directly subject to the Crown, and that the Supreme Government of India under the Governor-General in Council should be abolished. But this extreme view of a statesman who, able and eloquent as he was, had no practical or personal knowledge of India, has never been accepted by responsible authorities. The principle of Decentralization advocated by him has been accepted, subject to the maintenance of a strong

central authority. The result, as before stated, is that the present practical question is one of degree, *viz.*, what powers the central authority is to retain and how much independence can be allowed to the Local Governments, and again, how far the principle can be extended in the relations between the Provincial Governments and the official and non-official bodies under them. To dispose of these questions the Commission have formulated conclusions and recommendations, summarized by them in 134 paragraphs and in three long Schedules. And yet this is not the last word by any means, as the Report will have to be minutely considered by the Supreme Government and the Local Governments, and in some respect by the Secretary of State also. The Commission, with all their industry and ability, could hardly be expected to probe to the bottom every item of public business on which they touched. Nor in a short paper like this would it be feasible or desirable to examine each and all of the Commission's recommendations in detail. Some remarks on such as appear most open to criticism must suffice for the present. It must be remembered that many of the recommendations refer to proposed changes in official appointments and not to the distribution of work between the higher and lower authorities.

Finance naturally occupies the most prominent place, partly, perhaps, because Decentralization has already commenced in the region of Finance, but also because so much depends on the stringency or relaxation of financial rules. The power of the purse is omnipotent everywhere, as typified by the Treasury in England. Unless the financial powers of the Local Governments and lower authorities are considerably increased, the objects of Decentralization will not be attained. Only experts can decide by what method this should be effected, whether by fixed assignments, or by shares of growing revenue, or by provincialising certain heads of revenue. It must be done somehow. But it is much more debatable whether the Local Governments should be empowered to impose special taxation, and the Commission rightly observe that if it is allowed, the special sanction of the Government of India and of the Secretary of State to any such taxation should be requisite, since it would involve legislation and might raise important political issues or trench upon the sphere of Imperial (Government of India) finance. As taxation is one of the most serious and critical matters in

India, both on account of the poverty of the masses, of the population and the political considerations involved, it is obviously necessary to restrict the power of taxation by all possible safeguards. Probably the best course will be to confer the power, but to require a special reference to higher authority before the power can be exercised. It is not difficult to imagine circumstances under which new taxation or the increase of existing taxation, may be required, indeed may be absolutely necessary. As the Local Legislative Councils are enlarged, and the "official majority" has been given up, it will be more and more difficult to pass in them any Bill involving taxation, so that it may, indeed, become necessary to pass all taxation Bills in the Supreme Legislative Council. But it will be said that this is centralization with a vengeance. It may be replied that taxation is one of the subjects which the Central Government must retain in their own hands. Similarly, no local body under a Local Government should on any account be allowed any independent power of taxation: such power might be seriously abused. Then there is the question whether the Provincial Governments should be allowed to borrow in the open market, which they are not allowed to do at present. The Commission, after weighing all the considerations, hold it to be undesirable that Provincial Governments should borrow any large sums in the open market. They consider this a function which ought to remain in the hands of the Government of India. It cannot be said that this view is wrong, though it may militate against decentralization. The loan market in India is limited in capacity, and it would be financially disastrous if Provincial loans were permitted to compete prejudicially with one another or with the loans of the Government of India. It is enough, for the present at any rate, that certain statutory local bodies, such as Port Trusts and large Municipalities, may now borrow in the open market under Government control. Much objection has been taken in some quarters to what is called the system of "doles," a term applied to the special grants made by the Government of India to Provincial Governments for special purposes. The objection appears to be based on the ground that such grants lead to increased control by the Government of India. The plain reply is that these special grants from surplus funds of the Supreme Government are

often essential to enable the Local Governments to carry on some new or additional work, and that the objection can be met by not allowing the "doles" to afford grounds for greater interference.

The Commission advocate the revision of the Civil Service Regulations and Civil Account Code, partly on the ground of the rules being rigid, or complicated, or too minute. As new principles are adopted or new decisions in detail are taken, it will of course be necessary to revise these works, and abbreviation might be aimed at : but the first essential of any revision must be absolute clearness. Some rules must be rigid, others may admit of relaxation, or give discretionary power ; they might be classified accordingly. But they should all be so simply and clearly expressed as to preclude the necessity for references or for interpretation. It is not fair to the officials or to the public affected that there should be any mystery or Delphic obscurity in such matters. It is by such rules and regulations that the working of decentralization will in practice operate.

It would be impossible in these few and brief notes to deal adequately with the principles which should determine the relations between higher and lower authority in such Departments as, for instance, those of Excise, Public Works, Land Revenue, Forests, Education, Medical and Sanitary, Police, Jails, &c. Probably it will be found desirable by the Government of India to issue a well-considered Resolution on each Department, showing what powers they retain and what they make over to the lower authority : and if they are willing to circulate such Resolutions in draft for the criticisms of the Local Governments before they are finally published as State documents, much advantage would probably be derived and possible friction avoided. The real points are (1) the spirit in which the Government of India embarks on the development of the policy of Decentralization, and (2) the extent to which they may feel it safe to proceed on the present occasion. There is no need to advance in a spirit of "breathless benevolence" : some caution is necessary as it is easier to make a further advance than to withdraw.

Apart from the subjects in which Decentralization may be effected, certain changes in the administration have been suggested which should have the same tendency, though immediate efficiency

rather than decentralization is their main object. The Commission propose that Governors in Council (such as already exist in Madras and Bombay) should be substituted for the Lieutenant-Governors in the larger Provinces. It is not unreasonable to surmise that the three members of the Commission who have been accustomed to "Governors in Council" were influenced by their experience in favour of Governors rather than Lieutenant-Governors. It has long been an aim of the Indian National Congress to have Governors from England substituted for Lieutenant-Governors. The former are more likely to be plastic and malleable in the hands of political reformers, whereas Lieutenant-Governors, with their full knowledge of the circumstances of the country, are not so easy to be misled. The Commission did not think that a Governor need invariably be appointed from England. They proposed that there should be two members of Council appointed under the conditions which now apply in Madras and Bombay: and that there should be two other members of Council who might be natives of India. I entirely welcome the decision which has been taken under the Indian Councils Act of 1909 in the case of Bengal, *viz.*, to maintain a Civilian Lieutenant-Governor and to have a Council composed of two civilian members and two natives of India. The Board of Revenue will of course be abolished and its members become Councillors. The ordinary official business will presumably be distributed, to be disposed of by the members in charge of various Departments; important matters will have to be discussed in Council. The Secretaries in each Department should be charged with the duty of laying before the Lieutenant-Governor any important orders passed or proposed by the members: and the Lieutenant-Governor should be vested with the right of over-ruling all or any of his Councillors. This is only fair, as he will be held, and will be, ultimately responsible for the success or failure of the Government of which he is the head. The two native members of Council should be held responsible for keeping the Government informed of native sentiment and point of view, and they must bear equally with their European colleagues the burden and odium of unpopular measures. If this system of distribution of work in Council had been adopted, there would have been no occasion for the Partition of Bengal. Such a system works in well with the principle of Decentralization

and makes for efficiency. When this system has justified itself in Bengal, it will be time enough to consider its introduction into other Lieutenant-Governor Provinces.

The Commission's recommendation, in which they "consider it essential to give larger powers to Commissioners and reject proposals for their abolition or their conversion into mere advisory and inspecting officers" may be highly approved. It is really the pivot on which administrative decentralization largely turns. A Divisional Commissioner being peripatetic, can always go to the spot, and decide with local knowledge, on inspection, and on evidence personally taken, which the Government cannot always do. He can always invite persons interested to meet him in Conference. The real difficulty will consist in formulating in some manner the financial and administrative powers to be entrusted to a Commissioner: but there already exists material as a basis for decision. Though seniority may give some claim, it will be necessary to appoint Commissioners by selection only. The same considerations apply in the case of the District Officers, whose powers and position it is proposed to enhance. The whole mofussil administration rests upon the District Officer, and unless his status is at least maintained the administration of the country will not only deteriorate but will fall to pieces. The Commission have done well in recommending that the present intimate connection of the District Magistrate with the Police administration of his district should in no way be weakened.

There are several questions of the greatest importance affecting the District officers which may be fittingly considered at this point. Some years ago the Government of India made some changes in the Leave Rules, and issued some general orders, with the object of preventing the too frequent transfers of the officers in charge of districts, and of obviating their too-short tenures of their charges. The new Leave Rules could be and were enforced: but the general orders were in many cases treated as mere counsels of perfection and were too often disregarded. The scandal was (very wrongly) allowed to continue. It is impossible not to agree with the Commission's recommendation that every effort should be made to keep an officer for three years at the very least in the same district.

At the same time a maximum limit, say "not more than five," may properly be fixed. Five years are quite long enough to get the best work out of an officer. The problem is not as simple as it may appear. The amenities and climates of districts, say, in Bengal and Bihar, differ enormously. It is only human nature that officers should scheme to obtain the best districts for themselves and their families. Medical certificates and accidents make some changes obligatory, besides absences on leave. Something can be done by classifying the districts, and making local allowances or deductions according to the classification. The alleged want of acquaintance with the vernaculars is a very troublesome matter which has often been represented. The fact is that all men have not the gift of tongues, and that some of the best administrators have not been distinguished for proficiency in the vernaculars, though they "got along somehow." And it is also the case that the native idiom and intonation are really very difficult to catch. I know nothing more trying than having to take down the evidence of an elderly Bengali female, excitedly stating in Court her version of a bazaar wrangle. If some improvement is insisted on, the opposite extreme of requiring an impossible standard of linguistic attainment must be avoided. It need not be demanded of all officers that they should be capable of becoming detectives. The recommendations of the Commission are good so far as they go, but they are not exhaustive. Divisional Commissioners should be required to report fully on the linguistic proficiency of their European subordinates, after hearing them try cases in Court and accompanying them on local enquiries : and increase of salary should be refused until a certificate of real competency has been obtained. The greatest difficulty of all is that of dealing with inefficient officers, especially the Civilians. It does not necessarily follow that, because men have passed certain examinations, they are sure to succeed in administrative or judicial work : and, when their inefficiency has been ascertained, it is not fair to the State or to the public that they should be retained in the public service. It is to be hoped that the recommendations of the Commission will be adopted, *viz.*, that "when a man is found definitely incompetent to be a Collector, the Local Government should have the power to retire him on a suitable pension" and "the same principle should apply in regard to District Judges, and

to high district officials in other Departments." Whether a man who has failed in one line should not be given a chance in another is a different matter: satisfactory results have sometimes been obtained by a change. But there should be no practice of drafting all "failures" into any one Department. In all these changes it is only fair to the officers not to expect from them an impossible standard of merit, and not to impose upon them responsibilities without commensurate powers. The day of personal rule is past, though personal influence will always make itself felt. But persuasion and conciliation are very different to the power of ordering. There are those who will not be persuaded or conciliated, and the District officers should not be blamed for inability to perform impossibilities. Much has been made of the allegation that the European officers are not in sufficient contact with the people. It is easy to bring such a charge: the force of it lies in the word "sufficient." Some officers are more accessible than others, but it is not to be believed that any person having business with the District officers cannot obtain access at proper hours. Also, there are two sides to this question of personal intercourse, on both of which much might be said. During his tourings in camp, and in local enquiries, a District officer can and should see quite sufficient of the people, besides being accessible at his headquarters.

The subject of appeals has perhaps hardly attracted the notice it deserves. The Oriental tradition is that every subject has the right of personal petition to the ruler, a tradition handed down through Mogul times, when the Emperor sat in his *diwan-i-am*, or open Court, approachable by all and sundry. It has long since been discovered that the power of appealing is regarded as a most valuable right, not only in judicial cases, but in all matters. It has nearly come to this, that an order is regarded merely as something on which an appeal can be based. The Governments in India have found it necessary to lay down rules circumscribing the right of appeal in practice. As Decentralization is extended there should, by the hypothesis, be more finality attaching to the orders of subordinate authorities. But the parties adversely affected will assuredly continue to submit appeals, and somebody must read them, if only as a check on the abuse of authority. It is likely that an appeal Department will have to be formed, or some special

procedure adopted, under each Government. In such a matter, as in many others, clear rules should be laid down and published : if this is not done, Decentralization will produce little diminution of work to the higher authorities. The Commission find fault with the number and length of the manuals of the Board of Revenue in Bengal. These were, to my knowledge, issued with the deliberate intention of showing the hundreds of half-educated subordinate officers and clerks as well as the public, what the laws and rules and method of business were. There was no rigidity about the rules, because they could be altered whenever required. The more generally such guide books are provided, the better is the work likely to be done : whereas without them, there would be much confusion. They should, of course, be revised and made clearer, whenever necessary.

Little space is left for dealing with the subjects of Village Organization, Local Self-Government by Rural Boards and Municipalities. The first of these will require very careful handling, and much greater consideration will be necessary before any such system can be introduced, even experimentally. It is notorious in Bengal that there are factions in every village, and any powers conferred upon *panchayats* may be liable to abuse, unless supervision is exercised. It is easy to recommend that "they should have summary jurisdiction in petty civil and criminal cases," but how is this to be carried out? How are offenders to be arrested and brought before the *panchayats*, tried, and punished? How are the punishments to be inflicted? How are the civil decrees to be enforced? How are the proposed petty village funds to be raised and exacted? Numberless little difficulties will present themselves, and there will be great danger of investing with a quasi-official authority opportunities for much petty injustice and tyranny. There is the obvious difficulty that supervision means interference : and interference in innumerable petty matters does little good to anybody. District Boards have existed so long that they have passed the experimental stage. The Commission advocates the universal establishment of sub-district Boards, though (under a slightly different name) they have not hitherto been successful everywhere. The recommendation that all the Rural Boards should be presided over by Government officers is a remarkable comment on the whole system. So much has been

written about these Boards that there is very little new to be said, but the Report brings together all the old points for further consideration, and possibly for a new departure. There are still the same questions as to the funds to be assigned, the amount of independence to be allowed, especially in such matters as sanitation and education, the relations of the sub-district to the District Board, and so on. The fear is that, in their anxiety to take liberal views, and in their endeavour to make Local Self-Government a reality, the Government may overlook their responsibilities to the people at large. It is hardly justifiable that the public interests should be neglected or sacrificed, that, for instance, education and sanitation should be mismanaged, in order that the Rural Boards may have material to deal with. Government cannot rightly forego all supervision, inspection, and power of interference. Better results would probably be attained if the Government were in a few cases, by way of warning, to interfere more promptly than they have been in the habit of doing, even by the suspension or abolition of some Rural Boards which fail in their duties to the public. Similar questions generally arise regarding Municipalities, except that the Legislature has long since sanctioned taxation for municipal purposes. The views of the Royal Commission on such questions of Local Self-Government are not more valuable than the opinions of men who have for years given their minds and their labour to working the system.

Many more matters might have been mentioned in this paper if space had permitted. The Report may be welcomed as a genuine effort to show how Decentralization can practically be effected. It is quite likely that less progress will be made in the future, when more matters are left to the people themselves to wrangle over than has hitherto resulted from the initiative of energetic European officers. This is perhaps a lesser evil than that the people should be over-governed or over-driven. Oriental nations and individuals are believed to be happiest when left alone, and if Decentralization tends to this some good will be done. But the Government cannot altogether neglect their responsibilities to the State and the people. Having stated clearly what Decentralization means in each Department, and how it should be carried out, there should be no scruple

on the part of Government in requiring observance of the rules prescribed. In ordinary life, any game must be played according to the rules : they cannot be set aside at the will of a single player.

C. E. BUCKLAND.

London.

AT THE RUINS OF AN ANCIENT CITY.

' Midst rock-hewn fanes of far-famed ancient art,
That stand forlorn along this aes'late shore,
And ev'r echo the ocean's sullen roar,
I see the enshrined angel of my heart.
Here, men of ages past have played their part,
The gorgeous tow'rs have vanished like a dream,
And on the scene now shines the glowing beam
Of Light and Beauty—will she too depart ?
Enjoined by Gods to cheer this desert air,
With warmth of life and love's reviving charms,
She comes and grants the plain an hour's delight.
In song and story, renowned is this site,
And here, I plight my troth, against the storms
Of Life, or all the world's distracting care.

P. SESHADRI

Madras.

EDUCATION IN THE ISLANDS OF THE BLEST.

I.—GENERAL.

THE really peculiar thing about Education in the Islands of the Blest is that its sole object is the complete and harmonious development of the powers, faculties and abilities of the mind, body and soul of the individual. Should one stop a pedagogue in the midst of his labours and ask : " With what object are you giving this lesson, lecture or demonstration ? " he would at once reply : " For the mental and moral training of the minds and characters of my pupils"—and he would have absolutely no ulterior motive, no *arrière pensée* of " passes," no visions of himself as the proud maker of an examination-list record.

For in the Islands of the Blest there is no such thing as the " strain of education," educational stress, and breakdown through overstudy. How could there be strain and stress in scientific development of the mental, moral and physical powers, except under a competitive system ? And here there is no competition, no senseless yearning to know which student can cram and scribble more madly than another, no respect for mere meaningless facts, or the power of learning by heart other people's fancies and philosophies. Educationists there would as soon think of holding public competitions in skinning rabbits, as of public competitions in amassing useless facts and scribbling them against time. And if you asked them, they would probably tell you they considered the former of the two competitions would be better worth holding, because the preparation for it would give a certain training in manual dexterity and make for vocational ability. The latter, they would say, would do nothing but injure the health of the body, destroy all originality of the mind, and give no moral education whatsoever.

And they are as deeply interested in moral and physical education as in mental. Whether it be a child who is taught for three hours daily, or a boy or girl who is taught for six, or a college student who is taught, studies and exercises for nine hours, the time is always equally divided into three parts for mental, moral and physical education. (Physical education includes technical.)

Children from eight to twelve years of age, boys and girls alike, go to school from ten o'clock till one. In the first hour they receive mental education by means of elementary mathematics, science, reading, writing, language and geography, taking two subjects daily. In the second hour they recite poems, read stories, hear tales or are taught history—all with a view to moral education. But they never hear the term "moral lesson." They merely enjoy the poems or stories of great and noble deeds, appreciate them, and receive a moral bias to honour, honesty, courage, unselfishness, truth, charity, humility, etc. Their history is not a thing of dates, battles, "acts," reigns and weary cram, but a training in morality. Such a story, for example, as that of Sir Philip Sidney at Zutphen would be disfigured by no date, notes and "vain repetition as the heathen do"; its moral teaching would be *the* point of the lesson (to which the battle would be subordinate), and not a hastily mentioned fact glanced at by the teacher in a weak moment of relaxation from cram and curriculum. In the third hour they receive physical education. Not a senseless mechanical stiff drill for effect, but a pleasant, easy, progressive, *muscular education*, which deals equally with every external muscle of the body and strengthens and develops every internal organ.

In the afternoons these young children play in the school compound. But they do not merely rush about shrieking, for their games are organised, and everyone is employed. They do not follow the plan by which twenty or thirty occupy the ground, while the others loaf, nor by which the strong get all the fun and the weak none of it. After play, they "fall in" in orderly lines according to their classes, march into school and sing songs and hymns before dismissal.

They are happy places, these schools for young children; there is no pressure, no rush, no losing sight of the object of the school-

pure *education* to wit. The teachers are all trained experts, practical psychologists, and well-paid, contented, unharassed men and women. *And there are no examinations.* Inspectors there are, who visit these schools very frequently and unexpectedly, and watch them at work. They do not gauge their value by making chosen children pour forth torrents of facts with which they have been primed; they take no stock in facts; they gauge them by watching the work done, and frequently do so without speaking a word. They come to see and hear the *teachers*, not to probe and worry the children. They are the best friends of the teachers, for they come to help and guide them, being higher educational experts than the teachers themselves. They take rather more interest in moral and physical education than in mental. Boys and girls from about twelve to eighteen years of age are taught from ten till one and again from two till five. The first two hours of the day are devoted to mental education and the third to physical; the fourth and fifth to moral education, and the sixth again to physical. In the mental education, Memory is relegated to its proper place, and Observation and Reasoning receive the main share of training. It is all training in fact, for the teacher has been taught to train, and is asked to do nothing else. He has a free hand within wide limits and there is no hurry. He is not bound to cover a certain course in a certain time—he is only bound to train and develop the powers of observation, reasoning and memory of his pupils, to give them the seeing eye, mental initiative, power of deduction and thought and a memory sufficiently quick to receive, steadfast to retain, and prompt to deliver. In the moral education much of the time is given to the best literature and to the study of home and foreign history, but the sole aim is character-forming and moral training in disguise. The bare facts of the history are of a very minor importance. Cause and effect and the lessons and moral of history are the real thing. The boys and girls greatly enjoy the literature, since it is studied for itself alone, to really get at the beauty and true inwardness of it. There are no notes dictated for examination purposes. For here again *there are no examinations* though much inspection. Pure education for education's sake and never a hint of cramming, sweating, stress and strain, misery and loathing.

In the first physical-education hour the muscle-training is continued, but now dumb-bells are used. Every muscle has its particular exercise, and the exercise is performed solely for the benefit of the muscle to which it belongs. The work is scientific, systematic and progressive. In the second physical-education hour the boys and girls receive hand-and-eye training—or what may be termed technical education by such as understand that technical education does not mean industrial or vocational education. The technical education given in the Islands of the Blest is purely and solely *educational* and is given equally to boys who are going to become barristers, brick-layers, soldiers, sweeps, clergymen or cooks; and to girls who may become housewives of wealthy men or poor men, clerks, typewriters, schoolmistresses, nurses or domestic servants. All do not receive the same kind of hand-and-eye training. The boys have a choice of carpentry, metal work and various kinds of modelling; the girls in addition to needlework, cookery, laundry, and housewifery work have a choice of embroidery, painting and modelling.

This technical education is part of the definite policy of training and developing every faculty of mind and body. "Why should the creative faculty be neglected, and why such marvellous instruments as the hand and the eye go undeveloped and untrained?" ask the educationists in the Islands of the Blest. Any attempt at vocational education is condemned at this stage, for they consider that the work of the educationist is to produce the most perfect man and not the most perfect clerk or fishmonger. Their ideal and sole concern is complete and all-round development of faculty, and they consider the development of the creative faculty as important as that of any other. Nor do they interest themselves in industrial questions or consider it the business of the educationist to interfere with the operation of the natural laws of supply and demand in the various departments of the labour-market. Should employers of labour say, "Your schools for boys and girls of twelve to eighteen years send us no skilled apprentices, no trained clerks, typists, engineers, draughtsmen, agriculturists, carpenters, smiths or weavers," the educationists reply, "No, and they never shall. We are not concerned with your wants. Teach them their trade when we have done with them. We will send them to you trained in mind."

strong and honest in character, and healthy and muscular in body. That is our part. We are educationists and not caterers for the labour-market, and panderers and procurers for the gods of Materialism and Commercialism. We train children for the world and not for the work-shop."

The six hours daily of mental, moral and physical education is considered sufficient and there is no "homework." That died a natural death when the educationists realised that knowledge of facts was not education, abolished examinations, and removed the teachers' necessity of saying to his class in effect, "You have got to cram a certain mass of facts in a certain time. It is impossible to cram them all here in school. Go home and continue the weary, senseless grind." But the playing-fields are attended for one hour every evening for compulsory organised games systematically taught to all. These are considered as rather moral than physical exercises, and are compulsory by reason of their moral value, rather than by reason of their undoubted physical and mental recreational value. Matches between schools are played on Saturday afternoons and *esprit-de-corps* and "school patriotism" is almost a religion.

Voluntary reading at home of books lent from the school-library is encouraged, however, and the books are chosen for their moral educational value, interest, literary beauty and attractiveness to the young. No books written by well-meaning but fanatical "moralists," full of obvious preaching and impossible priggish heroes, are admitted to these libraries, nor are they allowed to become the lumber rooms of all that is out-of-date, depressing, deliberately "instructive" and likely to quench the thirst raised in the class-room for exploration in the realms of literature. For the key-note of all education in the Islands of the Blest is leading and not driving, pleasure and not pain, attraction through interest and not repulsion through dullness.

And when boys and girls have spent a year in the top class of these secondary schools, they go to college if their circumstances permit. And here the mental and physical sides of their education become vocational if they intend to follow a vocation, and the mental and moral sides become literary or scientific if they do not. But it is still *educational* and three-sided. There are colleges for

future doctors, lawyers, engineers, soldiers, sailors, policemen, teachers, business men, etc., and others for those who wish to read for the degree of B.A. or B.Sc. And still *there are no examinations*, and the professors of the various colleges are engaged solely in mental, moral and physical education, and not in simply preparing the students for the great day when they have to try and delude a stranger into believing that they are fit to leave the college with a diploma—whether such be the case or not. No, the diplomas are given to the students who are fit for them by the only people who are competent to judge of their fitness, the men who know them and have trained them—the professors. There is no failing of the fit through ill-luck or ill-health, no passing of the unfit through good luck and good “spotting” of the likely questions. All education still, and nothing but education. Still no stress and strain and cram: the clever man receives his diploma sooner and the dull man later, or not at all. He who has passed through a particular part of the course without satisfying his teacher as to his real grasp and understanding passes through it again, and perhaps again.

And so from the age of eight to the age of twenty-four a man may be educated in the Islands of the Blest with never an examination and never an hour of cram. No man with a great assimilative faculty has passed his time on a system of wasting nine months of every year and “mugging” for the remaining three from boyhood to manhood, and emerged with a degree which qualifies him forthwith to become a member of a profession, and yet guarantees *nothing* except that the crammer has crammed; guarantees nothing of intellect, nothing of character, nothing of physique. And how has he passed without examination from standard to standard of the primary school; thence to the secondary school; from standard to standard of the secondary school, and thence to the college; from preliminary class to intermediate, from intermediate to final class of the college, and lastly to the diploma which guarantees him to have been soundly and scientifically trained in mind, character and body for ten years, and then trained for a professional or for a literary or scientific degree for three or four years thereafter? Simply by the word of his teacher from standard to standard, of his headmaster from school to school, of his professor from class to class and finally of his principal to the degree. For his teachers are experts and their

professional reputation depends upon their sending up and keeping back the right boys. And just as under the old condemned system of examination a headmaster's reputation depended on sending pupils to the examination-hall fit to pass the examination, so under the perfect *educational* system here, a headmaster's reputation depends on his sending boys to the secondary school or the college who are thoroughly fit for the remove, and those only. One who sent the unfit would speedily lose his place; and this is an infinitely safer method than that of accepting the dictum of a stranger who judges the work of a year in a few hours from the written answers to a few questions—few and often foolish. And so with college professors and principals. And headmasters and principals, inspectors and directors, in the Islands of the Blest are considered in their degrees to be as important, useful and deserving men as are magistrates and judges in other countries, and they are as carefully trained, selected and obeyed, and as well paid. In fact, Education is considered the first and most important State Department, and the work of making honourable, accomplished and healthy men is considered to be the noblest profession of all, in this strange country; nobler than that of killing them in war or even of persuading them that they are politically unhappy in peace. Honours and titles fall to great schoolmasters even before to great brewers, financiers, agitators, playwrights, actors, or pork-packers.

And, conversely, the greatest criminal is he who is a perverter of youth. Any man convening a gathering of children and endeavouring to turn their thoughts from the concerns of childhood to such matters as politics, is deported. For a second offence he is condemned to penal servitude for life. And corporal punishment is the lot of the would-be politicians of tender years, for they consider in these Islands that childhood and youth is the time of preparation for, and not for participation in, the concerns of men of ripe and mature judgment. And college-students who feel impelled to take an active part in politics are invited to give their great minds entirely to this interesting study (since they consider them ripe for it), and to leave their college to struggle on without them. In coarser language, they are expelled, degreeless. Sad to say, too, agitators have sometimes been lynched by infuriated parents in this country, so strongly do they resent the perversion of their children.

It must not be supposed, however, that all, or even a majority of the children go right through from the lowest standard of a primary school to the end of a college course. Many are taken away by poor parents to become unskilled wage-earners, many never get beyond a certain standard owing to lack of natural ability, many leave the secondary school, and enter offices, become apprentices, or join their fathers' businesses. But at whatever stage they leave, they have had a mental, moral, and physical education, long or short, and are invariably and inevitably the better for it. Two years' attendance at school from the eighth birthday is compulsory, so even the lowest class of unskilled labourers can read and write. Beyond this there is no compulsion, and there are no attempts at "educational ladders," and cajoling children from one social class to another. Nevertheless, no very clever and unusually promising boy is lost for the want of the money to pay for his schooling, for the headmaster can grant remission of fees in specially deserving cases.

In short, as was said above, the one object of the educationists is education, and education is by universal consent admitted to be the training and development of all the innate powers of the mind, soul and body ; nor is it imagined, in the Islands of the Blest, that the achievement of this is to be attained by the learning of certain amounts of certain subjects in a certain time, in the manner best calculated to please ill-chosen, inexperienced examiners. And, above all, character comes before knowledge, and the question "*What is he ?*" before the question "*What does he know ?*"

PERCIVAL WREN.

Bombay.

THE PRINCIPLES OF SOCIAL PROGRESS.

THERE are persons who do not believe in social progress as a universal fact. They hold that not only inorganic matter but even some forms of human society are incapable of progress. This view has received an authoritative pronouncement in the writings of Walter Bagehot. In his essay on the "Use of Conflict" he observes : "Our inevitable and ineradicable prejudices tend to make us think that progress is the normal fact in human society, the fact which we should expect to see, the fact which we should be surprised if we do not see. But history refutes this. The ancients had no conception of progress, they did not so much as reject the idea ; they did not even entertain the idea. Oriental nations are just the same now. Since history began they have always been what they are. Savages again do not improve ; they hardly seem to have the basis on which to build, much less the material to put up anything worth having. Only a few nations, and those of European origin, advance ; yet these think—seem irresistibly compelled to think—such advance to be inevitable, natural and eternal." We do not quite agree with Mr. Bagehot's reading of history. The difference between the oriental and the occidental, and between the savage and the civilised, seems to have been overdrawn. It is no doubt true that the occidental nations are most progressive ; but is it not a fact that we have also progressed, though our movement has never been so steady and continuous as theirs ? Does not history prove that the monotheism of the Upanishads is a great advance upon the Vedic thought of the older Aryans ? Or to take a purely social matter to which Mr. Bagehot attaches so great importance, can we truthfully say that Indian Society in the Vedic time, when every householder was a priest, soldier and cultivator, was the same as we find the social organisation of a later

period when the importance of natural aptitude and division of labour was recognised and society was accordingly split up into four different castes? The truth is that all forms of human society, savage and oriental included, advance. The contrast, therefore, is not between progress and stationary inaction, as another writer has put it, but between qualities and quantities of progress.

When we accept the principle that progress is the normal fact in human society, it behoves us to investigate the principles which guide and underlie such progress. The primitive man, it must be premised, was placed in a condition entirely different from our own. The things he needed, the dangers he had to face, the problems he had to solve, present no parallel to ours. If we wish to conceive him rightly, we must divest our minds of many things which we consider to be essential to man. It takes a vigorous effort of the imagination, said Sir G. Lewis, to realise a period when it was a serious difficulty to know the hour of day; and how much more vigorous an effort must be needed to conceive a man living in an environment which it is impossible fully to realise to-day, and in an age separated from our own by many centuries? But man, as Aristotle pointed out, is essentially a political animal. In our own time, when we throw upon the primitive man the search-light of modern science, we can discern in him the rudiments of a political life. The earliest picture of man, as furnished by history, is also the earliest picture of human polity. It was a patriarchal system, in which, as says the great jurist Sir H. S. Maine, "the eldest male parent—the eldest ascendant—was absolutely supreme in his household. His dominion extended to life and death, and was as unqualified over his children and their houses as over his slaves; indeed, the relations of son-ship and self-dom appear to differ in little beyond the higher capacity which the child in blood possessed of becoming one day the head of a family himself. They had neither assemblies for consultation nor "themistes"; but everyone exercised jurisdiction over his wives and children, and they paid no regard to one another." This family-leadership of a family-elder formed the nucleus of a subsequent political organisation. The different families "paying no regard to one another" were often at war; and in these wars the family that was best united amongst itself and with others got the upper hand of the rest and survived.

Thus gradually the truth of the maxim "union is strength" came to be realized by primitive mankind, and the question that presented itself before them was how to unite.

To gain this object, the first condition was to establish a central authority of a person or persons to pay deference to, or, as Bagehot put it, to acquire a *legal fibre*. How this was done it is worth while to observe. The primitive man could think of no other bond of unity than kinship in blood. "All ancient societies," says Sir H. S. Maine, "regard themselves as having proceeded from the one original stock, and even laboured under an incapacity for comprehending any reason except this for their holding together in political union. The history of political ideas begins, in fact, with the assumption that kinship in blood is the sole possible ground of community in political functions." Several families claiming a kinship in blood clustered together round the foremost family-chief, forming the *gens* or house; and the different houses thus formed claimed a consanguinity of blood and were united under a common chieftain forming a tribe or nation.

The question of this age was not, as with us, to define and delimit the authority of the central power; but rather to extend and strengthen it. The people were suffering from want of unity and harmonious co-operation, and their foremost care was to strengthen the central authority with a view to attaining better solidarity among families and houses. This they did by centralising all powers, religious, social, and political, in the person of their sovereign or headman. What they wanted was a single Government, bringing all under one yoke, and regulating the whole of human life, call it state or church as you like. Any attempt to divide the powers would have been suicidal. Thus in early Egypt and in ancient India we do not find any distinction drawn between political penalties, ecclesiastical prohibition and social censure. They were all one.

We have roughly traced the first stage in the process of progress. The principle lying at the root of this process may be called *centralisation*. It is the tendency to centralise all authority in one person—to render all obedience to one head, to carry out the behests of one commander, to be punished by the verdict of one judge—in short, to be united in and through one;—this was the

root idea of the age ; and this was the first step towards a progressive civilisation.

Next we come across a people which, though different, is very like our own. It has a fixed society, united and strong ; it has acquired certain peculiarities and habits which it cannot break through ; it is under the control of certain laws which cannot be set aside.

Now the question before man is, as Bagehot pertinently remarks, "not of getting a fixed law, but of getting out of a fixed law ; not of cementing a cake of custom, but of breaking the cake of custom ; not of making the first preservative habit, but of breaking through it, and reaching something better." The laws which were established with great difficulty are now taking the life-blood out of the people who framed them. The powers that were lavishly bestowed upon the king are now being turned to crush the very people to death. Such is the riddle of existence. Life carries with it the message of death. Laws are often the instruments of torture in the hands of the king ; his powers are the great sources of popular oppression. The question of this age is how to decentralise the powers once centralised in the king, how to take away legal and other powers from the king and make an equitable division of them. This tendency to *decentralisation* is the root-idea of the age. This is the principle which explains the second stage in the process of social growth.

In this period, the State is separated from the Church ; and clear distinctions come to be recognised between political punishment, religious prohibition and social censure. The State is more or less freed from the absolute control of one man, and political authority is divided among many classes. The executive, judicial and legislative functions are separately organised, and each is made independent of the rest in its own sphere. Autonomy, individual and sectional, is recognised as the corner-stone of all its organisations. Thus it is a complete reaction against the centralising tendency of the previous age.

Next we come to a form of society which, though not yet fully realised, is on the way to realisation, and in which the above two principles are recognised and combined. Bagehot regards decentralisation, or variability as he calls it, as the highest principle

of development, and the society based upon it as the highest rung on the ladder of progress. But it is a mistake. Decentralisation may be necessary to mitigate the evils of a previous centralisation, but it is in itself not altogether free from evils. Too much decentralisation may bring on disintegration, instead of progress, and reduce things to chaos. Autonomy may be good in itself, but it has also its abuses. Human society is an organic whole, the different parts cannot work and develop without a common object. The third stage not only adopts the above two principles, but finds out a harmony between the two opposing principles by the application of a higher law. This we call the principle of *co-ordination*.

In this stage there is centralisation as well as decentralisation, autonomy as well as central authority. All possible distinctions are recognised. All classes and institutions enjoy their full autonomy; but they are at the same time co-ordinated in a higher organic unity in which all retain their individual differences and autonomy and work for the common good under the guidance of a common institution which, though wielding a central authority for the common safety, is in the co-ordinate rank with the rest, all being members of the same organic whole. This guiding authority varies with the genius of the people. In some society, the State is the guiding authority, in others, the Church. The principle at work at this stage is what we have already named co-ordination. Thus, these three principles of *centralisation*, *decentralisation* and *co-ordination* explain the phenomena of social progress. These principles may be, and have been, variously named; but we have accepted a nomenclature which appeared to us to be the most suitable to our purpose.

In conclusion, a few remarks, in the light of the foregoing enquiry, on the present situation in India, seem to be called for. Taking India as a whole, it can hardly be said that we are a nation yet. An Indian nation is still a dream of the patriot. Will it ever become a reality? It is no doubt true, as Sir Henry Cotton has observed, that the Babus of Bengal, the fire-worshippers of Bombay, the Mahrattas of Poona, the Sikhs of the Punjab, and the Dravidians of the extreme south now meet on a common platform, and are fired by a common desire for unity; but mere desire is not unity, and the desire itself only proves its absence. It might be that a

nation is in the way of formation, but for aught we can see, it has not yet come into existence. Mere community of political interest is not the surest bond of national unity. We should have other bonds too. The problem, therefore, before us at the present day is the same problem which awaited solution in the dawn of human civilisation, *viz*, how to unite. The latent wisdom of the human race found a solution for itself. Let us take it to heart and apply it to our own case, making such modifications as are necessary for the altered circumstances of our time. Centralisation was the cardinal principle of union, as we have found, in the early age. May it not be a principle of union in our age too? Why should we not call it to our aid to solve the present situation?

In India, circumstanced as we are, the centralisation of all powers, political, social and religious, in one person or a body of persons, is impossible. It would, no doubt, have been a great gain if it were practicable. During the last administration we saw and heard a good deal of centralisation, and we know what its result has been. It has given a strong impetus to our political progress by tightening the bonds of union among different sects and the communities. Our best thanks are due to Lord Curzon for this great boon. But we must not depend upon the whims and caprices of a bureaucratic Government for the solution of our political problem. We must have a popular centre of union. The Congress is such a centre of political union, and it ought to be ungrudgingly vested with authority for the working out of our political destiny. Centralisation of political powers in the Government and concentration of popular powers in the Congress will go a great way to further the cause of political union. And with a view to this object the Congress ought to be re-organised on a sounder basis, and should be made a more business-like body. As for the religious and social side of nationality, it will not be out of place to make a few observations here; for it must be borne in mind that for the purposes of nation-making, political union is not more of a necessity than a community of ideas about religious and social matters. To gain this object, a representative assembly (with a few sections, for the settlement of purely sectarian matters) may be organised on the lines of the Congress, but differing widely from it in constitution and possessing far greater practical authority.

For the success of this assembly the first condition is that only persons of the highest character and education from different provinces and communities, having a thorough grasp of the situation of the country, shall have seats on the assembly, and the second is that it must be vested with full authority over social and religious matters, and that its decisions should be unconditionally obeyed. The assembly should take up in right earnest the questions of a uniform dress, a common script, a common language and such other questions as are calculated to promote solidarity among the various peoples of India. Such religious and social matters as demand a separate solution for each sect should be referred for decision to the several sections of the assembly. If we can successfully organise a workable assembly, as suggested above, we may be sure that we shall have taken a very great step towards nation-making. Some time ago, if I mistake not, Babu Rabindra Nath Tagore discussed this question in a well-written paper in Bengali entitled *Swadesi Samaj*. He approached the subject from a different standpoint, and I cannot say that I agree with all his conclusions. But whatever be our differences, there is no doubt that a *Swadesi Samaj* is a crying need of our time, and that the time has come when the matter should be pushed beyond the stage of mere academic discussion. I have endeavoured, in a few words, to throw out a few suggestions and have sketched only a brief outline, leaving the details to be worked out by more competent persons.

S. C. SEN.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

THE PILGRIM SETS FORTH.

Argument.—Man in a vision sees the
Garden of Eden and girds himself
for a Pilgrimage to its Gates.

Radiance flies through the clearing skies and the veils of the mists
unclose,

Morning stills on ethereal hills where the Garden of Eden glows

Eden calls from its girdling walls, and the cries of the heart respond.

Lift your load for the pilgrims' road to the Gates on the hills beyond.

Take good guard for the way is hard and the perilous risks abound,

Ice-built screens in the rock ravines, and flints on the ringing
ground,

Night attacks with the blizzard's axe : but grapple with all, and seize

Out of the hold of the frost and cold, the prize of the Master Keys.

Furious blasts from the arctic vasts through the daze of the
snowstorms reel,

Hurl their force 'gainst the pilgrims' course with the shock of
battalioned steel,

Clashing airs of the trumpet blares from the hosts of the winds
are heard,

Courage ! close with the unseen foes, and capture the Master Word.

THE PILGRIMS APPROACH THE GATE.

Argument.—The Pilgrim nears the
Gates, and feels the Terror of a
Light and a Beauty that is beyond
his Understanding.

The Gates of Eden rise

Above this little cove.

The goal that drew our gaze
A-flame in sunset skies
On misty mountain-tops :
Pursued by thorny ways
With pains and bitter toils,
Yet now so near the prize
The quivering flesh recoils. . . .
Exhausted courage dies,
The very heart-beat stops,
The land of Eden lies
Above this little copse.

Athwart the screen of beech
The dazzle of the Gates
Assails our stricken eyes
And down the leafy maze
A bladed fire drops :
And sword light scintillates
In wheels that stab and daze :
We dare not meet the blaze
So stained with travel-soils . . .
Exhausted courage dies,
The very heart-beat stops . . .
The Gates of Eden rise
Above this little copse.

A wind from Eden flies
And every blossom sways
In transient gusts of speech,
Whose hidden gist defies
The spirit's utmost reach,
Whose range of sweetness foils
The spirit's far surmise,
And heavy import weights
The tendril's pendulous coils
Exhausted courage dies
The very heart-beat stops
The Gates of Eden rise
Above this little copse.

THE ANGEL AT THE GATE.

Argument.—The Pilgrim meets the
Angel of the Sword who bids him
pass within the Gates.

A whiteness strikes the dazzling void,
A winged Radiance hovers, buoyed
On rainbow vapours. Cold and fierce
As icy peaks whose edges pierce
The stainless vast, he flames abroad,
And bears aloft a circling sword
That streams with fire like a torch.
And through the splendour, rays that scorch
Our feeble sustance—rays divine
Of Purity, of Wisdom shine,
An Angel's self the burning-glass

He drops his sword, and murmurs, " Pass. "

IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

Argument.—The Pilgrim knows the
Fulness of Joy and of Peace.

The portals close, the burden falls,
Remorse, despair are left outside,
And shut within the girdling walls,
The sense, the soul is satisfied,
Through sacred groves the River winds,
The heavens wear the Golden Fleece,
And near and far the spirit finds
The glamour of a perfect peace.

The silence grows, and through the hush
Fulfilment on the air is breathed
From rounded fruits whose purples flush
The thick of misty foliage, wreathed
In clustered knots and long festoons :
Fulfilment sighs from wood and wold,
Where azure eves and amber noons
Are held in films of green and gold.

In leaf and fruit our body grows,
 To peak and cloud our soul expands,
 And life through all our being flows
 As water over sparkling sands.
 And when the shadowy rain-cloud drifts
 Across the still of starry skies,
 We catch between the breaking rifts
 The light that lives in human eyes

ON THE VERGE.

Argument.—The Pilgrim reaches
 the extreme limit of the Garden
 where is Holy Ground.

Mists blur the columned boles,
 Mists veil the distance,
 Leaves burn like flames of souls
 Flying existence
 Stripped bare of worldly weights,
 Made pure for union,
 Earth with sky celebrates
 Holy Communion.

Unseen the acolytes,
 Soft fall their sandals,
 Serving the ancient rites
 Incense and candles,
 Set deep in carven scone
 Dim burn the tapers,
 Rich glints of gold and bronze
 Drift through the vapours.
 Fume down the aisles superb
 Float dense and denser,
 Fragrance of sacred herb
 Swung from a censer,
 Then as the vapours fail,
 As the flame falters,
 Spectral, the Holy Grail
 Gleams from the altar.

THE PILGRIM GOES BEYOND.

Argument.—The Pilgrim passes
with Nature out of the Body into
a featureless Place.

The soul looks out
From the heights of self
From this mortal zone,
From its eyrie, buoyed
On a vast abyss,
Past the being's bounds
To the dazzling void
Which glows intense
As a diamond-stone
No hsp of sound
From the silence wide
No shape of sense
In the hollows lone. . . .
What secrets hide
In the vague unknown,
What pains, what bliss
In its deeps abide,
In the foamless tide
Of its seas immense.....?
The soul looks out.

The soul stands out
On the swaying ledge
Of the dread abyss
Whose silence sweeps
Through the chinks of self
And the mortal sense
To its secret deeps
Is racked with bliss
Of the Pure and Lone
Of the Far and Wide.....
The soul stands out
On the utmost edge
Of the giddy shelf.....

Then, girded, tense,
From this mortal zone
From the being's bounds,
To the dazzling void
To the far immense,
To the vast unknown.....
The soul leaps out.

ETHEL ROLT WHEELER.

London.

THE PROPOSED INDIAN REFORMS.

I BELIEVE the readers of *East & West* and the *Hindustan Review* still have some recollection of my opening articles on this subject, that appeared in the above monthlies nearly two years ago. Between then and now there have been so many changes and developments in the original draft of the proposed Reforms, that the present scheme, taken as a whole, looks quite new when compared with the former one.

The collection of public opinion on the subject is rich and extensive, and really nothing fresh can be usefully added to it. Moreover, at the first sight, many people will question the propriety of my second series of comments at such a late hour. In writing the first paper, I only availed myself of the opportunity of thoroughly examining the scheme to the best of my abilities, and putting its defects before the Government for their consideration; my only apology for this article is, that I do not wish to lose the chance of giving expression to the sense of my country's deep gratitude for the most benevolent spirit in which the whole scheme has been recasted, as well as to raise a second note of warning regarding a few shortcomings that still stand unobviated.

For a little more than half a century, British Rule has been blowing a gentle breeze over our aspirations, and so far the lying at anchor of our *Magna Charta* has been a source of grave uneasiness to us. Now the vessel of Indian prosperity is free from its moorings, and the names of two great men of our times—Lords Morley and Minto—will for ever be handed down to posterity, for so skilfully pouring oil over the angry waters, and thereby letting the ship proceed smoothly to harbour. Both the statesmen have exhibited the highest courage and loftiest statesmanship by continuing their steps on the first chosen path, never deviating an inch from it in spite of the incessant chorus of condemnation from the Anglo-Indians and the Yellow press. By doing so they have once more established the reputation of British justice, and

have added one more link to the golden chain that inseparably unites us with the Throne of England. Nothing would more rejoice the soul of Victoria the Good than the continuity of benevolent policy, and let us earnestly pray that the noble example of the same, that has been set by Lords Morley and Minto, will always be carefully followed by their successors and all ranks of Englishmen responsible for the good Government of the country. Before proceeding with my comments I would enunciate the principal features of the scheme I propose touching upon numerically, *viz* :—

- (1) The nullified Advisory Councils.
- (2) Majority of non-official members in the Legislative Councils.
- (3) Appointment of Indians in the Executive Councils.
- (4) Question of minorities and special interests.
- (5) Formation of Provincial Executive Councils.
- (6) Non-English knowing members of the Legislative Councils.
- (7) The enlargement of the Legislative Councils.

Taking the above in order I proceed as follows :—

I,

The introduction of the Advisory Councils, independent of the Legislative Councils, was by no means a question of immediate necessity, nor would it in my opinion be so, at least for a very long time to come. As they have been abandoned, any further comments on the subject seem to me quite unnecessary. Suffice it to say that their nullity, on the whole, is warmly welcomed.

II.

Up to this time our Legislative Councils, by the predominance of official majority, were most unevenly balanced. This was one of the points on the consideration of which I had persistently urged on occasions more than one. Our feelings of gratitude and satisfaction on the doing away with the official majority in the Local Councils can be better imagined than described. We only wish that the same principle may be applied to the Imperial Council which is in fact the bone and marrow of Indian legislature.

But because the principle has not been so widely adopted, that is absolutely no reason why we should despair. If not now, then at some later date to come, it is bound to be taken into consideration. Something is better than nothing, and we would do well to wait for the symmetrical unification of the Imperial Council. To effect the proper equilibrium it is highly desirable that there should be at least an equal number of non-official members with the official members in all the Indian Councils.

This will only substantiate our representation without in the least depriving the Government of its power of veto. I earnestly trust that the question of doing away with the official majority in the Imperial Council will not be shelved for a very long time.

III.

* Discussing the question of the practical enlargement of the Indian Legislative Councils, in course of my previous articles in *East & West* as well as in the *Hindustan Review*, I had vigorously advocated the appointment of an Indian in each of the Executive Councils in the country. Speaking quite candidly, I was only hoping against hope at the time of putting forward the above suggestion, and then I never thought that this high expectation was destined to become a solid fact in such a short time.

When anything beyond expectation happens, it always gives unlimited gratification. The whole country, from one end to the other, is therefore full of unbounded joy mingled with most cordial obligations to Lords Morley and Minto for giving us such a delightful surprise. What is more that enhances our gratification is the appointment of the Hon. Mr. Satyendra Prasana Sinha as the first member of the Viceroy's Executive Council. We most heartily congratulate His Excellency not only on making such a fitting selection but also on creating such a worthy precedent. The Hon. Mr. Sinha has indeed all the qualifications that are necessary for the dignified position.

I sincerely hope that similar selections will be made for the local Executive Councils, and that the Hon. Mr. Sinha's appointment will be an established criterion for the future appointments of Indian members to our Executive Councils.

IV.

This carries me into a hot controversy, whence it is not so easy to escape unscathed. I feel very much tempted to be away from this whirlpool, but my sense of duty both to my Government as well as to my own countrymen compels me to comment unsparingly on it, ignoring all risks and misgivings. Cheap-earned popularity is not in my line, and I do not mind being unpopular with mankind, for expressing my views exactly as I feel in my heart of hearts, on a question of such a momentous magnitude. One who twists his conscience, and colours his opinion, for the sake of momentary satisfaction of parties, is a sinner towards God, and traitor to his Government and people.

At the very outset I had taken up cudgels against the question of minorities and special interests. On account of the same reasons my opinion on this great question remains unchanged. Unfortunately, I have the disadvantage of not being a Mahomedan myself, else the honesty of my purpose would have been better understood. I can now only appeal to my fellow countrymen in general, and to my Mahomedan brothers in particular, to make an attempt to realise my friendly intent, that is based on broad considerations. It is not rancorous jealousy, that prompts me to grumble at the special concessions that have been granted to my Mahomedan brothers. I assure them that I would have been no party to my own co-religionists, if they had been in the position of my present day Mahomedan brothers. In that case, for *lesser* fear of being misunderstood, I would have been much more unsparing in my criticisms. All that I have said and will say is not my own individual opinion. It is the feeling of every right thinking Indian, who is even slightly conscious of his duty that he owes to his Government and the motherland. The word *Indian*, of course, embraces without any exception all the communities basking under the British Rule throughout the length and breadth of the great Indian Empire. All this might sound high flown now, but beyond any shadow of doubt, the time will come, and probably in our own lifetime, when Heaven will illumine our path, and then the deep pitfall, to which we are now drifting blindfolded, will be exposed to our vision. All those who have followed the chain of Indian politics since the last four years or so will no doubt feel that there have been considerable changes in all the spheres in general, and in the relations of the Hindus and the Mahomedans in particular. The situation requires a very close analysis.

Not very long ago Hindoos, Mahomedans, Jains, Parsees, &c., &c., the numerous molecules of the Indian nation, after realising the most serious disadvantages of aloofness, by their long isolation, were slowly, but steadily, awakening to the sense of homogeneity. The persistent efforts of Indian leaders to collect the scattered atoms of Indian society and weld them into one solid unit, in spite of several obstacles, were beginning to sprout, when suddenly the question of minorities and special interests descended like a bolt from the blue, sundering the tie of national unity. There is no use in concealing facts; under the present circumstances there is that high tension between the Hindus and the Mahomedans that was never known before. In their wild excitement my Mahomedan brothers have committed an irreparable blunder, and by a bitter irony of fate, our enlightened Government has succumbed to

it. In India all classes of people, whether they be Hindus, Mahomedans, Parsees, Buddhists or Jains, &c., are the subjects of the same Paramount Power, influenced by the same laws, breathing in the same atmosphere and basking under the same sun. Their religious propensities may be different, but their political wishes and interests are exactly identical with one another. Though any particular community may not have been in the ascendancy in the Councils, yet its interests have all along been safeguarded by the members of the other communities professing a different religious belief. We are surely Indians first and Hindus and Mahomedans afterwards; our first and foremost duty is to drive away every particle of sectarianism and try to foster the roots of nationality, even if some sacrifice has to be made for it. Furthermore, the consideration of minorities leads to an incomprehensible difficulty. It means that the question of special consideration of each group of the Indian community, *viz*:—The Parsees, Hindus, Mahomedans, &c., should be similarly taken up. This alone will not be quite commensurate, and to make it so, every section should have to be divided to infinity, *viz*:—Hindus into Brahmins, Kshatryas, Vaishyas, &c., &c., Brahmins into Ayars, Joshis, Tiwaris, &c., Similarly Kshatryas into Rais, Chauhan, Jadava, &c., and these so divided Ayars, Rais, &c., into Shaivites, Vaishnavites, Lingaites, Shaktas, Ramanandis, Dadupanthais, &c., &c., &c.; Mahomedans, Parsees, Jains, &c., to be divided similarly: and then special considerations likewise and equally to be made in case of each of these divided minorities, to safeguard their particular interests respectively.

If one particular community can claim any such privilege, there is surely no earthly reason why other communities should not be justified in doing the same by force of the same logical principles; and there is no reason why Government should not decide the cases of all the communities on the same merits. Later on all the different communities might go a step further and might justly urge the adoption of the same sectional principle in every machinery of the Government, necessitating the re-organisation of the Municipal and District Boards, the recruitment of men from different communities to fill the ministerial offices in each Province, division and district, the appointment of High Court Judges and other equally important officials under the Government in conformity with the same sectional principle, and the enactment of special laws to suit the special requirements of different communities, and goodness knows what not. I do not know how far this can be advisable and practicable.

The foregoing, I believe, clearly exposes the dangerous fallacy of the granting of political concessions on denominational basis. But I firmly believe in what Marcus Aurelius has put in the following beautiful sentence:—"Whatever He chooses is better than what we do." The realisation of what the great thinker has laid down in the foregoing aphorism helps me in deciphering the finger of God in what is happening. Apparently the work of nation-building has been thrown a century or more back, but in reality it is not so. I firmly believe that the task of nation-building has been rendered much more easy. When the passing storm of frenzied excitement abates, the bitter experience of aloofness will again exercise its magnetic influence, and under such a re-action the union is bound to be solid and eternal.

Just as one-legged man cannot stand by himself, so one Indian community cannot stand without the support of the other. An amputation of one community from the rest of the nation means the destruction of both. Happily it is by no means a case of practical amputation, it is only a case of temporary bending of the knee, and I foresee the day when India will walk on both of its legs towards the goal of nationality. Let us in the meanwhile realise the further practical perils of isolation calmly and patiently.

If in course of my criticisms I appear to have been harsh, it is more in sorrow than in anger, and if I appear to have said anything strongly, it is because I feel strongly on this question of crucial importance.

V.

This brings me to another subject of great consequence. The need of Provincial Executive Councils has been most pressingly felt since a very long time, and it is indeed very unfortunate that the original clause 3, after giving high hopes to the people, should have been so suddenly expunged at its mature stage, from the agenda of the Reform scheme. This has given a very rude shock of disappointment to the people. It is no doubt true that the substituted clause 3 also empowers the Governor-General in Council to create Provincial Executive Councils with the approval of the Secretary of State in Council, by proclamation, "provided that before any proclamation is made a draft thereof shall be laid before each House of Parliament for not less than 60 days during the Session of Parliament, and, if before the expiration of that time an address is presented to His Majesty by either House of Parliament against the draft or any part thereof, no further proceedings shall be taken thereon, without prejudice to the taking of any new draft."

Now, Bengal is the only fortunate Province which is not affected by the portion of the clause within inverted commas. It will have its Executive Council as soon as the Reform scheme is given effect to, and the fate of other Provinces where such Councils do not already exist will continue to tremble in the balance. Why should the boon have been conferred upon Bengal in such an unqualified manner, whilst a barrier-statute should have been enacted in case of the rest of the Provinces that were waiting on the tiptoe of expectation to realise the same blessing? It is because, whilst Sir Edward Baker, who deserves the profound gratitude of the country in general and that of Bengal in particular, strenuously carried on the campaign in favour of the proposal, other Provincial Governors did not take to it at all kindly. They never viewed the question with that broad-minded statesmanship which it deserved. A Council Government inspires much more confidence in the people, is more constitutional and easy running, than the one without Council. Many drawbacks with trivial beginnings, but with serious endings, that very often create grave misconceptions, can be easily avoided by the existence and the influence of Executive Councils. Many examples can be cited in support of the aforementioned argument. I will, however, illustrate it with one instance which I believe will suffice.

There cannot be any two opinions on the point that Sir Antony, now Lord, MacDonnell was one of the best and greatest Lieutenant-Governors that ever guided the destinies of these Provinces. His regime has left an indelible landmark on the pages of our Provincial history. At the time of the first appearance of plague in our midst, His Honour left no stone unturned in trying to rescue his people from the clutches of that dread enemy of mankind. He did all that was necessary and with the best of intentions, but unfortunately the plague regulations hurt the religious susceptibilities of one section and dismayed the rest. Several plague riots took place, and the one at Cawnpur was unparalleled. Only amendments in the regulations pacified the bewildered masses and evolved order out of the chaos. Such a thing would not have happened if His Honour had been assisted by an Executive Council with an Indian member on its Board. An Executive Council would not have taken the responsibility of such a measure without a deeper insight into the details. The advice of the Indian member under the circumstances would have been of extraordinary value, and His Honour acting under the advice of his Council, would not have been in a position to ignore what was more necessary in that situation.

Let us therefore earnestly hope that ere long the rest of, the Provincial Governors, for the better government of the provinces that

have been committed to their care, will follow Sir Edward Baker and will earnestly urge the establishment of the executive councils in their respective Provinces.

VI.

There is another question of no less importance which was dilated upon in course of my preliminary comments on the Reform scheme in *East & West*, as well as in *The Hindustan Review*. So far it has not found its place on the anvil. "The old order has changed yielding place to a new", and nothing should be left to mar the system of the new legislative councils that are shortly to be called into being. The first duties of a councillor are to realise the requirements of his country, to focus the rays of public opinion on every question of importance, to study the law books that may be required for ready reference, to grasp the statistics, to make a minute study of the bill that may be before the council, to follow the debates in the council chamber, and then to formulate and pronounce his views adequately on the measure before the council. Now, without knowing English in which the entire council proceedings are transacted, how on earth is it possible for an Hon. member to conscientiously fulfil the above responsibilities that his office devolves upon him?

It might be asked to how the non-English-knowing members have so far discharged their functions. The answer is very simple. They have to depend on others for the necessary material to which they themselves have no access. Their speeches and questions are drafted and written by some English-knowing secretary in his own phraseology, who is very often paid and sometimes honorary. Such set questions and speeches are handed over to some Hon. colleague in the council chamber, who out of common courtesy reads them out. During the debate a non-English-knowing member has no other resource than to fall back upon the policy that "silence is golden," and at the time of a motion being put to vote he simply starts up to find out the pronouncement of the official majority and readily joins them in their chorus of "Aye" or "Nay." Such ornamental members stand for the council elections merely for the sake of honour, and their sole ambition is to maintain their seats in the council at all costs, and by the application of dubious tactics their efforts are very often crowned with success. Then again, sometimes the evil of recruiting such members is repeated by Government nominations. Such members neither fulfil the expectations of their own people, whose mouthpiece they pretend to be, nor are they of any substantial benefit to the Government. With all this it

can be contended that there are some non-English-knowing gentlemen who can proudly hold their own in any sphere they are thrown in. Quite so. But they can only do so provided the function that they have to fulfil is carried on by the agency of their own dialect.

To mend this shortcoming, the Government may make its choice between the two alternatives, *viz* :—(a) To rule that non-English-knowing gentlemen would not be entitled to offer themselves as candidates for the legislative councils; or (b) To direct the transaction of council proceedings in the provincial dialects for the benefit of the non-English-knowing members. The latter alternative is impracticable from various stand-points, and supposing for a moment that the Provincial Councils can be run on this line, the difficulty will remain unsolved as far as the Imperial Council is concerned. The Imperial Council consists of members from all the different Provinces. The dialects of all these different provinces are altogether different from one another. An attempt to apply this principle there will create a Babylonish jargon.

VII.

The enlargement of our legislative councils was a question of specific importance, for the more the councils are enlarged, the more the scope of our representation is magnified.

It is only in the fitness of things that our councils have been enlarged, and this feature of the Reforms has given the utmost satisfaction to the people, and they feel highly grateful for the same.

In conclusion, I beg to assure the Government that the Reform scheme has called forth the deepest loyalty of the people, and the country from one end to the other feels convinced that this will not be the last occasion of England's acknowledging India as the brightest jewel that adorns her diadem.

PRITHWIPAL SINGH.

Mussooree, U. P.

WOMEN AND AGRICULTURE.

"God Almighty made the country,
Man made the town."

WRITING in *East & West* for January, 1906 on the education of women in India, Mr. Hira Lal Chatterji says :—
"The greatest problem which the social reformer in India has to face is the education of women."

In view of this fact, and the initiation of a wider and more useful sphere of work for women, now being undertaken by great social reformers in India, it will perhaps be of interest to some of the readers of *East & West* to know a little of what is being done in England to promote the cause of agriculture, through the training of women in some of its branches.

Speaking some years ago at a Conference on women's work, Sir Horace Plunkett urged the great importance of the lighter branches of agriculture to our nation as a whole and to women as individuals. In conclusion he said that he and others would look to women to ameliorate the conditions of rural life along the lines of organisation and education. Since that time much has been done to further this idea. The work is still in its infancy, it is true, but happily with a bright prospect of a vigorous and sustained life before it. Hence it seems reasonable to suppose that to those pioneers of women's education in India a little knowledge of one of the paths by which women in England are seeking to work out their own salvation will not come amiss.

By agriculture for women is meant primarily the "lighter branches of agriculture" or "*la petite culture*" of the French, all such work as flower, vegetable and fruit-growing, bee-keeping, poultry-farming, dairy-work, yarn-making, fruit-bottling and drying, etc. All this work may be advantageously undertaken by women without encroaching on the preserves of man, to whom may be relegated agriculture in its widest sense. Two great problems of

the twentieth century in England are the depopulation of the country districts, and the surplus million of women. The more thoughtful and far-seeing of our men and women look to agriculture, and to the uplifting of country life for a solution of these problems. In the writer's opinion, provided those entering this field of work are men and women of mind and education, fully trained in the particular branch of the work which they wish to undertake, they need not look in vain. The strength of a nation rests not in its big commercial enterprises, huge cities and rich capitalists, but on the strength, vigour and morality of its agricultural population, and in this way on the women of every country devolves a great national privilege. On them devolves the duty of instilling into the minds of their children (the future rulers of the land) an appreciation of and love of the beauties of nature which will be of immense value to them all the years of their lives. The more one knows about these things, the more indeed one feels at times that one is looking through the keyhole of the door which separates us from the knowledge of the mysteries of life and death. Irrespective of creed or nationality, nature has the same ennobling effect on all who really come into contact with her, bringing us nearer to a realisation of the God of love who is above all and in all, a knowledge of which will be a shield of battle and an anchor of defence as we struggle along the thorny highway of life.

It is a mistake to suppose that education is not turned to such good effect in agriculture as in other professions open to women. When we remember how keen is competition in all parts of the world, the energy, forethought and technical knowledge which it is necessary that every woman should possess, if her work is to be profitable, it is easily understood that it is only the educated women who can hope to be successful. That the training is all important is a point which cannot be too strongly and repeatedly urged. Men spend years in qualifying for the professions they take up; why should women, then, not require the same training if they are to become experts?

Some 15 years or so ago, a movement was set on foot for women to learn gardening, and a women's branch was added to the already existing Swanley Horticultural College for men. Many girls went there and some are now successful gardeners either on their own account or else in paid posts. In 1897, to commemorate

the Diamond Jubilee, the Victorian Era Exhibition at Earl's Court was planned, and various Society ladies consented to form themselves into a Committee to manage the women's section, which was sub-divided into many branches of education, art and literature. Lady Warwick was Chairman of the Education Section and by her wish a series of weekly Conferences were arranged on matters educational, and an important three days' Conference was held. This was throughout remarkably well attended, but the greatest interest was taken in the subject which occupied the meeting on the last day, *viz.*, "Women and Agriculture." This Congress was really the starting point of Lady Warwick's future great work for women in connection with agriculture, and it led to the founding of her Hostel in 1898, and to the Agricultural Association for Women a year later. Since that time Lady Warwick has been the great pioneer of agriculture for women in England.

As already stated, in 1898 the "Lady Warwick Hostel" was established at Reading, Berks, under the able Wardenship of Miss Edith Bradley, to whose untiring energy and devotion to the work much of the success of the movement is due. At the present moment the work has passed beyond the initial stage, and it is safe to say that agriculture for women, after nearly fifteen years of struggle and opposition, is something which has come to stay. In 1905, the work had outgrown its premises at Reading, therefore in the autumn of that year the entire establishment was removed to Studley Castle, in Warwickshire, which Lady Warwick generously bought for the purpose. There the surroundings and scope are everything that can be desired. The estate consists of 340 acres, but as that is larger than is actually required at present, part of the grass land is let to a neighbouring farmer. The different courses of instruction available to students are: Gardening in all its branches, flower and fruit-growing under glass and in the open, market gardening, floral decoration, jam-making and fruit-bottling, grading and packing for market, dairy work, including milking and the feeding and management of cows, poultry-keeping, bee-keeping, and carpentering.

The full course in gardening extends from 2-3 years, preferably three, if the student intends to support herself by her own work afterwards. In dairy and poultry work, which may be taken separately or together, the full course is from 1-2 years.

In addition to the practical work, lectures are given by experts in all the different branches of the work, so that as far as possible science goes hand in hand with practice. As the question often arises "What do the students find to do all day?" a brief account of a day's work may be interesting.

At 7-45 a.m. in summer, all are expected to be in the garden, or poultry yard, etc. (according to the work for which they have entered), or if any special work is on hand, such as grape thinning, those students responsible for it will be out much earlier, at 4 or 5 a.m.

At 7-50 prayers are read in the Lecture Hall followed immediately afterwards by breakfast, from then until half-past nine, the students make their beds, tidy their rooms, and employ themselves as they choose.

At 9-30 work is resumed. All the morning is sometimes devoted to practical work, with lectures in the afternoon or *vice versa*. The students are divided into groups, each group working under the direction of a trained gardener. All the work (except the heavy digging, etc.), is done by the students and the way in which the gardens, greenhouses, dairies, etc., are kept, reflects great credit on all concerned.

At one o'clock, the morning's work comes to an end, and dinner is served at 1-30. In summer those who have been out very early in the morning do not go out again in the afternoon, otherwise 2-30 p.m. finds the students once again in the lecture rooms or in their respective departments until 4-45, when the routine work of the day is over. Tea is more than welcome at 5 o'clock, after which all are free to do as they please. Many of the students have small plots of ground which they cultivate entirely on their own responsibility, out of hours. These are a great source of pride and pleasure. Prizes are awarded annually for the best kept and best managed plots and competition is always very keen. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," but cycling, tennis and cricket are freely indulged in the evenings and off time, not to mention the multitudinous picnics in the lovely grounds on half holidays (Wednesdays and Saturdays) and Sundays. In winter, hockey is practically the only game indulged in. During the winter also debates (sometimes lacking in eloquence) and social evenings are

held regularly every fortnight. In fact, it is a very busy life that they lead, with a charm and fascination all its own. Many are the students who look back with regret and pleasure to their "College" days and wish that they might have the time over again.

Finally, there is the old students' guild called "the Guild of the Daughters of Ceres," to which all students leaving the College may belong. Its object is to keep all students, past and present, in touch with each other and the College. Annual reunions are held to which as many old students as possible come and give most interesting accounts of their work, after leaving the College, whatever and wherever it may be. These Conferences are most useful and helpful to the students and the teachers alike, because, by the experiences of those already testing their training in the world, one sees where the faults of a particular system lie and the curriculum can always be remoulded to make it of the greatest value to the greatest number. Lady Warwick's College has been specially referred to in this article because it happens to be the institution of which the writer has a considerable personal knowledge. The statement already made that agriculture for women is a profession which has come to stay is verified by the fact that during the last two or three years, other institutions (although on quite a small scale) for training women in one or other of the lighter branches of agriculture, have been started. At Swanley College it is noteworthy that a few years ago, the Committee decided to convert it into a College for *women only*, as they were found to be more satisfactory as students of agriculture than men. Then if we look to the Continent we find in Belgium, France and Holland excellent schools where the most up-to-date education in everything pertaining to agriculture is to be found. Indeed, it is to a large extent through their women that agriculture, dairy-farming and market-gardening succeed so well in Belgium to-day, making their produce such a formidable rival to their English sisters, especially now that Free Trade is still to be the order of the day. No doubt the conditions prevailing in India are so essentially different from those in the countries mentioned that the practical value of this paper will be little, if any. It is only written in the hope that it may come as a message of sympathy to the women of India, from one who has found some of the greatest happiness of her life in the pursuit of the lighter branches of agriculture.

"The Woman's Agricultural Times," obtainable from "The Mercia Agricultural Association," Bredon's Norton, near Tewkesbury, England, published quarterly, contains all the latest information about agricultural and other matters, and might be a valuable medium of communication and assistance to those in India wishful to promote the education of women.

ALICE FRANCHETT

Rome.

METAPHYSICAL PROBLEMS.

I

To be—or to exist ?

“To be or to exist—that is the question !”

** King Solomon, 1st III, Scene 2*

THE great English dramatist who wrote three centuries ago the famous monologue of Hamlet did not expound the riddle of life in a satisfactory manner. “To be—or not to be” is NOT the question ! The human soul has to solve problems of much vaster importance than the evanescent query : “Is it best to endure patiently the sufferings and vicissitudes inherent to existence on the earth-plane or to risk worse torments by courting death, the sleep that perchance is NOT dreamless ?”

In other words : “Which is most painful, life on the physical or on the astral plane ?” That is really the sum total of Hamlet’s question.

To an evolved mind the answer to this query is almost indifferent. Suffering is not in itself an evil to be anxiously avoided. Pain is the ultimate consequence of sin. Moral evil engenders physical evil : as long as the cause subsists, there can be no liberation from the effects. We must learn to look upon suffering as a bitter but beneficial medicine, which must be courageously accepted if subsequent recovery and spiritual health are earnestly desired.

Whatever, “slings and arrows outrageous fortune” has in store for us, there is not the slightest use in attempting to escape from the law of Karma. What we have sown we must reap. . . and the sooner the better ! Why, then, waste our strength by

"taking arms against a sea of troubles" which can under no circumstance "be ended by opposing them"? "The oppressor" wrong, the pangs of despised love" and all the other ills that human flesh is heir to, are simply old debts which must be paid. The only way to secure pleasant dreams when "sleep" is finally granted us by a benevolent Providence is to pay graciously every claim, whether we consider it equitable or not. The soul which implicitly trusts its Maker knows that it will receive tenfold compensation for all wrongs endured in submission for the sake of peace.

Death is NOT sleep. Many travellers have returned from "the bourne of the mysterious country," where souls reside after leaving earth-conditions. There are numerous instances of human beings who have returned to life on this plane after having crossed the great Gulf, which is mystically styled "the valley of the shadow of death." All those who have been restored to physical health after a long period of apparent unconsciousness are unanimous in stating that all their mental faculties were enormously increased during the time they were detached from the body.*

If this is the case, then Hamlet's "To be or not to be" is really a most unfortunate expression.

The great English dramatist identifies the term "to be" with life in the incarnate condition and "not to be" with the state we enter upon when we lay aside our garment of flesh. Such a terminology was comprehensible in past ages, when Man was looked upon as a body owning a vague something called "a soul." It cannot be tolerated in our time,† when we have evolved into clear consciousness of the great fact that we are souls, temporarily clothed in bodies.

The difference between those two conceptions is enormous.

* Several similar cases are recorded in the work "Day Visions" by Joseph Darby Chapt. XI. The writer of these lines has had personal experience of such an occurrence. In Nov., 1904, she was very near death and remained in a deathlike trance for 3½ days. She learned more during those days than in all her previous life.

† This observation refers of course only to the West, as the nations of the East are vastly ahead in Metaphysical knowledge.

— A *body* (owning a soul) ceases to be a unit, when the mystical force called LIFE no longer keeps together its myriads of disconnected atoms. What becomes of the soul when its owner, the body, has utterly vanished ? That can of course only be vaguely conjectured. If the soul is merely considered to be an attribute of the body, then the change called death must necessarily mean “not to be.”

But the situation is utterly different if Man is looked upon as a *soul* (owning a body). The possession or non-possession of this latter attribute in no way affects the existence of its owner. A soul is a soul whether it is clothed in matter or not.

It is no longer a question of “to be or not to be”; the soul was a unit and remains a unit in however many fragments its temporary garment may dissolve.

Are we then to consider ourselves as permanent and legitimate owners of the proud privilege “to be” ?

Certainly not ! “To be” is a divine attribute of which Man is not in possession neither on the physical nor on the astral plane. It is a prerogative which is only granted to him when he is finally at-oned with Deity. Until this immense and unique event in the history of the soul takes place, we simply EXIST ; we ARE not.

The At-onement is the supreme and ultimate Goal, the only problem of sufficient interest to deserve universal attention. Compared unto this supreme question all others melt into utter insignificance.

What does it matter if we suffer and how long we suffer, if we know that suffering is the Pathway to Absolute Felicity ?

God is Holy ; Man is impure. The At-onement cannot take place until we have passed through a prolonged and painful process of purification. The very essence of every creed on earth, worthy of the name of Religion, is teaching concerning the necessity of Regeneration. Each true prophet begins his mission by preaching the Gospel of Repentance.

. All suffering on earth is caused through non-fulfilled desires—desires for health, for happiness, riches or glory for ourselves or those dear to us. The first step towards liberation from suffering

is cessation of desire. The "pearl of great price" can never be obtained cheaper than by giving all we HAVE and all we ARE. It is a matter of *all* or *nothing*. The pearl of great price is not fit to be inserted in a setting of vulgar paste. The soul which thirsts after re-union with Deity no longer condescends to struggle for the conquest of evanescent benefits. The Prodigal Son is not fit to return unto the mansion of His Father, as long as He still has the slightest craving for the provender of the swine.

What was the cause of the original separation between the Soul and its Maker? A misuse of the gift of Free-Will. No lamp can ever be switched off from the great Motor, except by its own wish. Luminous beings are transformed into non-luminous beings the very minute they cease to be in organic unity with the Source of Light. The soul which chooses to divorce its celestial consort, the Spirit, is reduced to a lower state. Henceforth it merely *exists*; it is no more. The lamp, lit by the Divine hand in order to perform the glorious mission of shining, is unfit to fulfil its duty, as long as it remains hidden beneath the bushel of matter.

The human soul in its present degraded condition is mystically styled "the Prostitute." It is the daughter of Zion, so often referred to in scripture. She is stated as being "unfaithful to her husband," because she has detached herself from the Centre and is now compelled to whirl round on the fatal Wheel of Time. But this period of probation will end: she is the Bride-elect of her Maker. Her mission on earth is to prepare herself for "the wedding of the Lamb," that is, the eternal re-union of Creator and Creation. That union is not compulsory: the love of the bridegroom for his bride was so great that he exposed himself to the risk of temporarily losing her by granting her the faculty of going astray. Her own free-will is the agent which must finally bring the repenting bride back to the arms of the Divine Lover.

This same notion meets us in a slightly different garb in the religions and mythologies of all ages. The Daughter of Zion is identical with the Greek Psyche, who after a long sequel of hardships and troubles, caused through her lack of absolute trust in her Bridegroom, is finally united unto Immortal Eros. She is the

Sita of the Indian Legends, who is wedded unto Rama, after having passed victoriously through the Fiery Ordeal, that is, given proof of her purity.

Purity is the one thing claimed of the bride. It is the *sine qua non*. The "Prostitute" must re-become "Virgin." Erring *Eve* must be gradually transformed into repenting *Magdalen* and will finally evolve into radiant *Mary*.

Fecundated by a Divine Ray, she will then give birth to "Emanuel" (God with us). The birth of Christ is not to be simply an historical event which took place nearly two thousand years ago : the great drama of salvation is to be enacted over and over again in each individual soul.

The Second Coming of Christ takes place when He is reborn in a pure heart.

MARY KARADJA.

Belgium.

THE PEARL PENDANT OF INDIA.

IT is remarkable how little the British know about their own possessions. Lord Curzon said the ignorance of people concerning India is lamentable, but I think that negative condition is still more pronounced concerning Ceylon. Few are aware even of the fact of the Dutch occupation, although it terminated but a few years over a century ago. When one speaks of Vasco da Gama and the Portuguese, in spite of the facts of their descendants extant in a conspicuous degree and of its owing to them that Roman Catholicism flourishes in Ceylon to this day, especially among the fisher-caste, the Anglo-Ceylonese now in possession is "lost." Neither does it occur to the British occupant of our first Crown Colony to inquire how the different sections of the present population originated: for instance, the mechanic class who, notwithstanding their dark skin—swarthy rather than olive—claim descent, or partial descent from the Portuguese who were in possession of this lovely Island prior to the Dutch. Odd it is indeed when one's cobbler bears the proud ancestral name of some illustrious Southern Europe grandee. But so it is, albeit the mixed blood flowing now in the veins of these mechanics of Ceylon render the fact more often than not unrecognizable. Furthermore, the prefix "Don" is for them, although retained tenaciously, in its true meaning an unknown quantity. However, heredity will out; and in their case this is most apparent perhaps in their love of and talent for their European ancestral dances and music. Living in and of the native Sinhalese world, the influence of generations has of course tintured and tempered the original European strain. Nevertheless it is there, and most perceptible perhaps on festive occasions. Their dances, likewise their music, are altogether different from those of the Orient.

Never the shrill nasal tone tuned to the minor key, nor the languorous wriggling of the body to rythmical measure, but the sweet music of Portugal, now plaintive and pleading, now passionate and appealing, at all times moving; even so the dances, graceful, gliding, gradually developing into a sprightly, perhaps a wild, *fandango* from the slow and stately movements of the minuet. It is curious to witness such a manifestation of ineffacable heredity at one of their *Strom-Stroms*, say; the blending of the Orient and the Occident is so conspicuous and so complete. Old-time fashions of Portugal meet and merge in the Sinhalese, modified by the Dutch influence and that of the British of to-day. The result is peculiar, though picturesque. Only when dance and music wax passionate and wild does the original strain preponderate. Then one fully realizes the fact of being in the presence of Senors and Senoras, Donas and Donas. But when music and dance are ended and betel-chewing is resumed and one hears all around the nasal Sinhalese tongue, Europe again "lays low." Two totally different personalities these Portuguese of Ceylon appear to possess, and yet harmony is the result. The "Portuguese mechanic" is an admittedly contented and well-conducted caste, besides a skilful, efficient and most useful one, as the European soon finds out.

Altogether different is the blending of the Sinhalese and the Dutch. The characteristics of the Dutch *Vrou* are easily distinguishable in the "Burgher" ladies of Ceylon with the prefix Van to their surnames, albeit their blood is also much mixed. These "Burghers," as they are erroneously termed, constitute the professional class of the Island, an anomaly of itself, as the Burgher or citizen is or ought to be essentially and exclusively of the merchant-class. Very able lawyers, doctors and barristers do they make, notwithstanding the fact that beneath the skin the "black" pigment is there, and that necessarily of a low caste, for no self-respecting Oriental of high caste would descend to union of such a nature. In them this "cross" perhaps accentuates the natural breach, not to say hostility, which exists twixt the British and the Burgher—so-called. In the days of their youth may be, they were told tales of the British invasion and of the brave defence made by General Battenberg, the Dutch leader and grandfather of the late husband of our Princess Beatrice, whose name is perpetuated

in the Battenberg Fort of Colombo ; of how that gallant defence failed, the Dutch were ousted, the British came in. Assuredly there is reason for this breach. No one likes to have his country wrested, from him, although it may be for that country's benefit. The Dutch-Ceylonese preserve a taciturn silence on the subject. They remember, if we do not. There in the old Dutch Church of Wolfendhal—a miniature Saint Paul's—they worship, Wolfendhal Church being infinitely superior to the English Cathedral, where that great scholar and good man, Bishop Copleston, was wont to officiate before the Church of England in Ceylon was disestablished.

Under Dutch rule, the British must admit, many benefits accrued; perhaps the outcome of Dutch enforced native labour for the Sinhalese will not work if they can help it, being worse than all other Orientals in this respect. One legacy left their successors by the Dutch we British are not to be proud of, that is the Roman-Dutch law, whereby a wife holds no legal right even to her own property ; the sooner this outrage on common justice is repealed, the better. But things are slow to move in Ceylon—even under the British flag. Prior to Vasco da Gama's arrival divers other invasions occurred, for example, the Arab traders who named this Island Serrendab. Many of these Arab descendants are here still conspicuous by their shaven pates beneath the conical straw hats which mark the caste of Moslem Moor. Traders still they are, classed under the generic name "Tambie." A particularly cleanly and respectable class, although they will of course get the better of the European if they have the chance, but let them know at the outset that you are "in the know" by offering a little less than half what they ask and you will find the "Tambie" a very good fellow to deal with. In the case of hand-wrought silver ware they place, say, a buckle in a scale and weigh it against rupees. If it weighs sixteen rupees, that amount goes for its metal value, then for the workmanship the custom is to double that amount, and that is the legitimate price of the article—thirty-two rupees. A very fair system, only, keep an eye on the scales !

The Tamil invasion, of course, is chronic. They come, they go, to and from Southern India, and mostly make up the *Muttu* or horse-keeper, and coolie castes. They are first-rate horse-keepers *when sober*, and have not too sportive a fancy in wives of the

horse-grass-women caste, or for holidays on inconvenient occasions, when they administer a "dose" to their quadruple charge to render it *hors de combat* for the time, or again they have not too frequently a call home, when off they go without a moment's notice, but *with*, may be, the new plated harness wherewith to defray their expenses. But these are details of life out in Ceylon: Europeans get used to such. Withal Veddhorata, as this beautiful Island was called when as yet a portion of Southern India, is a land to once know, to yearn for always—a land to love: a land of sunshine and romance ere even *Sri Lanka*, the capital, situated somewhere in the dividing straits, is said to have been submerged by the ocean and thus formed what Ceylon now is—an Island—our first Crown Colony, the Pearl Pendant of the Continent of India.

CAROLINE CORNER

London.

SYMBOLISM IN THE MARRIAGE CEREMONIES OF DIFFERENT NATIONS.*

(b) MARKING THE FOREHEADS OF THE COUPLE.

IN certain countries, many communities and tribes mark the foreheads of the marrying couple with a kind of pigment. Among the Hindus and Parsees, the pigment is known as *kunku*, which is a kind of red pigment. Among some tribes it is *sindur*, which is red lead.

According to Col. Dalton's *Descriptive Ethnology of Bengal*, a particular marriage ceremony is known among the several aboriginal tribes of Bengal as *Sindur din*. Therein the bridegroom marks his bride "with red lead on her forehead." † "Among the tribes ‡ who practise this ceremony, it is the essential part of the marriage rite which renders the union of bride and bridegroom complete, in the same way as the putting on of the ring in the marriage service of this country (England)." § In general the bride alone is marked; but among some tribes both are marked. In some tribes, the custom varies in this, that instead of red lead, "blood is drawn from the little fingers of the bride and bridegroom; and with this they are marked. || The red lead is a mere substitute of blood. Col. Dalton thinks, that the custom symbolizes "the fact that bride and bridegroom have now become one flesh. The other view is that it is a relic of marriage by capture, in which the husband, as a preliminary to connubial felicity has broken his wife's head." ¶ Mr

* A part of this paper formed the subject of a lecture, delivered before the Ladies Branch of the National Indian Association, at Sett Minar on Thursday, the 21st of January, 1909.

† "Descriptive Ethnology of Bengal" by E. T. Dalton. An account of the Kharrias, p. 160.

‡ The Santals, the Bihars, the Oraons and other tribes Ibid pp. 160, 216, 220, &c.

§ Asiatic Quarterly Review of January 1893, p. 183

|| Ibid.

¶ Ibid.

Sidney Hartland describes several analogous customs and considers them to be the relics of ancient blood covenants observed on marriage * "Col. Dalton's interpretation of the custom of marking the bride with red lead, and of its more archaic form of marking her with blood" is this that it is "correlative of the practice of making covenants by blood." †

Among the Parsees, the red pigment mark on the forehead of a female is always round, and that on the forehead of a male always long and vertical. The long vertical mark of the male symbolizes a ray of the sun, and the round mark of the female symbolizes the moon. A handsome man is compared by oriental writers to the sun, but the beauty of a woman is always compared to that of the moon. The sun is always represented in ancient pictures as a round disc with shooting rays. Again, the sun, through his rays, is a fructifying agent, but the moon is represented as a conceiving agent. So, is man in his relation to woman. Hence it is, that the mark on a man's forehead is long and vertical like the rays of the sun, and that on a woman's forehead round like the moon.

A kind of mark on the forehead is held by some as the mark of an "elect." In some of the glass paintings of the old churches, the angels carry a T like mark, which is a relic of an old + like mark which was the symbol of an elect.‡ In marriage, the couple, being the "elect" for the time being, carry some marks on their foreheads as symbols. It is considered as "un symbole de vie, de félicité, de salut." §

Thus, the ray-like long and moon-like round *kunhu* marks have some connection with the ancient sun and moon worship. The *Savastika* of the Hindus, which is a mark seen on many of their works of art and in the beginning of their account books, symbolizes the sun-worship. The Buddhists, the Jains, and even the Mahomedans have such marks. Nearly every country in Europe has such marks, the relics of the ancient sun-worship prevalent there in one form or another. ¶ The *tau*, which was a T like mark and which was "the sacred sign of life" among the ancient Egyptians, was a similar mark. The cross, which has latterly become a sacred sign and symbol among the Christians, "was also widely

* Ibid. pp. 184-88.

† Ibid. p. 188. Vide also "The Development of Marriage and Kinship," by C. S. Wake, p. 430, on the subject of *sindudân* (*Sindrahân*.)

‡ Life of Christ as represented in Art by Dr. Farrar, pp. 23-25

§ Ibid. p. 23

¶ Mrs. Murray-Aynsley's "Symbolism of the East and West," Chap. IV, The *Savastika*.

known as a pre-Christian symbol. The Spaniards when they went to South America, found the cross in some of the heathen temples there." *

As Sir George Birdwood has very well said, the highest symbolism of the *Svastika*, which is connected with *kunku* marking and with orientation, "might well be expressed in Goethe's words: God's is the East, God's is the West, North and South lands repose in peace in His Hands :—

" Gottes ist der Orient !
Göttes ist der Occident !
Nord-und südliches Gelände
Ruht in Frieden seinor Hände." †

(c) MARKING THE DOOR-POSTS OF THE HOUSE.

Marking the door-posts with red pigment and turmeric on marriage occasions is a common practice among the Hindus and Parsees. In India they apply *haradh* (turmeric,) to the door-post. The word *haradh* (turmeric) comes from the root हृ to shine. Its colour is like that of sunlight. So turmeric and other drugs of its colour are taken to be the symbols of sun's light, and also of the prosperity and plenty brought about by his fertilizing power. Hence, the turmeric (हरद) marks on the door-post are auspicious as symbols of prosperity and plenty. Hence it is, that Hindus besmear their account-books with turmeric on the New-year's day after the *Dīwali*. Turmeric is also known as *rajni* (राजनी) i.e., night, because, in ancient India, young wives decorated their foreheads with auspicious marks of turmeric at sunset, a little before the night-fall, when they expected their husbands back at home from their avocations. The custom of "keeping the doorstep warm," practised in the North of England on marriage occasions, seems to have, though not the same, a similar signification. "As soon as the bride and bridegroom had gone away, and the old shoe had been thrown, a servant, or sometimes the guests, would pour a kettle of boiling water over the front doorstep, as an auspice that there would soon be another wedding from the same house—keeping the thresho'd warm for another bride they called it." ‡

Among the ancient Romans the bride applied oil to the door-posts, oil being considered a symbol of prosperity.

* Ibid, p. 69.

† Mrs. Murray-Aynsley's "Symbolism in the East and West," Introduction by Sir G. Birdwood, p. 17. Vide Indian Antiquary of March, 1880.

‡ "Marriage Customs" by E. Howlett, Westminster Review of 1893, Vol. CXI. p. 613.

(a) THE CUSTOM OF ORIENTATION.

Among many nations, the East is considered to be an auspicious direction for the performance of marriage and other joyful ceremonies. In India, the marrying couple is made to face the East, when bridal presents are made, and when some of the nuptial ceremonies, *e.g.*, that of making the above said *kunkoo* marks, are performed. The eastern position signified, that light, warmth and fertility came from the sun that rose in the East. It is for this reason, that Hindu temples and the chambers of the sacred fire in the Parsee fire temples have the eastern position given to their doors. Modern Christians "perpetuate this custom of Orientation in the position given to our Churches and in turning to the east when we recite the creeds or general assent to the articles of the Christian faith." * On this custom of Orientation, Mrs. Murray Aynsley says, "In European common life also, when passing the wine, or dealing a pack of cards, we constantly hear it said that, this should be done 'the way of the sun,' and some persons deem it most unlucky, if, through inadvertence, the bottle be sent round the other way (or from right to left)." †

(e) THROWING OF RICE OVER THE COUPLE.

Rice plays a prominent part as a symbol in marriage rites. It is a symbol of plenty and prosperity.

Among the Parsees, (a) the mother of the bride or that of the bridegroom welcomes the bridegroom or the bride at the threshold of the door, sprinkling a little rice over him or her. (b) The officiating priests, in their recital of benedictions, throw rice upon the marrying couple. (c) Even the marrying couple besprinkle rice upon one another during the ceremony preceding the recital of the *Ashirwād*. (d) Rice is even stuck on the *kunku* marks on the foreheads of the couple.

Among some people, wheat or other kinds of grain are used. Grain is symbolical of plenty. So, that kind of grain which is easily procurable is used. In Poland, the father of the bridegroom after the nuptial benediction, welcomes the married couple into his house by throwing over their heads grains of barley-corn. The grains so thrown are picked up again and sown, and, if they grow well, that is considered very auspicious. ‡

* "Symbolism of the East and West," by Mrs. Murray-Aynsley, p. 32.

† Ibid. p. 33.

‡ Marriage Customs by E. Howlett, "Westminster Review" of 1893, Vol. p. 610.

Among the Hebrews also, grains of barley were thrown in the front of the couple, and that was meant "to denote their wishes for a numerous progeny." In Nottinghamshire and Sussex, the sprinkling of rice over the couple was a prevalent custom. In ancient Spain, not only the parents of the couple, but even other passers-by in the street sprinkled corn. Among the Hindus, rice is often sprinkled as a symbol of plenty and prosperity. Among the Brahmins, the father of the bride plants nine different kinds of grain in five earthen or metal vessels filled with earth collected by him from the hillocks of white ants in the north-east part of his village. A part of the marriage ceremony is performed near the place where the vessels with the sprouting grain stand.

Among the Hindus, some of those present at the marriage throw, after laying the *Mangala sutram*, some coloured rice upon the couple by way of blessing them.

In England also, they throw rice after a newly married couple. It is suggested, that the custom arose in England since its connection with India. Revd. Padfield says on this point: "May it not be that the modern English custom of throwing rice after a newly married couple, arose from this Indian rite? There are many similar ways in which English customs have originated from our connection with India."*

In early Christian art, corn is taken to be the token of man's labour on earth, just as lamb is taken to be the token of woman's work, viz., spinning.

The throwing of rice by the marrying couple upon each other, among the Parsees, is watched with great interest by their friends, especially by the ladies, the nearest relations among whom urge their respective parties, the bridegroom or the bride, to look sharp and throw the rice first when the signal is given. The dropping of the intervening curtain is the required signal. The one that throws rice first over the other is said to win. This is, as it were, a race of love. "Who won, the bridegroom or the bride?" is a question often heard in the assembly. This is to signify, that one, who throws rice first, thereby indicates, that he or she will be foremost in loving and respecting the other. This throwing of rice is accompanied by a clapping of hands by friends and relations who have assembled there. A band of music, if present, immediately begins to play.

The signification of a custom prevalent in Wales on marriage occasions is similar to that of the above mentioned Parsee custom. In some parts of Wales, the friends of both parties went, after marriage

* "The Hindu at Home," by Rev. J. E. Padfield, p. 129.

at the church, to an adjoining inn* to partake of the marriage repast. A few members of both parties ran to the inn. There was a kind of running race between them. The party who ran first and reached the inn first, guaranteed, as it were, that the bride or bridegroom whom they represented, would be the first to show all love and respect to the other.

In some parts of the south of France, when the couple is kneeling at the altar after the marriage, a lady goes before them, and pricks them with a pin. Both try to bear the pain as much as they can. The one, that bawls out or expresses the feeling of pain first, is believed to be the one that would turn out less patient than the other in suffering the troubles, if any, of married life, and of this world in general.*

(f) THE CLAPPING OF HANDS.

Among the Parsees, the mutual throw of rice by the marrying couple over each other is attended by a clapping of hands by the assembled guests. This signifies an expression of approval and good-will by the assembly at the union and at the couple's mutual emulation for an expression of love. It may as well have been intended as an announcement of the union.

Among the Hindus, "the bridegroom takes the *Mangala sutram* and with an appropriate declaration, ties it round the neck of the bride. Whilst this operation is being performed, a loud noise is always made by the musicians, with their instruments, and others present by clapping their hands and the like. This is to prevent any sneezing from being heard. Sneezing is considered a very bad omen; and for fear anyone might be seized with an attack during this important operation, the loud noise is made to drown so unlucky a sound, in the event of such an accident."†

(g) PRESENTING WATER BEFORE THE COUPLE.

Water is considered as a symbol of prosperity. So, it is symbolically used in the marriage rites of various communities. Among the Parsees, (a) in the evening of the marriage day, the ladies of the bride's family present before the bridegroom a water-pot called *var-behendoo* (१२ वेण्डू i.e., a pot presented to the *var* (husband) as a part of the dowry) and make him dip his hand in it. While doing so, he drops a silver coin into it as a gift in return for the symbolic presentation of water before him. (b) Again, when welcoming the bride and the bridegroom at the threshold of the house, water is presented before them as a symbol of prosperity.

In India, a person going out on an important business considers it a

* "Asiatic Quarterly Review" of January 1893, p. 186 n.

† "The Hindu at Home" by Rev. Padfield (1896), p. 126.

good omen if he meets one with a pot full of water. Among the ancient Romans both the bride and the bridegroom "touched fire and water, because all things were supposed to be produced from these two elements."* Among some Indian tribes, the mother of the bride proceeds with a number of women to welcome the cavalcade of the bridegroom with "a vessel of water surmounted by a lighted *chirāg* (lamp)" in her hand. †

(h) GARLANDING OR CROWNING.

The position of the marrying couple is believed to be elevated for the time being. The very word *var-rājā* (husband-king) for a bridegroom among the Parsees shews that. So, formerly among many nations the marrying couple was made to put on crowns.

(a) In ancient Greece, the priest put a crown on the head of the bridegroom.

(b) In Athens, a friend of the bride carried a crown.

(c) In Egypt, the bride put on a crown.

(d) Among the Hebrews, the couple walked under a canopy resembling a crown.

(e) In Norway, the bride put on a crown-like jewel.

(f) In ancient churches, they kept a metallic crown for the purpose.

The use of garlands in marriages nowadays serves the purpose of crowns. The very word 'garland' means a wreath which is put on the head like a crown. In German the same word "*kranz*" means a 'garland' and a 'crown.'

Garlands of flowers were common in many nations—Greeks, † Romans and Jews. In old Anglo-Saxon Churches, the priests blessed the pair and put garlands round them.

The ancient Christians borrowed the custom of bridal crowns or garlands from the ancient Romans, who had adopted it from the ancient Greeks. Though they are known as bridal crowns, they were put on also by the bridegrooms. "The rigorism of early Christian feeling rejected the use of crowns generally, as connected either with the excesses of heathen feasts or the idolatry of heathen worship. Flowers might be worn as a bouquet, or held in the hand, but not upon the head. It was not long, however, before the natural beauty of the practice freed itself from the old associations and reasserted its claim

* "The Knot Tied," by W. Tegg, p. 75.

† "The Development of Marriage and Kinship," by C. Wake (1889), p. 431.

‡ "Archæologia Graeca, or the Antiquities of Greece" by Dr. J. Potter, Vol. II, pp. 280-81.

. Bridegroom and bride were crowned as victors, assuming their purity over the temptations of the flesh." *

"The bridegroom's wreath was for the most part of myrtle,† the bride's of verbenā. . . . First the bridegroom solemnly crowns the bride in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. Then the bride in like manner crowns the bridegroom. Lastly the priest blesses them with the thrice-repeated words "O Lord our God, crown them with glory and honour."

The ceremony of crowning was considered so important, that in the East the whole marriage was called "Crowning," as in the West it was called "Veiling." At the end of 8 days the crowns were solemnly removed.

While speaking of the use of garlands, we may note here that certain flowers or plants were used by different nations as symbols in the marriage ceremonies. For example, the myrtle, which was the tree of the Greek goddess Aphrodite, who resembled the Anahita of the Avesta in several respects, was used in marriage ceremonies among the ancient Greeks ‡

Among the Greeks, "the Bœotians used garlands of wild asparagus, which is full of prickles, but bears excellent fruit, and therefore was thought to resemble the bride, who had given her lover some trouble in courting her, and gaining her affections, which she recompensed afterwards by the pleasantness of her conversation. The house where the nuptials were celebrated was likewise decked with garlands." §

(i) WELCOME OFFERED TO THE COUPLE AT THE THRESHOLD OF THE HOUSE BY BREAKING SOME ARTICLES.

Among many nations, the marrying couple are welcomed at the house by several symbolic rites. Among the Parsees and Hindus, both the bridegroom and the bride are thus welcomed on the marriage day at the houses of the bride and bridegroom respectively, with various rites.

(1) In India a cocoanut is passed round thrice over the head of the bride or bridegroom and then broken. This symbolizes a wish that all evils from the marrying couple may be averted and pass off with the cocoanut

* Dictionary of Christian Antiquities, Vol. I., p. 511

† Cf. the use of myrtle (myrt) among the Mahomedans on Marriage occasions. Vide "Dictionary of Islam."

‡ "The Sacred Tree," by Mrs. Philpot, p. 37.

§ "Archæologia Græca or the Antiquities of Greece," by Dr. Potter, Vol. II, p. 281.

(2) In Scotland, they used to break a cake over the head of the bride at the threshold of her husband's house, when, after marriage, she entered it for the first time.

(3) Among the Hebrews, after the marriage ceremony they present before the bridegroom a wine-glass which he breaks as a sign of good omen. All present then shout out "mazzletoun, mazzletoun," *i.e.*, "good luck, good luck." This ceremony among the Hebrews is variously explained. One explanation of it is, that it is to remind the marrying couple of the transitory state of their life, which may be as easily broken as the glass. If so, in one way, it is good to remind the couple that in life we are in the midst of death. A reminder of death in the midst of hours of joy sounds strange, but the ancients resorted to such customs to teach moderation and temperance. *

According to Mr. E. Howlett, there "is a common saying in Lancashire that a bride should wear at her wedding,—

Something old and something new,

Something borrowed, something blue." †

This custom seems to have a similar signification, *viz.*, that in the midst of pleasure and gaiety one must preserve moderation and be prepared for misfortunes, if they come.

In various rites accompanying a Passee marriage, an egg is passed round the head of the bride or bridegroom and then broken. This seems to be the remnant of the old custom of animal sacrifice on marriage occasions. It signifies a wish that if there be any evil, destined for the marrying party, it may pass off with the egg.

* We have several similar examples of that method of teaching moderation.—

(a) In the coronation ceremony of the ancient Roman Emperors, they placed a tombstone in the hand of the Emperor who was being crowned.

(b) It is said of the ancient Egyptians, that in their great festivals of rejoicement, they kept, before the assembly, a mummied corpse.

Those things were meant, not only to remind them of the transitoriness of this life, but also to keep them prepared, as it were, for a mishap or grief, so that, if it ever came, it may not surprise and confound them.

(c) It is said of that well-known Saracen king Saladin, who forms a well-known character in Sir Walter Scott's novel, "Talisman," that, with all his courtly rich dress on big State occasions, he put on a black shirt, to remind himself, that one day he is likely to meet with grief, and that, as there may be some distress among his subjects, it is his royal duty to relieve that distress.

(d) It is said of some sages of old, that when on joyful occasions they drank sweet sparkling wine, they put into it a pinchful of ash, just to remind them of humility.

† "Marriage Customs," *Westminster Review* of 1893, Vol. CXL, p. 612.

Among the ancient Greeks, on similar occasions, a hog was sacrificed. The gall of the victim was always taken out, and thrown away, to signify the removal of all bitterness from the marriage.*

Among the Greeks, "when the bridegroom entered the house with his bride, it was customary to pour upon their heads, figs, and divers other sorts of fruits, as an omen of their future plenty."†

(j) SACRED BATHS.

Among the Parsees and Hindus, the solemn ceremony of marriage is preceded by a sacred bath. Among the Parsees, it is known as *nân*, which is a contracted form of the Sanscrit word *snân*, i.e., a bath. The sacred bath, which the Hindu bridegroom goes through, is called *Mangalasnānam* ‡ (blessed and fortunate bathing).

Among the ancient Greeks, "among the ceremonies bearing religious character which preceded the wedding, an important part was played by the bath. Both bride and bridegroom took a bath either on the morning of the wedding day or the day before, for which the water was brought from a river or from some spring regarded as specially sacred, as at Athens the spring Callirhoe (or Enneacrunos), at Thebes the Ismenus." §

Among the Parsees, the sacred bath is enjoined on other solemn occasions like that of the Naqote or investiture ceremony of the sacred shirt, just as among the early Christians "a practice existed that catechumens should bathe before baptism, and priests on the eve of certain festivals and other occasions."||

Among the ancient Hebrews, sacred baths preceded solemn religious rites. In all these ceremonies, and in similar other ceremonies, like those of the washing of hands, observed by the ancient Jews, Christians and Persians, water was taken as a symbol of purity, and physical purity was enjoined as emblematic of moral purity.

Among the Mahomedans of Cairo, there is a solemn, though not strictly religious, bathing ceremony for the bride. She "goes in state to the bath, the procession to the bath is called *Zeffet Hammam*."¶

* "Home Life of the Ancient Greeks," by Blümner, translated by Alice Zimmern, p. 137. "Archæologia Græca or the Antiquities of Greece" (1813), by Dr. John Potter Vol. II, p. 279.

† "Archæologia Græca or the Antiquities of Greece," by Dr. Potter, Vol. II, p. 283.

‡ "The Hindu at Home," by Rev. Padfield, p. 123.

§ "The Home Life of the Ancient Greeks," by Prof. Blümner, translated by Alice Zimmern, p. 137.

|| "Smith's Dictionary of Christian Antiquities" (1875). Vol. I., p. 181.

¶ "The Dictionary of Islam," by T. P. Hughes, p. 323, *vide* the word "marriage."

(k) CURTAINING AND VEILING.

Among the Hindus and the Parsees, the couple are, in the early part of the marriage ceremony, separated from each other by a curtain which is latterly dropped, the original object being, that they should not see each other's face before being united in the holy wedlock.

The veil, put on by a Christian bride, is a remnant of that old custom, signifying that she conceals her face from her husband. Among the early Christians, the custom seems to have come from the Romans. In the later Roman betrothals, girls were brought veiled to betrothal, "because they are united in body and spirit to the man by the kiss and the joining of right hands." * In the ceremony of betrothal, the veil, the kiss, and the clasped hands were among the elements.

An English word for marriage is "nuptial." It comes from *nubere* to veil, because, in old times, brides always put on veils.

"In the ancient Leonine Sacramentary, the whole Mass (the Nuptial Mass) is entitled *velatio nuptialis* (the nuptial veiling). The putting on of the *flammeum* (the flame-coloured veil) was for the Roman people, even before the Christian era, the most conspicuous external sign of a woman's marriage. . . . In the Middle Ages, a canopy or pall or veil was extended equally over both bridegroom and bride during the nuptial benediction." † The custom is familiar in many parts of Germany, France and Spain. In Spain, while "the veil envelops the bride completely and covers her head, it drapes only the shoulders of the bridegroom." ‡

(1) Among the Parsees, a certain rite is known as *âdâ antai*, *âdâ antai* i.e., the distance between the two. A curtain is held between the two, and they are made to sit opposite to each other. This curtain is then dropped after hand-fastening. This preliminary holding of the curtain and then dropping it later on, signifies, that they were separate up to then but, with the rite of hand-fastening, the curtain of separation dropped and they were united.

(2) Among the Hebrews, the bride, at first, puts on a veil, which was removed immediately after they were united in marriage.

(3) Among the ancient Christians, when the couple was kneeling in the archway, four of the assistant clergy held over their heads a pall or carc-cloth which was afterwards removed.

* Smith's "Dictionary of Christian Antiquities." Vol. I., p. 202, *vide* the word "betrothal."

† "The Marriage Ritual of Toledo," by Rev. Thurston in the *Nineteenth Century and After* of July 1906, pp. 119-120.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 120.

(4) Among the Russians of the Greek Church, "a curtain of crimson taletta, supported by two young gentlemen, parts the lovers, and prevents them from stealing any amorous glances from each other's eyes!"

(5) Among the Hindus, the bride and the bridegroom are separated by a curtain.* In all these customs, the curtain and the veil symbolize the original separation, and the later dropping off of the curtain and removal of the veil signify union.

In earliest times, among the Christians, "the veiling came to be a symbolical act, making part of the marriage ceremony and symbolising the woman's forsaking all others and keeping her charms for her husband alone. . . . In the West the word "velatio" came to signify the whole marriage ceremony, and it became customary to lay the veil on both bride and bridegroom at the time of the benediction". †

(/) HAND-FASTENING.

The custom of fastening the hands of the couple is common among many nations. It symbolizes union.

Among the Parsees, before the recital of the marriage benediction, the priest gives the right hand of one into the right hand of the other, and ties raw twist round their united hands with the recital of the sacred Avesta formula of Ahunavar. This ceremony is known as that of *Flâthevâro*, i.e., hand-fastening.

Among the Christians, "before the Council of Trent, a valid marriage in the eyes of the Church might be effected by a simple declaration of the parties to be man and wife," but after the Council of Trent, "it was customary in many places for the priest to entwine the ends of his stole † round the joined hands of the bride and bridegroom at the words, 'those whom God has joined together,' in token of the indissoluble union thereby effected" ‡. Up to the 18th century, there was a custom in England, that the marrying couple went to the river adjoining the town, washed their hands, and each grasping the other's hand took the oath of marriage. This was known as hand-fastening.

In Finland it is the father of the bridegroom who fastened the hands.

Among the ancient Greeks, the ceremony of hand-fastening was

* "The Knot Tied," by W. Tegg p 106

† "Dictionary of Christian Antiquities," II, p. 1118.

‡ Silk band worn by bishops. It hangs round the shoulders up to the knees.

§ The *Westminster Review* of 1893, Vol. CXI., p. 602. Article on Marriage Customs by M. E. Howlett. Vide also "The Marriage Ritual of Toledo," by Rev. Thurston in the *Nineteenth Century* of July 1906. p. 117.

considered as the ratifying agreement of marriage. * Among the ancient Romans, the priest made the marrying couple sit on chairs, which were put together, and on which wool was spread, and then fastened their hands. Among the Assyrians, it was the father of the bridegroom who fastened the hands of the couple with a woollen thread, which is considered to be "the emblem of the bond which henceforth links the wife to the husband." †

Among the Hill men of Rājmahāl, the father of the bride places her hand in the hand of the bridegroom and "in doing so, charges the husband to be loving and kind." ‡ Among the Melanesians, "the oldest man present joins the right hands of the young couple." §

Hand-fastening is observed in all Hindu marriages. The father of the bride "takes the right hand of the bride, and placing it underneath the curtain, in the right hand of the bridegroom, pours over the clasped hands some water from the vessel." ||

Among the Mahomedans, "the Qāzi requests the bride's attorney to take the hand of the bridegroom" ¶ and to recite the words of consent. Among the Mahomedans of Egypt, "the bridegroom and the bride, *wakeel*, sit upon the ground, face to face, with one knee upon the ground and grasp each other's right hand, raising the thumbs and pressing them against each other." **

(m) SKIRT-FASTENING.

Among the several Parsee observances, observed by some, after the performance of the solemn ceremony of marriage, there is one that is known as that of tying the *chuddā chhodī* (ಚುಡ್ಡಾ ಚೊಡಿ) i.e., fastening the skirts of the garments of the couple. The nearest friend or relation of the couple ties the skirts or the *jāmā* the (loose dress) of the bridegroom with that of the *sārī* (the flowing dress) of the bride. Thus united, the bride goes to the house of the bridegroom. The Hindus also have a similar ceremony known as that of tying the Brahma knot. ††

Among the Hebrews, the bride and the bridegroom were made to walk under a canopy or a sheet of cloth. This signified unity of

* *Archæologia Græca of the Antiquities of Greece*, by Dr. Potter, Vol II, p. 268

† "Life in Ancient Egypt and Assyria," by G. Maspero, p. 230.

‡ *Asiatic Quarterly Review* of January 1893, p. 181.

§ Social "History of the Races of Mankind," by A. Featherman, pp. 32; vide also p. 439, "Symbolism of the East and West," by Mrs. Murray Aynsley, p. 150.

|| "The Hindu at Home," by Rev. Padfield, p. 125.

¶ "Dictionary of Islam," by T. F. Hughes, p. 318. Vide the word 'marriage.'

** Ibid, p. 323.

†† "The Hindu at Home," by Rev. Padfield, p. 124. Vide also "Symbolism of East and West," by Mrs. Aynsley, p. 150.

protection. This custom seems to be another form of that of fastening the skirts of each other's garments. The Hebrew spouse in the above custom said: "His banner over me was love." * A Hebrew bridegroom, at one part of the ceremony, also spread the skirt of his garment over the head of his bride. That was meant to signify that the bride was now under his protection.

The old Aztec priest fastened the end of a part of the long veil of the bride to the skirt of the bridegroom's gown, and thus united, the bride went to the house of the bridegroom. †

According to Dalton, ‡ among the Buniyas, on the appearance of the stars at nightfall, the skirts of the garments of the couple were bound together. Among the Santals also the clothes of the married couple were tied together as a symbol of their union. §

(n) CIRCLING AND TYING THE KNOT.

Among the Parsees, before the recital of the marriage benedictions, a piece of cloth is passed round the couple, and its ends are united into a knot by the officiating priest, with the recital of the sacred formula of Abunavar. It is further tied by a raw twist which is put round the knot seven times with a similar recital. The marrying couple is thus, as it were, enclosed in a circle. They are similarly enclosed in a circle of raw twist put round them seven times with seven recitals of the above sacred formula. A circle signifies an endless union. Hence, the ceremony signified the union of the couple till the end of their life. The number seven plays a prominent part in this preliminary ritual, because seven was a sacred number among the ancient Persians, who had seven Ameshâspentas or archangels, || seven heavens, and seven *Keshvars*, i.e., zones or regions.

This custom of encircling the couple with a piece of cloth seems to be similar to that of covering them with one cloth. It is prevalent among many Dravidian tribes and among the Abyssinians. It is still prevalent among the Hebrews, among whom the husband is said to "spread his skirt over his handmaid." ¶ In France, a canopy is held over the couple during the marriage ceremony**. According to an old Hessian usage

* "The Knot Tied," by William Tegg, p. 55.

† *Asiatic Quarterly Review* of January 1893, Vol. V. Mr. Sydney Hartland's article entitled "A Marriage Custom of the Aborigines of Bengal: A study in the Symbolism of Marriage Ceremonies."

‡ Dalton's "Ethnography of Bengal," p. 148.

§ *Asiatic Quarterly Review* of January 1893, p. 203. *Vide also* "Symbolism of the East and West" by Mrs. Aynsley, pp. 150-51 for this custom among several tribes.

¶ These seven Ameshâspentas corresponded to the seven spirits of the Christians.

§ *The Asiatic Quarterly Review* of January, 1893, p. 190.

** *Ibid.*

the bridegroom flung the folds of his large mantle over the bride so that both could be covered by it. *

The custom of the *jugale* among the modern Spaniards is a form of this custom. "After the nuptial blessing a band or ribbon was thrown round the married couple, binding them together, and in this way symbolising their union." †

(2) FEET-WASHING.

Among the Parsees, at the conclusion of the solemn part of the ceremony, at some marriages, they wash the feet of the couple. When Parsees began to put on English boots, it being a little troublesome to remove the boots, the custom is to wash the tip of the boots with a little water.

In Scotland, in the 18th century, the unmarried friends of the bride washed her feet on the evening preceding the marriage. The custom is still known in some parts of Scotland as that of "feet-washing."

It was known among the ancient Hebrews. Among the ancient Romans also they washed the feet of the couple.

The washing of one's feet by another symbolises kindness towards the one whose feet are washed. In India, and in other Eastern countries, it is customary for the host and for his family to wash the feet of traveller guests. We learn from the Bible, that the washing of feet, though not observed on marriage occasions, was considered to be an act of kindness or homage. In the book of Timothy (1 Timothy, v. 10) washing the feet of holy persons is considered a meritorious act. Even Jesus according to the book of St. John (John XIII, 1-8) washed the feet of his disciples. "The washing of feet" formed part of the Baptismal rites among the early Christians in the West. It was known as "*pedilavium*." A similar observance is observed during the Holy Week at Rome even now. The Pope also takes a part in it. It is observed on the Thursday in the Holy Week. This Thursday is known as the Maundy Thursday.

Among the Hindus, the bride's mother brings in a vessel of water, and her father washes "the bridegroom's feet, sprinkling some of the water on his own head. He then takes the right hand of the bride and placing it, underneath the curtain, in the right hand of the bridegroom pours over the clasped hands some water from the vessel The pouring of water over the clasped hands is one of the most important ceremonies of the whole proceedings. After this is done, the curtain

* Ibid.

† "The Marriage Ritual of Toledo," by Rev. Thurston. *The Nineteenth Century* of July, 1903. p. 120

which has hitherto separated the bride and bridegroom, is removed, and and they see each other." On the second day after marriage, the bride goes in a procession to the house of the bridegroom and returns with him to her father's house. On their return home, their feet are washed by some attendants.

Among some tribes, e.g. the Melanesians, it is the bride who washes the feet of the bridegroom after the marriage prayer offered by their *dūkun* 'priest').*

Among the ancient Greeks, before the couple "went to bed, the bride bathed her feet." This water the Athenians always fetched from the fountain Callirhoe."†

(p) EATING TOGETHER.

Among the Parsees, at the conclusion of the marriage ceremony, the couple are made to partake of some food from the same dish. They give into the hands of one another a few morsels of food. This rite signified that, now, being united in the bond of marriage, they had to board together and to share each other's happiness and grief. This repast is known as "*Dahi koomro*," from the fact, that *dahi* (curd), which forms an auspicious article of food on gay occasions, formed the essential part of the dish. The Hindus have a similar custom. ‡

Among the ancient Romans, one of the forms of marriage was *Confarreatio*, which was a ceremony in which the bridegroom and the bride tasted a cake made of flour with salt and water in the presence of the high priest and at least ten witnesses. This rite was said to symbolize the community of life, of property, of family worship, that henceforth united them. §

The round cake of this ceremony of nuptial eating among the ancient Romans was called the "*panis farreus*." ||

Among the Roman Patricians, many generally resorted to this form of marriage, and the couple was made to sit on one and the same piece of leather prepared from the skin of a sheep killed for the marriage sacrifice.

Among the ancient Greeks, the married couple ate a quince.

* "Social History of the Races of Mankind," by Featherman, p. 399.

† "Archæologia Græca or the Antiquities of Greece," by Dr. Potter, Vol. II. p. 285.

‡ "The Hindu at Home," by Rev. Padfield, p. 133.

§ "The Knot Tied" by Fegg, p. 70.

|| The *Asiatic Quarterly Review* of January 1893, p. 191.

The bridal cake of Christian marriages seems to be a relic of the ancient Roman custom.* Colonel Dalton gives, in his *Ethnography*, several instances of tribes among whom this custom of making the couple eat together is still prevalent. As the Romans sat on one and the same piece of leather in their *Conferreatio* ceremony, so some of these tribes also sit together on one and the same piece of leather.

Among the Hebrews, there was a custom, known as nuptial drinking, wherein both were made to drink from one and the same cup of wine, which was consecrated and blessed by the Rabi.† In Russia and Scandinavia also, the couple are required to drink wine from the same cup. In Hesse, the couple eats from the same plate and drinks from the same cup. According to a writer of the *Asiatic Quarterly Review*, in old Lombardy, the only marriage rite was this: that the marrying couple drank from the same cup and kissed each other. Latterly, when the clergy protested against this simple rite without any religious element in it, the benedictions from the priest and a sermon were added to it.

Among the Melanasiens, the couple gave each other three morsels from a dish called "sago mash." The bride then gave a little tobacco to the bridegroom, who, in his turn, gave a betel nut to the bride.‡

In Dardistan also, after the marriage ceremonial, "some rice, boiled in milk, is brought in, of which the boy and the girl take a spoonful."§

The custom of nuptial eating existed among the Santals and other tribes of Bengal. According to Dalton "the social meal that the boy and girl eat together is the most important part of the ceremony, as by the act the girl ceases to belong to her father's tribe, and becomes a member of her husband's family."||

The custom also exists among the people of the Malay Peninsula. The couple exchange "plates containing small packages of rice wrapped up in banana-leaves," and eat the rice contained therein.¶ Among the Papuans, "a pot filled with sago-inush is placed before the married couple of which they serve to each other, in turn, three mouthfuls in alternate succession." ** Among some tribes "a roasted banana

* "Marriage Customs" by E. Howlett, *Westminster Review* of 1893, Vol. CXL. p. 604.

† *Westminster Review* of December 1893. p. 603.

‡ "Social History of the Races of Mankind," by D. Featherman, p. 32.

§ Dr. Leitner's article entitled "Legends, Songs, Customs and History of Dardistan," in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review* of January 1893, Vol. V, p. 153.

|| Dalton's "Ethnography of Bengal," p. 216.

¶ *Asiatic Quarterly* of January, 1893, p. 192.

** "Social History of the Races of Mankind," by D. Featherman, p. 32.

is presented to the young couple, of which one-half is eaten by the bridegroom and the other by the bride to symbolize their indissoluble union."*

Among the Yezaadees the couple eat between them consecrated bread.†

The marriage ceremonies of the ancient Aryans consisted of three essential parts. (1) The abandonment of his authority over the bride by her father. (2) The formal delivery of the bride to the bridegroom. (3) The presentation of the bride to the House Spirits in her new home, for which purpose, on her entrance into the house, "she was presented with the holy fire and the lustral water, and she partook, along with the husband, in the presence of the Lord, of the symbolic meal." §

The custom of nuptial drinking is similar to that of nuptial eating. Both signify the same thing. Among the early Christians, "the drinking of wine in the Church at weddings was enjoined by the Hereford Missal." ¶ The priest used to bless this wine. Up to the middle of the last century this custom survived in Durham. ¶ The custom of nuptial drinking existed in the Greek Church and also among the Jews.*

According to Dalton, among some Bengal tribes, for example, among the Hos, "a cup of beer is given to each; the groom pours some of the contents of his cup into the bride's cup, and she returns the compliment. Drinking the liquor thus blended, they become of one Kili, that is, the bride is admitted into her husband's tribe, and they become one."†† In the Singhbhum villages also the bride and bridegroom drink beer together.‡‡

The Liki, a Chinese book of ritual, while speaking of "the meaning of the marriage ceremonies," says of the marrying couple that "they ate together of the same animal,§§ and joined in sipping from the cups made of the same melon, thus showing that they now formed one body, were of equal rank, and pledged to mutual affection.||||

* Ibid p 33

† *Asiatic Quarterly*, of January, 1893, p. 192.

§ "The Development of Marriage and Kinship," by C. S. Wake, p. 398.

¶ "Marriage Customs" by E. Howlett, *Westminster Review* of 1893, Vol. CXL, 603. ¶ Ibid. * Ibid.

†† Dalton's "Ethnography of Bengal," p. 193.

‡‡ "The Development of Marriage and Kinship" by C. S. Wake, p. 430.

§§ i. e., the animal sacrifice.

|||| S. B. E. Vol. XXVI 1. The Li Ki. Book XLI, pp 429-430.

Among the Melanasiāns, the *wallian* (a medicine man or priest) "consecrates the union by requiring the two young people to sit down on a mat, side by side, surrounded by a circle of invited guests; and putting a small quantity of betel into the hand of each, they exchange it and chew it in the most solemn manner."^{*}

In country places in Hesse, the couple "drink together out of one cup or eat together off one plate with one spoon, as a token of their union. . . . To this day in Hesse the custom is preserved in the *weinkauf* (lit: wine-purchase), or assembly of relatives on both sides. At this assembly, the conditions are fixed on which the bride is to be discharged from her native kin to enter the kindred and protection of the bridegroom. When these are arranged she drinks to her bridegroom in token of her consent, and both then drink out of the same glass." [†]

The marriage parties and marriage feasts may in one way be taken as a development of the custom of nuptial eating and drinking. "The remains of the cake, which, in the Roman ceremony of *Confarreatio*, had been broken and eaten by the bride and bridegroom, were distributed among the guests; just as our own bride-cake, after being cut by the bride and bridegroom, is shared with the entire wedding party."[‡] This is a kind of feast to the assembled guests. It may be considered as a form of the feast given formerly to the tribesmen, or clansmen, to get their assent to the marriage. It was a form of payment to them to purchase their assent to the marriage.

In the marriage feasts of the Parsees, fish is considered to be an auspicious article of food. Fish continued to be a symbol of buoyancy and truthfulness among the Christians up to the time of Constantine. In Eucharistic feasts, it was always eaten with wine and bread.

* "Social History of the Races of Mankind" by Featherman, p. 64.

† *Asiatic Quarterly* of January, 1893, Vol V, pp. 193-94

‡ *Asiatic Quarterly* of January 1893, Vol. V, p. 194

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THE MONTREAL WOMEN'S CLUB.

A WISE man and shrewd observer once delivered himself of the remark that if there should ever come a time when women would learn how to band themselves together purely for the service and betterment of mankind, the world would see a power such as it had never before known.

Into the grounds upon which Mathew Arnold based such deduction it is not here pertinent to enquire; what does appear as an undeniable proposition is the fact that this union of women for social service, which sixty years ago seemed so visionary, so theoretical a hypothesis, is to day in process of active realisation in the world of the Far West.

The great numbers of women who throughout America have banded themselves together in the service of social ideals have done so with three practical facts in mind, (1) That every woman, with the exception of those who are engaged in the care of young families, or who are employed as bread winners in the business world, has in these days of mechanical invention hours of unemployed time on her hands, (2) That time unemployed always becomes a menace to active and intelligent natures; (3) That every woman (as well as every man) owes a duty of useful service to the community in which she lives, and by which she is sustained and protected, also that the opportunity for service is the call to service.

In past times women have partially responded to this call by church and charity work, but the first of these has always been too limited in scope as well as too much lacking in initiative to satisfy the most capable women, whilst the latter is increasingly perceived to be out of place in a world where the word *Charity* has fallen from its high estate with the perception that it but too often synchronizes with pauperism, and that the true principle of social adjustment is not eleemosynary effort, but opportunity and equal justice. My Lady Bountiful, with her fine clothes and her laden basket, tripping daintily from her splendid carriage towards

the door of some humble cottage, is disappearing even from the covers of the Christmas magazines, since the attitude of the humble cottager is likely to be a pointed request to the leisured classes to keep their silver pieces and warm blankets, whilst allowing him a chance to earn some of his own.

In America, where every man has a business or profession, and most men are absorbed in affairs to the practical exclusion of other interests, it was early realized that a large share of the work of social amelioration, the "héft" of it, to use an expressive New England word, must fall on the shoulders of the women, supposing it to be shouldered at all. For this reason the Women's Clubs, established primarily for intellectual purposes, have mostly gone over into social reform work. It must be clearly understood that these Women's Clubs of America, one or more of which is firmly established in almost every large and small town throughout the United States, are not institutions like those existing in England modelled on the plan of the men's clubs for hotel and society purposes, but are organizations of women thinkers and workers chiefly, and if some still remain unchanged from their original purpose of study classes and lecture bureaus, by far the greater number have blossomed forth into very active and beneficent agencies for the direction of women's intelligence and ingenuity on the problems and defects of modern civilization.

Widely diffused, as has been said, through the length and breadth of the United States, there is at the present time but one regularly organized Women's Club in Canada, that now enjoying the seventeenth year of its existence under the name of the Montreal Women's Club.

In the last month of the year 1892 two ladies from Chicago, Mrs. Julia Harvey, Vice-President of the Chicago Women's Club, and Mrs. C. P. Wooley, a member of that Club and an eloquent speaker, in the course of their homeward journey from a lecturing tour through the principal cities of the United States, found themselves guests in one of Montreal's hospitable and cultured homes. The mistress of this home, Mrs. Robert Reid, had long felt the need of some organization which should unite women of like tastes and ideals, and which by its very existence would promote and enlarge the intellectual life of the city as well as open up a field for concerted effort along philanthropic lines. At a meeting held at Mrs. Reid's house, on December 7th, 1892, Mrs. Wooley explained the mode of organization and the object of Women's Clubs as established in the United States, a subject much less understood and more tentative fifteen years ago than it is to-day. The result of this

address was a second meeting at which the Montreal Women's Club was formally organized with a membership roll of thirty-four ladies, and the avowed purpose of "promoting agreeable and useful relations among women of artistic, literary, scientific and philanthropic tastes." The new Society was legally incorporated in the following April, Mrs. Reid having been elected its President, a position which she continued to occupy through the first decade of the Club's existence.

In a conservative and isolated community such as Montreal the first woman's organization to step out from under the shelter of the churches and to work on its own initiative in the open, was sure to be the subject of much ridicule, as well as some real censure and hostility. It would be entertaining now, if it were possible, to turn over the files of old newspapers published during the years when the infant Club was finding its feet, and to read the witticisms of the reporters, the stern reproof of some editors, who, leaning from the Jove-like heights of the office chair, stooped to demonstrate the fond folly of women endeavouring to combine for any purpose whatever, outside of the simplest forms of philanthropy to which they might be guided by a shepherd of the wiser sex.

It does, however, occasionally happen that Nature, whose ways are full of mystery, has given to women her share of the qualities denominated virile, the qualities necessary to the leader,—initiative, purposiveness, persistence, steadiness under fire, and resource. The President and officers of the new Club had need of these qualities in the early days when they were harassed by their own imperfect knowledge of procedure, and by the limited grasp of their possibilities and purposes entertained by many of their own members, as well as by the disbelief of the public in their work. Through the day of small things they felt their way carefully, learning their own capacities, profiting by their own mistakes, and wisely ignoring outside criticisms.

In the beginning three branches or departments had been organized to give scope for the growth of special interests, as well as the less definite lines carried out in the general programme. These departments, Art and Literature, Social Science, Home and Education, retain to-day their primary designations and purpose, and have grown in strength and capacity with their years. The Club season, extending from the beginning of October to the end of April, with a recess of about two weeks at Christmas time, gives to each department four or five afternoons to fill; the Club meanwhile reserving the second and fourth Monday afternoons each month, the first for business and social purposes, the

second for a lecture from some good outside speaker. It must have seemed to many Club members in the early days as somewhat of a desperate undertaking to fill up these Monday afternoons, week after week, month after month, with a bright, interesting and successful address, and indeed the problem of obtaining speakers from a membership but little trained in that line, and in a place too far removed from any other large centre to admit of bringing lecturers from distant towns, must always be a serious one. Had it not been for the generosity and unfailing kindness with which many of the gifted men and women of Montreal—the professors at McGill University, and noted members of the legal, medical and ministerial professions—have given of their time and knowledge for the benefit of the Montreal Women's Club, it never could have moved on as it has in an increasing sphere of usefulness and efficiency. Numberless are the musicians and artists who in the past fifteen years have contributed of their talents to the use of the Club without any pecuniary reward.

Beginning in common with other Women's Clubs on the Continent with a strong bias towards the cultivation of the purely literary and artistic, this Club has followed the trend of the times which has carried its sister organizations away from exclusive interest in intellectual improvement, self-culture and co-operative study, towards the larger field of humanitarian and civic reform. At the present time, with a membership of less than two hundred, the Club sustains six committees for active sociological work, study and enquiry, *viz.*, the Pure Food Committee, the Industrial Committee (for studying means of improving the condition of working women and girls), the Child Labour Committee, the Juvenile Court Committee, Clean Streets, and the Medical School Inspection Committees. This last is looked upon with respect both inside and out of the Club as having been the means of introducing into the schools of the city modern methods of supervision as to ventilation, hygiene, and the health of the scholars. Only a year ago when the first civic inspectors were sent forth into the schools the city was scandalised by their reports of the conditions surrounding the young during their hours of instruction in the schools of the greatest commercial city of the Dominion. The report of the Officer of Health after their first year's work shows a marked decrease in the prevalence of infectious diseases, both epidemic and endemic, among the school children of the city.

The manner in which the Club was led to take up the work of reform in connection with the necessity of law against child offenders is typical of the natural and gradual growth of reform movements under

the shelter of the Women's Clubs. Its nucleus may be found in an address which was delivered about four years ago by the then president of the Club, Mrs. Waycott, on the subject of Juvenile Courts, the meaning of the term, and the work being done under this name in many cities of the United States, and in some other countries. The address was listened to at the time with interest, but with the feeling that it exhibited a very novel idea, and without any idea that the hour had come to urge such reform in Montreal. Nevertheless, the next year saw the organization of a Juvenile Court Committee to study the methods of the work, and Montreal's need of changing its system of dealing with wayward children. In November, 1907, there was organized by this Juvenile Court Committee a separate society, called the Children's Aid Society, in which was enlisted the interest and support of leading citizens of all denominations, and to which the Club has made a grant of money sufficient to enable it to maintain a special officer for one year to aid in the work of reclaiming the children who may be brought before the Courts of Justice. Besides this the Committee is leading an active campaign in support of legislation now before the Dominion Parliament which has for its object a more humane and civilized method of dealing with youthful delinquents.

In plain words this means that once the work of the Society is established in Montreal, children, tainted by bad environment, or guilty of boyish escapades, involving no great moral delinquency, but which bring them into the hands of the law, will no longer be shackled to adult criminals, or shut in the same pen with them, will not, unless in very unusual cases, be taken from their homes, and placed in reformatories, so called, which are really schools of accumulated evil, and will not, consequently, even if they miraculously escape the results of such a system and grow into useful citizens in spite of it, have to go through life branded with the prison or penitentiary stigma.

Some of the earlier efforts of the Women's Club along sociological lines have resulted in the following improvements, the extension of classes in the Government School of Arts and Manufactures to women for the cutting and fitting of garments; an agitation in favour of seats, in stores for saleswomen; a check on unsuitable immigration from English cities; the promotion of better ventilation and cleanliness in street-cars; the extension of the municipal electoral privilege to women tenants having certain qualifications as well as to women proprietors; the furnishing of warm luncheons for children attending the High School, an improvement of value where many of the pupils come from a distance and the temperature during much of the school year hovers round the

zero mark. The Parks and Playgrounds Association, now a separate Society, owes its inception to the Women's Club.

A bye-law of the Club devotes one-tenth of its yearly income to charity, and in this way many good objects have been aided, *e.g.*, the Good Government League, the Patriotic Fund, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Women and Children, the Victorian Order of Nurses, the Tuberculosis League, and the various hospitals, convalescent homes, etc.

Needless to say many channels of reform have been suggested and discussed without any active work being undertaken on their behalf. These have had an educational value to the members of the Club themselves, and experience has shown that out of twenty possible paths of effort only time will show that one which is most imperative, and which can best be followed up to practical effect.

In all these and similar efforts which women of the western world are putting forth, it is not an extension of power which they seek, not a larger sphere of influence as a thing in itself, but the widening to greater possibilities of good of that maternal influence which is the strongest force in nature, and which must go out beyond the bounds of the private home into the life of the world where experience shows it to be so sorely needed. The period of women's greatest exclusion from public affairs, the Age of Sensibility, was also the time when punishment, vengeful punishment, was the most ruthless. One hundred and fifty years ago almost every offence against the criminal code was punishable with death—and women of breeding fainted at sight of a cut finger. But by-and-by there arose a race of women who would not faint even in the ugliest places of the world's need, and the blackest of her oppressions, so long as there was some help which they could tender, or the hope of the redress of some wrong which they could do. Women who in their homes had noticed that men were not invariably just, patient or merciful, that they seldom understood, and usually helpless before, the needs of little children, suspected that it might be the same in the larger home of the world, and among children of a greater growth. And when they had made themselves able to go and see, they found their hands and their brains too badly needed ever to bear to go back to the old routine of dress and society.

Glancing over the dainty year-books issued by the Montreal Women's Club, it is evident that the intellectual and aesthetic needs of the members have not been neglected during the development of its practical and humanitarian features. Some of the titles of addresses taken at random

from these books show a wide field of interest,—Travel as a Means of Education, the Elizabethan Drama, Dante, Art Song, the Ethical Teachings of Spencer and Hegel, Lyric Poetry, Strauss's Enoch Arden, the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, Public Libraries, Modern Ideas in French Art, etc., etc. Occasionally, the history or literature of some country or epoch has engaged the attention of the Club through a series of afternoons. During the season of 1907-8 a course on India was undertaken in which the Club had the privilege of hearing lectures from an Indian gentleman, Mr. N. D. Daru, a paper contributed by Professor P. A. Wadia, and an address from an accomplished Sanskrit scholar and widely travelled author, Mrs. Leonowens.

It may be suggested that the attempt to cover so wide a field of knowledge involved the defect of superficiality, and doubtless there is some foundation for the accusation. Such an organization as the Montreal Women's Club does not offer its members a specialized training in any department of human knowledge, but it does afford many refreshing glimpses of the field of culture. To ardent believers in specialization this may seem a contemptible achievement, for they are always ready to say that complete ignorance is better than superficial knowledge; in which case the truly enviable person is the one born blind and deaf, since he alone can be wholly ignorant.

The plain fact is that complete knowledge of anything is unattainable on earth. Browning's Grammarian who offered up his life a sacrifice on the altar of the Greek grammar, was yet unable to compass all knowledge on that one subject. A little knowledge is dangerous only when it leads its possessor to magnify its size. The risk of superficiality is the price we pay for a broad outlook on the world we live in. A clever French writer has said that the world is the natural book of women, and it must be understood that in perusing that book one turns many pages.

Superficial or not, gainful in actual knowledge or no, there must be reckoned to the clubwoman the immense advantage that accrues to people who look away from their own concerns, the discipline and value of co-operation, the rubbing off of petty prejudices, small snobbishnesses, hard edges, the ability to give and take, so badly acquired in the shelter of the privileged home. The clubwoman learns to sink personality in the common good, to express opinions readily after forming them intelligently, to become one of a minority gracefully, or one of a majority graciously.

More and more as years and wisdom increase the Montreal Women's

Club aspires to live up to the spirit of the old proverb which it prints at the commencement of its year-books, *In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas.*

KATHERINE WELLER.

Montreal, Canada.

RAVI VARMA'S MOHINI,

OR

"THE MERRY SWING."

Under a spreading *Champak* tree,
The ang'lic maiden swings ;
The swing is going gay and free,
Her *Sari* serves as wings.

High up and down it moves in air
Like birth that comes and goes .
Her heaving breast and flowing hair
Look graceful as her pose.

Her lotus feet with bright red tip
Are shooting straight on high ;
Her tender hands and slender hip
Attract the youthful eye.

Her gazelle look makes old men young,
Her coral lips enchant
Her comrades with her songs well sung
Beneath the shady haunt.

Her charming tune, amidst the fair
And lovely woodland scene,
May lure the sages of the lair
Beyond their homes serene.

May India's wond'rous Arts live long
And may her pictures sway
The human hearts with all her song
And make them wise and gay.

S. SWAMINATHA AIYAR

Madura.

THE VIVISECTOR.

(Continued from our last number.)

CHAPTER XVII.

Owing to Anne's accident, Captain Holford did not come to lunch as Mrs. Langridge had invited him, on the day following the sports, but sent a note instead in which he offered his regrets at not coming, and saying that he felt sure after her adventure of the day before, Miss Langridge would not feel equal to entertaining a stranger. He added that he hoped in a few days' time to call and say good-bye, previous to his departure.

Anne fully appreciated his forethought. She did not feel equal to entertaining anyone on that and several of the succeeding days. Her fall had shaken her far more than she had realised. She was glad to sit quietly in the garden and rest, even to lie on the sofa in the drawing room—for her, an almost unprecedented proceeding.

Keynsham called each day to see that the arm was progressing satisfactorily, and under his careful treatment it certainly did so, although of necessity slowly. By the end of the fourth day of this semi-invalidism and idleness, Anne's energetic nature rebelled horribly. She hated herself for her weakness, and yet if she strove too much against it, the reaction was most painful. Mrs. Langridge was her constant attendant, but dearly as she loved her mother, there were times when her excessive cheerfulness jarred on her daughter's tired body and overstrained nerves, and made her feel positively snappish and irritable. The old lady began to realize this fact and it hurt her terribly in two ways. In the first place, she saw that Anne's health was in no way satisfactory, and that the shock of Percival's death would not be got over in the easy way she had at first hoped. Secondly, she realised much against her own will that she was not all in the way of a companion that her daughter needed. The thought of this made the tears spring into her eyes. She was an old woman, she told herself; her interests in life were

not the same as those of a young girl. There was only one way out of the difficulty. Anne must be married! But would Anne herself look at things in the same light? It was very doubtful. True, she had only been engaged to Major Sykes, not married, but then her love for him, for his memory, was very great. Mrs. Langridge could not but feel she admired it. In fact, she admired everything her daughter did. Still, she would not have Anne's life ruined. She must on no account be an old maid. To be an old maid was in the old lady's eyes nothing short of a criminal offence. Only fearful frumps remained unmarried, she told herself. She could have married a dozen men when she was young!

With her mind running on these reflections the afternoon of the fourth day after the accident, Mrs. Langridge mounted the stairs to her room to make some changes in her dress previous to going out to pay some long deferred calls. She hated paying calls by herself, but Anne was really not well enough to come, so she dressed reluctantly and having kissed Anne who was lying down in her own room with the blinds drawn closely down, so as to disguise from the eyes of any intruder the fact that she had been crying, she departed. Scarcely had she gone a hundred yards down the road in the direction of the first house at which she intended to pay a call, when she almost ran into Captain Holford who was coming along in the opposite direction. They stopped simultaneously.

"You are just going out I see," he said, raising his hat, and stepping on one side to avoid her sunshade with which he had nearly collided. "I was coming to call, but perhaps Miss Langridge may be in—that is—" he added hastily, "if she feels able to see anyone."

Mrs. Langridge looked undisguisedly pleased. She felt quite thankful that Anne would be obliged to receive him alone. "It will cheer her up to talk and see some one fresh," she thought, "and he is a charming man. One never knows—"

Aloud, she begged Captain Holford to go and see her daughter. She herself was obliged to be out for a short time, but she would be in to tea; she would be as quick^s as possible, she added. She hoped he would not think her rude.

Then she hurried on after having assured herself that he fully intended to call, and liven Anne up till she returned, and he on his part was only too pleased to do so. He hoped in his heart that her return might be tardy, and she on her part had not the slightest intention of curtailing one of her visits. It would be highly impolitic to do so, she argued, for she was not an entirely unworldly minded mother.

Captain Holford proceeded on his way, and in two minutes was ringing the bell of the Langridge's house. Another minute and he was admitted to the cool, quiet drawing-room, by the maid who informed him that she thought Miss Anne was lying down, but would doubtless get up to see him. He sat down and waited. The room seemed to bring before him painful reminiscences of his dead friend. It was full of things that had been once in his possession or had been given by him to the girl he loved. By the window was a carved settee wrought by some clever Hindu worker with figures illustrating the life-story of the Buddha, which he remembered well. It had been bought at Benares by Percival, and sent home with many other things to the care of Holford himself, and then when Percival had become engaged, he had hurried down one day to the Holford's Country House in Hampshire, and fetched this, and other things, that he thought would please Anne. The two friends had fought good-naturedly about the colour of the leather it was to be upholstered in. Percival wanted red, and Holford a dark brown. In the end Anne herself had been asked to decide, and she had chosen green—so green it had been done in, and green it remained. Holford got up from his chair and walked over to examine its well-known ornaments. He fingered it almost affectionately. There was a lingering atmosphere of Percival's presence about it that pleased him. Above the settee was a small bookshelf in the same beautiful carving, and with a strong sense of the fitness of things, Anne had filled it with volumes pertaining only to things Indian. Percival had been a great Oriental scholar. He knew several of the languages of India well, and was a devoted student of the ancient and mysterious religions of the East. It was only natural that he had wished Anne to be interested in the same matters; and so he had given her books of all sorts that bore on the subject. Holford read the titles of many of those on the shelf as he stooped over them, and wondered whether Anne had ever studied them. They might prove singularly dry to the mind of an English girl, he feared. Two Sanscrit Grammars, bound in calf, stood next to an exquisitely bound copy of "The Mahābhārata" which attracted his attention. He drew it out of the shelf and began mechanically turning over the leaves. He had studied the beautiful poem with Percival, when a boy, from a shabby second-hand library copy, and they had both been enraptured with it. He noticed that the white vellum copy he held in his hands had evidently been read, especially those pages that bore "The Bhagavad Gītā." Some verses of the latter were even marked. Anne had certainly been fascinated by the strange beauty of them. He

read half aloud a strongly marked verse. "This dweller in the body of every one is ever invulnerable, O Bharata ; therefore thou should'st not grieve for any creature."

"Poor child," he muttered almost fiercely. "That is beautiful but the harshness of it! The 'dweller in the body' is truly invulnerable, but how difficult to be consoled by that when here in this world the body craves the presence of body as well as of the dweller in it—the soul ; it is a lesson we can only learn through years of pain—the true love for the 'dweller in the body.'"

He closed the book and replaced it. Those few marked words had given him more insight into Anne's frame of mind than he had ever expected to gain. He felt grateful to them. As he pushed back the book into its place, the drawing-room door opened, and he turned round quickly to meet Anne who was entering.

"You just caught me looking at your books," he said as he shook hands. "What a nice lot of interesting ones you have on that shelf. I quite envy you the reading of them."

Anne smiled, rather sadly though. "They are mostly too deep for me," she said. "I am not a learned person. I must say I usually read only lighter books. Shall we sit here ?" she went on, changing the subject quickly. "We generally sit in the garden in the summer, but I have a headache and the sun is so hot." In reality, she hoped that in the shaded room he would not notice her still swollen eyelids. She had not the slightest headache. He assented, but her ruse had been in vain, for as she entered the room he had scanned her white sad face and noticed the tell-tale lids. They did but increase his regard for her ; he had no sympathy with people who forgot easily.

"I met your mother," he said as he settled himself in his chair, "and she told me to come and amuse you till she returned. She seemed to think you needed cheering up on account of your arm." He spoke almost apologetically. He did not want to hurt her feelings in any way.

"My arm is better," she said, and she smiled as she looked somewhat ruefully at the unsightly bandage that disfigured it. "It is a hideous object to look at though, either with or without these coverings, but then it doesn't really matter. No one will ever want to look at my arm, so even if it is disfigured for ages, it won't be of any consequence." She gave a little hard laugh, and began to play with her handkerchief nervously.

"You shouldn't say that," he said quite's severely. "Of course it matters very much! When you come to wear evening dress now!"

An instant after he wished he had not said it. She would not be going out in the evening for some time, he felt sure.

"I shan't be wearing evening dress at present," she said softly. "I only went to the sports to please mother, you know. She thought it would do me good." Her voice quavered slightly. She felt horribly low and depressed this afternoon and she hated herself for it.

He understood. "What a beast I am," he said roughly. "Somehow I forget these things—not about him I don't mean; but about what is right for you to do; it's a bit different with us men you know."

She looked at him gratefully. He had mentioned the topic nearest her heart. She felt relieved. She had wanted to talk about Percival, not about herself. She was terribly tired of self just at present.

"Do you know," she said, plunging desperately into the subject, "I have so wondered whether we could get any more information about—" she paused as if afraid to continue.

He answered her thoughts. "I've thought the same," he said. "You've really heard very little, nothing scarcely, have you?"

She got up hurriedly. "I'll show you Colonel Lane's letter," she said. "That tells little or nothing, and there is no more, only his things that they sent, and some letters to me." She blushed but he did not see it, he was intent on his own thoughts.

She fetched the letter from her own room, and they read it together.

He looked up when they had finished. "Very little," he said gravely. "I shall write to young Green and find out exactly—everything, you know"—he paused and looked at her face as she stood before him holding the letter.

"Who is Green," she asked. "I haven't heard of him."

"He was only a baltern sent up to help Percival. I knew him slightly, a good-hearted chap. Didn't he mention him in his letters?" he added.

"No, oh no," she spoke softly, her voice trembled. She remembered that his letters to her—even the sent ones—were chiefly about love. There was never much in them about his companions, or his work, it was all his feelings for her. She sat down again holding the letter in her hands.

"Write to him now," she said, "and I will tell you all I want to know. You know him; you can ask more than I."

He assented and he installed him at her mother's writing bureau.

She took a chair close to him and began to collect her thoughts.

"I want to know much," she said pathetically, as he bent over the paper and selected a pen.

"Perhaps I can guess," he said gently as he began to write. "You want to know just how he died, who was there, what he said, where he was buried, who replaced him."

"Yes, yes," she said quickly, turning away her head, her voice sounded choked, yet she did not shed a tear. Her self-control astonished the man who wrote. He did not speak until he had finished the letter, then he handed it to her with a quiet "Will it do?"

She read it through twice. "Perfectly," she said. "But will he answer it quickly? I can't bear to wait, you understand?"

She fingered her scarab ring lovingly. It was her engagement ring. She had chosen it on account of its being somewhat unique from an Arabian curiosity shop in the town, much to Percival's amusement. Holford turned and watched her as he mechanically placed the letter in the envelope he had just addressed. She was very sweet, and almost beautiful he told himself. Why had fate been so relentless, so brutal? Aloud he said cheerily "He will answer this as soon as he gets it I know, unless, of course, he is an idle little brute, but he was fond of Sykes so he can't surely delay."

"That's right," she said almost cheerfully. "Now let us ring for tea. Mother will be in she said. It is quite four o'clock."

She glanced at the timepiece on the bureau—another of Percival's gifts as Holford recognised, and then rang the bell.

"Tea please, Jane," she said in answer to the appearance of the maid at the door.

"Yes, Miss," Jane vanished and an instant later Mrs. Langridge bustled in and all conversation on the subject dearest to them was at an end, at any rate for the time being. They four Mrs. Langridge herself had so much to say. All the people she had met on had been in and she had met Miss Davenant just as she was returning home and had stopped talking to her. Mrs. Langridge was a great admirer of Isabel Davenant. The dashing young American had fairly captivated her heart the very first time she had met her, which had been on the occasion of Isabel's driving a particularly spirited young horse that no one could manage round and round the town in a dog cart, until it was absolutely manageable and quiet as a lamb. She had been so fascinated with watching her splendid driving that she had failed to realise that she herself was standing in the middle of the road just in the way. By violent efforts the horse had been stopped and Mrs. Langridge saved, and as Isabel had apologised to her, for what even the old lady knew was entirely her own fault, she had fallen in love with the strong young form, and brilliant dark eyes and hair of the

intrepid driver. Besides, there was a spice of undeniable naughtiness and romance about Isabel. No one knew anything of her ancestors. She had travelled one half the world entirely by herself and her numerous tales of adventure told of light-hearted bravery and daring which inspired her listeners with a sense of awe. She had swum to the rescue of a drowning Indian in one of the lakes on the Fraser river. Climbed apparently inaccessible cliffs in the region of the Colorado Canon in search of rare cacti, ascended the White Horse Pass in winter, and done a hundred other things which any ordinary woman has merely read of in a book of adventures, many of which she does not believe.

On the afternoon on which Mrs. Langridge had met her on her return from calling, she was in a strangely incongruous mood. Her beautiful face was sad and perplexed looking. She had seemed very absent-minded. She had told Mrs. Langridge that she would be leaving Lavinia, and consequently Councester, in a week's time. She was going to take a house in London she said, on account of a friend who was coming to live with her, and who was very ill. More she did not say, but the old lady's curiosity was fired and she determined to find out from Lavinia if possible more about the friend and Isabel's future movements. Thus at tea she rattled on with her conversation and scarcely noticed the fact that neither Anne nor Holford were paying any particular attention to her. They were too entirely wrapped up in their own thoughts. They drank their tea in comparative silence, and when it was over Holford rose. "I am afraid I must say good-bye now," he said. "I am leaving the town early in the morning, and going down to Hampshire. Then next week my leave is up and I return to Khutoria."

"Oh I am so sorry," Mrs. Langridge got up and stood regarding him with a face of positive woe. This was upsetting all her plans. She felt it was almost unjust. She hated the War Office for granting such short leave to its dependents.

He smiled. "It has been very nice to see you again," he said pleasantly. "Your house has been always hospitable to me in the past."

"And always will be," interposed the old lady hurriedly. "I only wish your regiment were stationed in England so that we might see more of you don't you, Anne?"

Anne blushed. Her mother was annoying her excessively. She wished she would say no more. She did not answer the question but held out her hand to the man before her. "Good-bye," she said. "The

reply will be addressed to you, will it not? You will let me know at once won't you?" Her eyes met his appealingly.

"At once," he said, "but it will be at least six weeks you know. We must be patient"

"Ah yes, I know!"

Mrs. Langridge looked questioningly from one to the other. She hated enigmas. Anne saw her confusion and hastened to set her at rest. "Dear," she said, "we have been writing to try and find out more about Percival. We have heard so little you know and we want to know so much."

Mrs. Langridge merely nodded. On this occasion she disapproved of Anne's faithfulness though she would not have dared to say so in words. Moreover, she would not fully acknowledge the feeling to her own heart, but the mention of Major Sykes annoyed her strangely. He was dead, and Anne was living, she told herself. But why think thus? Evidently matters would not arrange themselves as she wished, and nothing could be done at present. She accompanied Holford to the door pressing upon him a cordial reception to her house when next he should come to England, and he on his part declared he would not forget it.

Then she returned to the drawing-room. "Anne," she said, speaking almost severely, "I am afraid you are a fool."

Anne did not answer her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Charles Keynsham stood by the mantelpiece in his study, with an air of unmistakeable amusement on his usually stern face. "It really appeals to my sense of humour," he said, half aloud, addressing a grey envelope, the counterpart of the one received by ^{was} ~~for~~ne and her mother from Mrs. Dayford, which stood propped up against the green marble-cased clock in the centre of the shelf.

It was the evening before the Lecture, and for ^{was} ~~for~~ as reasons of his own Keynsham had answered his invitation in the affirmative immediately after receiving it more than a week before. Why had Mrs. Dayford got up the Lecture? Why had she invited him? Had she heard rumours of his vivisection propensities? Did she know the story of the retriever? These questions flashed into his mind immediately upon receiving the note and had continued to assail him ever since, nor could he answer them satisfactorily. He hoped sincerely that the story of the retriever had not got abroad, because if so, Anne would undoubtedly hear of it, and that was the one occurrence he dreaded most. He was most anxious she should not know anything about it. He

knew her love for animals; he knew the distress he had caused her on his second meeting and moreover he loved her in a strange way of his own. Yes, the momentary attraction he had felt for the unknown woman had deepened with a rapidity he could scarcely understand, and his hard warped nature was becoming softened in a manner which almost alarmed him on account of its strangeness. When old Dorothy had left him suddenly and without ceremony, he had made up his mind to marry Anne, simply for the sake of having someone to look after him and his house. He had not loved her. He had felt merely an inexplicable attraction towards her which he could not entirely explain. Now all was different. An intercourse of five days' standing, during which he had seen her in various moods, had altered this attraction into the deepest passion, not certainly love in its truest and very highest sense, since a man so terribly alienated from the Divine could not be expected to experience that, but a love which approached nearer to unselfishness and spiritual development than anything he had ever before experienced in the course of his chequered life. But it was not to be expected that this new development could prove itself at once entirely purging flame, taking out of Keynsham's existence all the vile dross with which it was so unfortunately replete. Although he felt the desire not to cause Anne pain, his leanings towards Vivisection were as strong as ever. The devil in him was just as insatiate for knowledge, knowledge acquired at any cost. Only she must not know of it. That was evident. Therefore he had decided, in spite of the discomfort it would cause himself, to be present at Mrs. Dayford's or rather Sir Lyster Knoulson's Lecture, and thus give the lie to any tales about himself that might be rife. He was not particularly busy just at this time, and he reckoned on having the afternoon of the 10th—or at any rate part of it,—free. "Sir Lyster is an old fool," he muttered, as he continued mechanically regard the accepted invitation. "It's the hysterical old fools like him that make the cause of the Anti-Vivisectionists so hopeless and puerile. Their statistics are usually all wrong; they never take the trouble to verify statements; they make gross exaggerations; their lectures are in fact usually mere conglomerations of half-digested facts and their listeners swallow them as if they were the staple food of their existence." He gave a short laugh and continued in the same strain. "It is so easy to convert people to your own views if you have any persuasive faculties whatever, nothing could be simpler. You need not tell the truth; any statement will be swallowed by the average man if you lay sufficient weight upon it. Now if I were to get up a Lecture on the benefits which accrue to the human race

from the practice of Vivisection, I have no doubt that I could convert half the Anti-Vivisectionists in this town in the space of two hours. It would be worth trying, if only for the sake of amusement " . . . he broke off suddenly in his monologue. "I'd forgotten Anne," he said, the gleam of combat in his shrewd eyes dying out suddenly. "It would mean the end of all my plans. I must be careful at any rate till after." Again he paused an instant. "After marriage a man must be a fool if he cannot make a woman do and think whatever he pleases, a weak-minded fool and nothing more, a despicable fool!"

Unconsciously he had raised his voice during the last sentences, and he was startled to hear a laugh from outside his window and a voice saying "Who's a despicable fool, Keynsham? You yourself or one of your numerous acquaintances? Not me I hope."

He turned quickly and saw Percy Valdenforde coming up the small garden towards the front door. It was getting very dark, but the jaunty idle walk of the Honourable Percy was unmistakeable except in absolute darkness.

"Hullo!" he answered, "so it's you who gave me such a sudden alarm. Open the door and come in!"

In a minute Percy strode into the small room. He was smoking and the fitful glow from the end of his lighted cigar gave an occasional flash of light to his thin, somewhat dissipated face.

Keynsham held out his hand. "You look quite an apparition, old fellow," he said, "with that cigar glowing in this dim light. Almost like Mephistopheles in the first scene of Faust before he visualizes as the poodle, you know."

The other laughed. "Thanks for the flattering remark, but I am not the only object weirdly illuminated at the moment. I've been quite alarmed coming up your garden. There's a regular row of corpse candles or something of the sort illuminating that bed under the hedge! Come with me and see." He took Keynsham by the arm and led him towards the door. The latter followed without questioning. He guessed what the explanation of the "corpse-candles" might be before he saw them, but for a moment he did not speak. He allowed his visitor to be mystified. They passed outside the front door on to the tiny strip of grass on the left of the path, then they stood still and Valdenforde pointed with a trembling finger towards a succession of brightly glowing lights, which flashed intermittently, even as they watched them. Keynsham could feel his companion almost shuddering with terror. He could not resist the temptation to withhold the elucidation of the phenomenon a

little longer. There was nothing he despised or hated more than cowardice in any form. He began to have a violent dislike to this young man, for whom at the best of times he had but very little regard. Now he flung off the hand that touched his arm and strode forward. "Come and examine the lights," he said almost severely, and the trembling Percy, who did not dare even stand alone in the face of the unknown and inexplicable, followed him.

Keynsham advanced to within a few feet of the strongest of the lights and stood still. In the darkness he could not see the features of his companion, but it gave him undeniable pleasure to feel that he was really frightened. He put out his hand and grasped Percy's limp one. "Come and touch the light," he said quietly.

"But!" he could feel the hand in his tremble and try to withdraw itself. "What is it? I don't like to, I say, I really feel awfully funky. . ."

He broke off. The light they were studying gave a bright flicker, then vanished. He almost gasped in astonishment. "Where is it?" he said, "I can't touch it now; I can't see it to touch." The tone of fright was very evident. Keynsham gave a short laugh. He was being thoroughly entertained at Valdenforde's expense and he determined to go through with his intentions.

"There are others," he said with a note of aggravating cheerfulness in his voice. "See!"

There in the flower bed close beside them were a dozen or more of the curious electric-blue lights that had attracted Percy's terrified attention. In sheer fright he put out his hand; it touched nothing. He made a step forward and again stretched it out, and touched the object that gave forth this curious luminance. His fingers closed on something soft, fragile, delicate, which crushed beneath their grasp, and the light vanished. He recoiled really terrified now. What could the uncanny objects be? "Tell me, Keynsham," he asked almost imploringly, "don't play any fool's tricks on me any more. Where did the light go to?"

"Ask my yellow poppies; perhaps they know. No one else can tell you that I am aware of. It is one of the mysteries of knowledge that no one has yet been able to fathom. Something left for you to do if you can," he added somewhat sarcastically.

For once the sense of his own ignorance and foolishness was borne home to the light soul of the self-satisfied Valdenforde. "The poppies!" he gasped, "why the poppies?"

"Because they, and many other flowers, emit a strange phosphorescent light that no one at present understands the nature of. These are only common yellow English poppies; it takes the Australian one to play the bogey to advantage. I have seen men scared to death by it out in the wilds of the Bush."

"While you looked on amused!" Having heard the explanation of the phenomenon Percy was recovering his spirits rapidly. He was even meditating on the frights he would now be able to give a few of his own timid friends by means of copious supplies of the same yellow poppies planted near the gates of his father's park. He was enjoying the idea immensely. Keynsham read his thoughts, as in the darkness they retraced their steps and again entered the house. "There is no one so fond of giving frights as the absolute coward," he murmured under his breath. Then aloud to his companion, "A pleasant little joke for the poppies to play, eh? You didn't expect it, did you?" Then, his voice taking a graver tone, he added, "It doesn't do to be afraid of Mother Nature at any time. After all we are all part and parcel of her, and her mysteries are in some strange way very similar to our own inventions if we only knew. . . ." He lighted the lamp as he finished speaking and the cheerful light gave back to Valdenforde his usual supply of courage. He sank into an arm-chair with a gesture of relief. "I prefer the lights of science to those of Nature," he said airily, waving his hand towards the lamp.

"You are like the majority," said Keynsham quietly. Then he too sat down and Valdenforde entered with gusto upon the object of his visit that evening.

"I have some really exciting news for you; that is why I came. Now the mystery of these lights is thoroughly cleared up I can tell you about it. It's something that will please you immensely," he added with a slight chuckle.

"Indeed! you make me curious." Keynsham leaned back in his chair, lighted a cigar and folded his hands while he waited for his companion to proceed. He half despised this cowardly foolish youth and yet at times his friendship was useful. Besides, his family carried weight in England, and it would not do to drop him just because he was a fool.

Percy proceeded. "Have you heard of the accident to-day?" he enquired tentatively.

"No, what accident? Was Marti called in? I was doing a long country round all the afternoon and nothing happened in the morning that I know of."

Percy chuckled. "It was not a human accident," he said, "but a cart-horse one. I saw it all. It was a grand joke," he continued, a smile of remembrance playing over his vacant countenance.

Keynsham moved uneasily in his chair. Somehow he felt strangely annoyed with Valdenforde this evening; his mirth jarred on him. True, he himself had no particular sympathy for the sufferings of cart-horses, but he could not help feeling that Anne would be hurt if she had heard of the accident. He could imagine how her beautiful face would pale and sadden, and how she would want to rush to the horse and caress him, and endeavour to ease his pain with her tender sympathy and ministrations. The fact that Anne's feelings were at the opposite pole from his own did but increase his liking for her. Had she been a Vivisectionist he knew he would not have loved her. Thus curious are the anomalies of human nature. While Keynsham was thinking Valdenforde was continuing his narration. "You know," he went on, "that now Camp is over I am back in my old diggings in Black Dog Street. I only go home for the week ends. All the rest of the time I slave in Piggott's office to earn money and save the family exchequer."

Keynsham forebore a smile, though the Honorable Percy's doings and earnings as a clerk in the office of Mr. Piggott, the solicitor, were a subject of general amusement to his friends. He listened while the tale went on.

"Just as I was finishing breakfast—I was a little late and was hurrying rather—I happened to hear a noise down the street so I got up from the table and looked out of the window. Down the street I saw coming at full speed a huge cart-horse. The shafts of the miller's van he had been drawing had broken off and were dragging behind him making a fine clatter. They knocked his back legs at each step and terrified him the more. He was running on blindly and before I could think scarcely, he just bundled against the fence of my landlady's garden and fell full length on the grass. Everything went down before him like paper, railings, wall, and all. I was too astonished to move for a minute, and then I dashed out, and so did Mrs. Johnson, who thought of her poor garden and fence as well as of the horse, and was in an awful state of mind. Well, the horse, which was a monster, just lay there, and never moved. I thought he was fairly killed, and was wondering how they'd move him when up came a regular crowd, two dustmen, and the butcher, and a railway porter, and four errand boys, two ladies, and about ten dogs and children, and last of all the horse's driver, a real stolid old carter. He just went

up to the horse with the two dustmen, and they took away the shafts and some of the harness, and then I'm blest if that horse didn't tumble to his feet, and stand up on that bit of a grass plot, and rub his nose on the carter's head, as if nothing had happened! They just led him through the gate—he nearly stuck fast there—into the road, and he walked round as if he were all sound and right. He had a scratch on his chin, and a few on his legs, but otherwise there looked nothing the matter with him. Mrs. Johnson took the name and address of his owner to claim damages from,—he belongs to the miller at Handown, John Sanders,—and then the carter led him off."

Percy paused, almost breathless. Keynsham was listening patiently. He noted this, and hurried on to the end of his tale.

"Well, this evening about six o'clock as I was coming through the Market Place, I met the carter and thought I'd ask how the horse was. The fellow looked very glum. He said he'd taken him to the Vet. after the accident, to be sure he was all right, and the Vet. had told him that the tendons of the brute's back legs were injured, and he might be lame all his life. Well; a lame horse is no good anywhere and Sanders is mad about it. He says the animal is worth £100 and he intended showing him at the Country Horse Show next week. Cursed luck for him, isn't it?"

Keynsham nodded. He guessed now what was coming. He hardly knew whether the prospect pleased him or not. His feelings seemed to have altered somewhat of late.

"Well!" said Percy yawning, for such an unusually lengthy speech tried him somewhat. "The Vet. gave him five weeks to recover in, and if he's still lame then he's to be shot."

A look of keen desire for approval shone in his cowardly green-grey eyes. "It would be a pity for him to be shot, wouldn't it?" he persisted, leaning forward in his chair as he put the question to the man before him, whose stern cynical face did not relax.

Again he put the question, this time rising from his chair and standing over his host as he bent down and looked him full in the face. "It would be a wasted opportunity for you," he said lightly, with a strange little inhuman laugh.

Keynsham spoke at last, at least one portion of his personality gave vent to its own sentiments regardless of the higher ones which remained voiceless. "I will see he is not wasted," he said quietly.

Percy Valdenforde chuckled. "I should like to help at that affair," he said.

Keynsham fixed his keen penetrating eyes on the youth before him. "After the exhibition of your bravery where poppies are concerned," he said coldly, "I should rather doubt your capacities for self-control."

The Honorable Percy said nothing. Allusions to his bravery were things he could never countenance easily.

(To be continued.)

MARGARITA YATES.

London.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

The discussion occasioned by the Indian situation, culminating in the murder of Sir William Curzon-Wyllie, has provided an opportunity to a particular school of Anglo-Orientalists to propound their favourite theory that Indian agitators and criminals are not to be dealt with in the same manner as their European prototypes. Lord Morley is commiserated for his amiable and ignorant belief that concessions will be interpreted in India much in the same way as they would be in a European country. He is told that what in England would be attributed to an honest recognition of justice is sure to be ascribed in India to a sense of craven fear, and that even in doing what is right and just, the authorities must be careful about the time and the manner, lest a ready acquiescence following the demand should be mistaken for weakness, as against the irresistible moral, if not physical, power of the persons putting forth the claim. This sentiment is responsible for much of the tardiness with which things are sometimes done in India. An allied sentiment is to the effect that in addition to the Government demonstrating its fearlessness, it must inspire fear in Orientals. The Oriental maxim is apparently believed to be that whosoever doth not inspire fear in others must himself be in fear of those others. Fear must be inspired by swift and condign punishment. Any delay or hesitation in suppressing tendencies dangerous to the well-being of the State or to the stability of the Government is condemned as folly in an Eastern country, though in the West it may be accepted as a sign of liberalism and humanity. This alleged difference between the mental attitude of the Oriental and the Occidental is sometimes so influentially preached that the Master of Elibank had to protest at

length in his speech on the Indian budget that the Secretary of State's and the Viceroy's policy was not dictated by fear. He had to point out that the Arundel Committee was appointed to consider the question of constitutional reforms months before any anarchist conspiracy was detected or suspected. On the other hand the prosecutions undertaken by Government, the special laws from time to time passed, and the deportations of influential leaders, all showed that neither the Viceroy nor the Secretary of State was to be deterred by fear from grappling with the situation in a spirit of determination and unswerving regard to the maintenance of peace. While repudiating the charge of timidity, the Master of Elibank did not touch the question of the peculiar requirements of statemanship that were asserted in the case of Orientals.

It is not intended in this Note to discuss the natural equality or otherwise of races. The man of science has set the fashion of denying such equality, and an echo of that doctrine of inequality found its way even into the House of Commons when Mr. Balfour, speaking on the South Africa Bill, remarked that the reasons of the different positions held by the races "go far back beyond the dawn of history into the very arcana of Nature, in which these different races were gradually differentiated." Mr. Asquith did not take quite so strong a view of "inherent and indelible race differences," and probably Lord Morley too does not. The question of equality is not raised as a race question by any of Lord Morley's reforms. Important State documents have already and for a long time recognised the equality of rights, leaving the question of individual merits to be decided as each case calls for a decision, and the policy of entrusting the natives of the soil with particular offices or responsibilities to be settled from time to time as their fitness and desire are proved beyond doubt. There is no going back upon statutes three-quarters of a century old, or proclamations half a century old. They are reiterated, and officials of Indian experience cannot presume to tell the Secretary of State that they are a mistake, and must be abrogated. Indian experience, however, can profess to know better than the Secretary of State what moral effect particular measures will produce upon Oriental minds, because of certain inherent peculiarities of these minds unknown to the stay-at-home people in England, however deeply read, and however

widely experienced in the affairs of a European country. It does not seem likely that Lord Morley believes more in innate and mysterious psychological differences than in the effects of education and training. But he must to a certain extent bow to local experience. He does not expect that Western institutions will prove a success in India if transplanted without modification in the present state of the country, but at the same time he refuses to believe that the spirit of those institutions cannot be introduced into Asiatic countries. Such being his faith in the spirit even of institutions accommodating themselves to the capacities and inclinations of Eastern peoples, he is not likely to be easily persuaded that punishment produces one consequence in the West and another in the East, and that kindness evokes gratitude or some other sentiment according to the point of the compass where it is shown. For ought one knows he may be amused by the air of profundity with which a recondite knowledge of Eastern character is claimed by some of those who have lived in the East.

If different theories concerning the relative efficacy of punishment and of persuasion, of coercion and of concession, have prevailed among different thinkers in England, such theories have also been held in India. There has been a humanitarian movement in India, there have been utilitarian philosophers in this country—in fact from the variety of speculations recorded in the literature of this country one can find abundant reasons to conclude that the people may be educated—though by slow degrees, for the population is large and physical wants retard the spread of education—into appreciating the advantages of any institution which has really and intrinsically been found beneficial in more advanced countries. In their literature may also be found sentiments pointing to the fundamental unity of the human mind. Manu thought that fear of punishment was the basis of peaceful and efficient government. "The rod is a royal person," he wrote; "he is a ruler and guide; he is the surety of the law of the four orders. He alone protects them; he is watchful while they sleep. If the king did not untiringly inflict punishment on those to be punished, the strong would roast the weak like fish on a spit. The whole world is controlled by punishment, a naturally righteous man is hard to find: from fear of punishment, indeed, is the world fit for enjoyment." By assigning

so important a place to punishment in a scheme of political or moral government, Manu did not mean that the rod would have to be used in all cases. Besides fine, whipping, mutilation, imprisonment, and death, Manu's list of punishments also included mere reproof, which is not classed as a punishment in the Indian Penal Code. The theory of punishments must have been discussed in ancient times as it is to-day. The ancients too questioned, as the humanitarians are questioning to-day, whether capital punishment is necessary, and whether gentle treatment would not often reclaim a criminal, while some degrading form of punishment might blunt his sense of shame and confirm him in his evil ways. In the Mahabharata the following advice is given to kings: "When a wicked person commits an offence, the king should deeply reflect on the question of punishment. Sometimes a wicked man learns good behaviour from the righteous. If in the presence of the priest and others, he submits himself to the king and craves pardon and protection, and swears never to repeat the offence, he might deserve to be let off without any punishment. Good kings abundantly succeed in ruling their subjects by being good themselves. If the king acts righteously, the superior subjects imitate him, and these again are imitated by the men below them."

The British criminal law, besides being impartial and uniform in its treatment of all classes and creeds, is actuated by a more humane spirit than the ancient law of India. In early societies severity of punishment was found in all countries to be the only way of making an impression on the public mind. With the spread of education, the sense of self-respect is awakened, and with the dissemination of newspapers the fate that overtakes a criminal becomes "common property," while the facilities available for honest living also become widely known. In former times, when education was confined to a few and the press was non-existent, an impression could be produced on the public mind by something sufficiently serious to be talked about over a large area. The machinery for the detection of crimes was defective, and the inability to cope with organised crime and to maintain jails on a large scale rendered a resort to severity necessary for the prevention of crime. An offender with his ears cut, when he went about among his fellows, advertised the criminal law of the land perhaps more effectually

than printed copies of the Penal Code can do to-day among the uneducated. That severity was tempered by discrimination. A difference was recognised between the respectable and educated classes and the uneducated and habitually criminal classes. Modern courts discriminate between individual criminals and pay regard to evidence of character and previous convictions, but not, as a rule, to the caste or occupation of an offender, unless he be shown to belong to a gang of professional thieves or dacoits. The ancient law-givers misapplied the principle of discrimination by introducing considerations of caste into the criminal law. But the great truth which European readers of their works, as also of other Indian literature, ought to bear in mind is that they recognised how punishment affects different persons differently, and how humane treatment, far from being mistaken for the weakness of Government, is often successful in reforming the offender. There are Orientals and Orientals—an obvious truth which Orientals know well enough, but which is apt to be forgotten by Occidentals. In that forgetfulness we see how the habit of judging character from the class to which a person belongs prevails in the West no less than it does in the East. “For women, women should serve as witnesses,” enjoined Manu; “for twice-born men, twice-born men of like sort; for Shudras, good Shudras; and for those of lowest caste, men of lowest caste. A single man may be a witness if free from covetousness, but not even several women, however good they may be, for they are fickle in mind.” The prejudices, which the high caste administrators cherished against the lower castes and against women, are now and then cherished by Anglo-Indians against Orientals. Such is the effect which colour and class differentiation has upon the human mind.

The modern prejudices against Orientals may be compared with the mediæval prejudices against Jews. Shylock's remonstrance was cogent and telling, but for the sake of consistency with other features of his character Shakespeare made him employ a sound argument for a wicked purpose. With perfect justice did the Jew ask: “Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and

summer, as a Christian is ? If you prick us, do we not bleed ? If you tickle us, do we not laugh ? If you poison us, do we not die ? " So far the argument was unexceptionable and quite consistent with even nobility of character. But Shakespeare made the Jew proceed to the conclusion : " And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge ? If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility ? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example ? Why, revenge." It will be seen that Shylock institutes comparisons in respect of physical susceptibilities and the weaknesses of human nature, but not the forgiveness and forbearance which a Christian may practise. To make Shylock remember the latter would have been complete argument, but a blemish of art on the part of the great dramatist. Lord Morley once referred to the Jew's remonstrance to justify his policy of placing Orientals on the same footing as Europeans, and granting them such rights as they may have, by their character and capacity, proved themselves fit to exercise. In the mouth of another character Shylock's argument might have taken a different turn. He would have asked : " If you are kind to us, do we not feel grateful and disposed to reciprocate the kindness ? If you are true to your obligations, do we not remain loyal to ours ? If you are sympathetic enough to understand what we feel to be due to our self-respect, are we not able to place ourselves in your position and realise your doubts and apprehensions ? " It is curious to find Europeans imagining as if there is the same difference between them and Orientals as between human beings and dogs or other intelligent animals, after living years among the people, reading their literature, and acknowledging their intelligence and capacity to think for themselves on all subjects which may engage the minds of men in any stage of civilisation. It is not by pretending to be fearless that one can impress another with the possession of courage. The unpreparedness of the Parliament of the United Kingdom to assert itself against a Colony like the Transvaal would have wiped out the moral effect of any amount of courage which Lord Morley might have simulated by deferring his reforms as a way of punishing disloyal agitation.

The peculiar ways of thinking attributed to the Oriental are the result of, not any innate or indelible characteristics, but of social and political environments and experience. Much differentiation may

have taken place between the races in the very "arcana of Nature," but a true man of science would ask, how much? The estimate is not usually based on any ascertained facts and sifted evidence, but is vitiated by prejudices of colour and of nationality, and often by conflicting interests. The materials for a scientific deduction are not easy to procure and they are not ready to hand. The interpretation put upon the policy of a Government—whether it is actuated by fear or by a genuine love of justice—must depend upon the political experience of the interpreters. The masses have very little of political experience. If estimates of Oriental character based upon an observation of the conduct of domestic servants and official subordinates, generally on low salaries, be imported into calculations of political probabilities, the result is bound to be grievous misunderstanding and the steering of the ship of State by the guidance of a wrong and misleading chart. It would be as dangerous and unsafe to act upon the supposition that all Orientals think in the same way, whatever their education and whatever their intellectual acquisitions from the history of the world, as it would be to navigate a sea on the supposition that it is uniformly deep and uniformly free from rocks and reefs. How have concessions been interpreted in the past? In what circumstances were they granted, and by what state of popular feeling were they attended? Have officials in the past been allowed to resign or been punished for shortcomings which created popular dissatisfaction? What has been the result in each case? How many measures of administrative policy have been criticised in the past, and for what length of time? Has a refusal to listen to any representation been followed by increased respect for Government, and a ready acquiescence been attributed to fear? Answers to such inquiries would afford reliable data concerning the intellectual tendencies of Orientals, and the conclusions may be compared with similar experience gained in other countries. Of all experts the expert in the survey and valuation of national character is the most unsafe guide. The intellectual civilisation of the West is introduced into India on the assumption of the essential unity of the human mind. If that assumption be false, the races do not meet on a common platform, and there might as well be no exchange of sentiments between them.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The translation of the Secretary of State for India to the Upper House has somewhat diminished the interest attaching to the debate on the Indian budget in the House of Commons. Some of the more important subjects introduced into his speech by the Under-Secretary had already been discussed in the House where Lordy Morley was present, and no great announcement or explanation was looked forward to from his lieutenant. This is perhaps the best and the most charitable explanation that can be offered of the meagre attendance attracted by the debate, not in an ordinary year, but a year which has witnessed occurrences of the most far-reaching and suggestive importance. Lord Rosebery's humorous proposal that Parliament might make a tour round the world, leaving the management of the Empire in the hands of the permanent officials, could be accomplished with the least inconvenience to India, inasmuch as the two great Parties are practically agreed on the Indian policy of His Majesty's Government, and the presence of the members is not necessary for a contest. Yet those who read the speeches the next morning could not have failed to realise the intrinsically momentous character of the questions discussed by the Master of Elibank and the other hon. members. If one could be sure of that, the poverty of attendance on the previous night would not signify much.

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The alleged impoverishment of India under British rule, the military administration, political unrest, deportations of suspected fomenters of sedition, safeguards against the spread of anarchism among Indian students in a free country like England—these were subjects which, if only the great Parties had differed on them, would have been discussed night after night, and if they had immediately affected the people of the United Kingdom, before crowded Houses. The assassination of Sir W. Curzon-Wyllie was indeed compared by a member of the Cabinet to the Phoenix Park murders, but it has not caused a tenth of the sensation, partly because the Indian students were a handful and the police could discover nothing like

a conspiracy among them, but partly also, it may be suspected, because Sir William was only an Indian official. The alleged impoverishment of India is an old worn-out theme on which volumes have been written, and the Master of Elibank would not perhaps have dwelt upon it if Dhingra's justification of his crime had not opened the eyes of many to the enormous mischief which is produced by exaggerated statements concerning the drain of wealth from this country. While correcting statistical mis-statements, it would have been well if the Under-Secretary of State had also indicated the benefits which in the present circumstances it is impossible to secure without the drain. In a general way they may be summed up in a recognition of the very necessity of the British Government in India. But most imaginations require to be helped by specific details. During the last few years the constitutional reforms and the political rights of the people have absorbed so much attention that there is a danger of forgetting the material prosperity that has followed in the wake of British rule and the necessity of that rule for further progress along the same lines.



The debate in the House of Lords related to the control of the army and of military affairs, and not to the cost which the people of this country have to pay. Besides being faulty in principle, the present arrangement, which leaves in the constitution of the Government of India no expert of a higher standing than a Secretary to oversee the policy and acts of the executive head of the army, may at times be attended with serious consequences. It contravenes the spirit of other great reforms of Lord Morley's regime—decentralisation, and the substitution of Members of Council in the place of Secretaries—and nothing could be said in its favour except that it was perhaps the only way of keeping Lord Kitchener in India. The defects of this system, however, will not immediately lead to any disastrous consequences, and they can be rectified at any moment. The cost of the army is entirely a different matter. Sir Charles Dilke brought out the principal features of the policy which the War Office had followed with the concurrence of the India Office in apportioning the military charges. In the first place Lord Kitchener's reforms have added about two millions and a half sterling to the annual military expenditure: if the estimate be not quite accurate, the addition is, at any rate, a large sum. Secondly, the object of these reforms is not merely to provide for the defence of the frontier, but also to spare a considerable portion of the army for oversea warfare: that India must make some contribution to the defence of the Empire, as the Colonies also ought to, may be true enough; but, as Sir Charles Dilke says, the contribution expected

from India is disproportionately large. Lastly, the fresh burden of £300,000, according to the Romer Committee's recommendation, unanimously opposed by the Government of India, is, Sir Charles Dilke maintains, without any parallel or precedent: and the Secretary of State declines to publish the papers connected with this arrangement.



Since the assassination of Sir W. Curzon-Wyllie by a student, the control of higher education has aroused fresh discussion. In India several Government resolutions were passed in consequence of the leading part taken by students in political agitation and anarchical conspiracies, culminating in the attempt on the life of Sir Andrew Fraser. So far as one can see, they seem to have ended in smoke. If there is less ferment among students, the reason may be easily discovered elsewhere than in any disciplinary measures which the Universities and the Education Department have succeeded in enforcing. Both have proved their readiness for war, which is said to ensure peace. But the students so overdid their enthusiasm that they produced a revulsion of public feeling, and this cause seems to have operated at least as much as any coercive measure of discipline to restrain the wild and criminal excesses of juvenile patriots. A former Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal has re-opened the question of inculcating a correct appreciation of British rule in schools and colleges. Political opinions are not moulded within the walls of educational institutions, but by the newspapers, platform speeches, and conversations in social circles. The control over the political opinions of students, therefore, cannot be easily exercised by teachers, when the parents and the intellectual guides, philosophers and friends of the younger generation undo the effects of scholastic or collegiate instruction. Yet it is not desirable to bring up students in ignorance of facts and of an interpretation of those facts making for a loyal and appreciative attitude of mind. In England, not only have steps been adopted to save students from corrupting influences, but even the establishment of a separate Inn of Court for Indian students for the Bar has been mooted. The awakening of the British public, at least in this respect, has been rather sudden. One sensation in London counts for two in Calcutta. The moral and political aspects of educational development have for the time being diverted the public attention from the subjects of elementary education, technical instruction, and of teaching agriculture to the sons of cultivators. As Mr. Hart-Davies rightly observed, if the local bodies are provided with sufficient funds, they will relieve the Government of the responsibility of catering to the educational needs of the villages, and will help to spread education more rapidly than the Education Department can do.

The budget for the current year was framed in the hope of a normal season. That hope has up till now been amply realised. The health of the people depends to some extent upon the season, upon the abundance and cheapness of food. But plague and malaria are not necessarily reduced by the vitality which is supported by food. The behaviour of plague is assiduously studied by a Commission and some new interesting results of their researches may ere long be expected. Malaria is even more destructive than plague to the nation as a whole. It was particularly bad last year. It is computed that in the Panjab ninety per cent. of the population suffered at one time or other from an attack of malaria last year. The epidemic rages generally from August to November. Heavy rains promote it, if at the same time they yield an abundant harvest. Doctors are divided in opinion as to the measures that are feasible in a large country like India for insuring the people against the attacks of malaria. There is the quinine school and there is the anti-mosquito school. Most of the Panjab doctors seem to have arrived at the conclusion that, while anti-larval operations and good drainage may reduce the number of mosquitoes, and thereby the incidence of malaria attacks in a small locality, such measures are practically impossible to carry out successfully in large areas, and especially the cost of the measures, on the scale on which it had to be incurred at Panama or Ismailia, would be so enormous that the resources of this country would be utterly inadequate to accomplish the task, and the periodical mosquito-chase would be a piece of extravagant folly. They believe that quinine is not only a cure for malaria, but has a prophylactic virtue which makes the cheap drug a valuable remedy in the hands of the poorest during the months when they are liable to be attacked. Great names, on the other hand, are also arrayed on the side of the anti-mosquito policy. The Government of India, in a perplexity, has convened a conference of experts from all provinces to meet at Simla to consider how the war against malaria may best be conducted.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GHALIB: THE URDU POET.

To the Editor of East & West.

SIR,—It was refreshing to read Mr. Hira Lall Chatterji's criticism on "Galib," as he styles him, and certainly the great poet would have rejoiced that his works were commented upon even by those who know so little of him, at least to the extent of his linguistic beauties. The Indian Universities amply afford occasions when a Mohamadan may claim to have known the merits of Sanscrit literature from his smattering of Deva Nagri, and a Bengali, the Urdu and Persian from his questionable knowledge gained from the school text-books. The supremacy of Occidental tastes has carried our 'varsity men to such an extent that now one need not wonder when Oriental sentiments are gauged with European metre. It appears easy to possess one universal measurement. But the inferences are at times precarious and unreliable. The East must differ from the West where the languages, environments, religion and sentiments vary : a literature cannot free itself from all these potent influences. Need we, therefore, compare Keats with Kalidas, while one was a dreamer and the other lives in the pages of the Ramayan ? Need we say that if Kalidas does not come up to our arbitrary standard based on our little knowledge of Keats, Kalidas is no more than a puerile poet ? Certainly, no sensible man would say so.

Poets of Eastern literatures have their own position, own worth, own importance. Sadi, Firdousi, Jami and Hafiz, in Persian, and Ghalib, Souda, and Atish in Urdu have their own realms, out of which it is impossible to take them. Indeed, the sweetness of Persian poetry carries the palm as compared with juvenile Urdu, which has a fair prospect to grow into one of the classical languages some day. Ghalib has reformed the Urdu language, chastened its thoughts, given it a new start, made the diction simple, the composition easier and more effective ; and his works embody sublime thoughts on SUPHISM, that universal brotherhood, the unity of God, and benevolence, down to mere poetic imageries.

His Catholic mind made it difficult to decide, after his demise, whether he was a Sunni or a Shia. He was very affectionate to his relations and friends, always sportive in repartees, jolly and genial; his company has been considered as the best haven from worldly troubles. Easy going as he was all his life, his poems are the natural outcome of his heart, once sad, then cheerful, the alternate lines will clearly reflect this. Mr. Hira Lall was not serious when he said that "Bulbul" begins and ends the Urdu poesy, and ghazals are simply without any taste or object. Persian poetry and its copy—the Urdu—have not as a rule only one sustained thought for any length—they delight in sudden changes in the variety of thought and the richness of imagination. It might offend a purely European taste, but Eastern minds have been accustomed to them: in fact, the master-minds of the East composed couplets which to this day are freely quoted as the best expression of thoughts. Ghalib's works in Persian were enough to place him along with the great Persian poets: but his compositions in Urdu became more popular, which are considered to possess the chaste thoughts and subtle metaphors in a very limited compass. The short and effective way is the best to appeal to the human mind. Since Mr. Hira Lall is not pleased with mere selections from our author's works, it would be well for him to read Ghalib's life by Mavlana Hali and read the critical notes on Ghalib by Mavlana Azad.

The flow of Ghalib's thoughts in rhyme has its own weight, which even in the best attempt to translate into another language is most difficult, if not impossible. The words used are always simple in diction and the style is easy enough, but to know the real meaning of the author, the beauty of expression, is indeed difficult.

Human love is the permanent theme with these great poets; they often preach a universal brotherhood, the pangs that man feels at the mere thought of disunion, the raptures at the flimsy hopes of a union; then of course these are intermixed with other poetic thoughts, fantasies, imaginary pictures in fact, all the arts of the best expression of human thoughts.

Bulbul and Gul, Leila and Majnun, Shania and Perwana, are always made use of to identify the lover and the beloved: but it is a dull mind which stops there. The love is not necessarily of the ordinary "low" kind, but it is the divine love, wherein lies universal brotherhood which must be the *summum bonum* of human intelligence.

SHAH MUNIR ALAM.

Ghazipur, U. P.

"The Indian Spectator."

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EAST & WEST.

VOL. VIII.

OCTOBER, 1909.

No. 96.

JONAS LIE.

JONAS LIE, who died recently, made, with Ibsen and Björnson, the trinity of great Norwegian writers of which the author of "The Doll's House" is the most remarkable. Lie, in his novels, has given an admirable picture of Norway and has left us wonderful word-pictures of Norwegian society. Though a realist, he did not give a mosaic of petty facts. The closeness of his observation did not exclude elegance of style. He knew how to throw light where it was necessary and to leave in the shade that which did not require to be strongly emphasised. His apparent want of feeling was not indifference; his humour hid his tenderness of heart. To characterise his talent, one might make use of an expression which he once employed to explain what he found beautiful in an ancient bas-relief of which a photograph hung in his study. "Oh! but it is beautiful," he said to some one who had asked him why he admired it; "it is beautiful because it is natural." Naturalness—that was his first aim, and he achieved it by being earnest and sincere.

His ancestry was essentially Norwegian. He came of an old family of landed proprietors. Their estate was situated in the Dofrins, near Trondhjem. His grandfather, a lawyer, was solicitor to the Court of Appeal, and had made money. His influence over his countrymen was such that he was spoken of as the King of Trondhjem. His father was a magistrate. Jonas Lie inherited his taste for practical life from these men of law and from the Trondhjem people so energetic and full of common sense. From his mother, on the other hand, he inherited imagination and mysticism. She had in her veins Finnish, that is to say, Laplander blood. To-day, Norwegians blush at these mixtures of race, nevertheless they were formerly common enough. Kings Harald Haarfager and Erik Blodöxe, heroes of the past, had married Finnish women, and the intermarriages are the key to the Norwegian character. They explain its vague and uncertain

aspirations, its superstitions, its love for fables, in a word, the soul of its poetry. The spontaneity, the luxuriance of its poetic creations, the richness of its images and the lack of logic in the great national poet, Wergeland, have no other origin. Vivacity and intelligence were written upon the countenance of Jonas Lie's mother. I have seen a photograph representing her already aged, giving her arm to her husband, who is taller than herself and broad-shouldered; indeed, he appears to spring from quite another race. She seems ready to speak, to laugh, to jest. She has the mundane grace of the women of other days; her satin gown, expanded with crinoline, and the large bow of her sash, tell of a well-dressed woman. This graceful lady, who was rather fond of bright colours, was a disciple of Treschow and wrote charming letters which showed her to be something of a psychologist. During the last twenty years of her life, when she was a confirmed invalid, she had, at the foot of her bed, a book-case containing the works of Balzac, Eugene Sue, Guizot and George Sand. One wonders whether her son was influenced by French writers. He cannot, as Ibsen did, deny all knowledge of George Sand.

He was born in 1833 at Drammen, on the borders of Christiania Fjord, but he grew up in Nordland and Finmark. In the evening twilight, he listened, terror-stricken, to the marvellous tales which the maid-servants would tell him. His heroes, in those early days, were Ola Høiland and Gjest Baardsen, two celebrated ruffians of the time. He wanted to enter the Navy and was sent to the naval station at Fredriksværn to become a cadet, but his short-sightedness prevented his following this career. He finished his education at Christiania, at Heltberg's, where he had for comrades Ibsen and Björnson. After he left, he studied theology, then took his degrees and entered the administration. He married one of his cousins, Tomasine Lie, established himself as a lawyer at Kongsvinger, speculated, and lost everything that he possessed. He came back to Christiania in 1867 and tried hard to win his way in journalism. He had great difficulty in making both ends meet, for he already had several children. His condition improved by degrees. In 1867, he had published a volume of verses. Judged in the light of to-day, we find but little merit in them. However, he excited the enthusiasm of Björnson, who had a decided influence on the development of Jonas Lie's talent.

II.

Three years later appeared a short story, "Near the Lake of Enare," and a novel, "The Man with the Second Sight." Here he paints for us the inhabitants of Nordland, that land of long nights full of terror, of days three months in length with their wonderful phenomena, of slow twilights peace-laden, where the sunbeams linger on the waters and the ice, producing colour effects so brilliant and so various that they are nowhere else to be equalled; where birds, by thousands, cover the islets, flutter among the ropes of the boats, skim the surface of the water, where in calm weather, one hears no other sound than their cry and the beating of their wings through the air.

The savants have explained that if plants have a stronger odour and colours more vivid there than in any other place, it is because the sun shines uninterruptedly during twenty-four hours. A wonderful idyll takes place in summer in the valleys and the fjords of Nordland. It is as if the sun embraced nature more tenderly there than elsewhere on account of the short time they knew they could be together, and as if they wanted to forget they would be soon separated. When spring comes the grass grows suddenly as if by miracle, and the blue-bells, the dandelions, the buttercups and the marguerites of Saint-John, the eglantines, the raspberries, the strawberries cover in profusion the borders of the streams, mountain sides and hills. A hundred kinds of insects hum in the grass as in the tropics, the cows, the horses, the lambs graze in the valleys and on the slopes of the mountains, the Finns come from the high mountains to water the reindeer in the river. The country for a quarter of a mile is red with mulberries; the rays of the sun bathe peaceably each hut, where the fisherman in the midst of his family mends his fish-nets for winter. The summers in Nordland are more charming than anywhere else, and nowhere is nature stamped with a joy and peace so idyllic.

But also during nine months of winter the powers of nature descend heavily upon the gloomy shores where the sea foams and it is light only half a day. During three of those nine months, it is even deprived of all light, in consequence of which the mind is imbued with terror of the darkness.

When a person speaks of breakers and tempests we think of a

slight storm which may, perhaps, cause a little damage in the harbour, and when a ship is wrecked, the pilot is blamed. It is quite different in this country. Suddenly an avalanche falls and carries away the houses (that is why they are moored with ropes). Also the waves swallow up the reefs and islands in their foam and expose the submarine rocks many fathoms below; thus vessels coming suddenly upon the rocks are wrecked in mid-ocean. Many courageous men struggle in the tempest to save their lives and cargo for their families.

There in the north, the popular imagination, as in the day of myths, has located an army of demons. There the Finns have exercised witchcraft, and there where in the darkness, the dashing waves break against the dark gloomy ice, as in the farthest limits of the earth, during remote ages, stand the banished gods and the forces of darkness, frightful and shapeless, with which the Ase combatted formerly.

There is some fear of goblins, of nixes and of the kind *huldres*.^{*} A love-stricken nixe wanders about among the houses like the harmless domestic animals of superstition. There are also the benevolent gnomes which guide their peaceful and invisible boats side by side with the sailors' boats. But the terror of nature gives birth to a great army of bad demons which seduce living men, and the ghosts of the drowned deprived of Christian burial, and to mountain-giants, dragons which sail in half-boats and scream frightfully upon the fjords during the winter nights.

In this land of contrasts, the people are unlike their fellows of other parts of Norway. In them is to be found extreme inequality of temper. They pass quickly from excessive gaiety to deep dejection. They are, at one and the same time, merry and sad, and always independent and obstinate.

Jonas Lie has described them in the "Butcher Tobias." The canton which received him so hospitably, when he first arrived to kill pigs, at a later period required him to abandon the Finnish woman with whom he lived. The discovery of his illicit

^{*} *The huldres*. These fantastic beings, created like the *trollds*, by the popular fancy, are women who attract and captivate men. They live among their herds; they drive them themselves and follow the herdsmen. They take possession of the pastures (*sætter*) as soon as the herdsmen have left them.

intercourse caused a great scandal. He married the woman (they could not refuse him marriage!). After the ceremony, as they returned home in a boat, Martha Malvina, raising her brown face to his, with downcast eyes, saucily put the question: "How many children have you by your wife?" There are two sucking sugarcandy at the end of the boat. They have just been baptised. Henceforth it will be a war to the death between Tobias, the mayor and the shopkeeper who gives credit. The land for the relief of the poor opens its gaping mouth to swallow Tobias, who does not wish to come to such a pass. He is, however, reduced to the last extremity. The children, whose number has augmented, the pig which is to them a little brother, all stir and frisk, are on the point of being starved to death.

The movements of the forces of nature in the North are so violent and so extreme that the mind becomes affected. A great melancholy and sadness prevails even among humble people, which sometimes turns to madness and causes suicide. The loneliness of the long wearisome winter which oppresses the mind in the darkness, the strong and sudden contrasts when the bright days come, affect violently the delicate heart-strings.

It is comprehensible, therefore, that "second sight," as in the Shetland Islands and the Orkneys, can exist and be transmitted in a family. It is an affection of the mind for which there is no cure and no effort of the intelligence or will-power can resist it. It is as if people were born with a third window beside the two normal eyes, a window which is turned towards a world that other people cannot see into, but into which these afflicted ones are forced to look when the attack comes upon them.

The hero of *Den Fremsynte* is a clairvoyant, endowed with second-sight. One of his earliest recollections of childhood was of his mother, from whom he inherited this fatal second-sight.

His first intimation of this inheritance, as he relates, was during a hot summer. "The mowers in short sleeves were cutting grass in the fields. I went near them with my mother, who was knitting. Beyond the hedge, my mother had a bench behind a rock. On one side, upon a mass of stones, were some raspberry bushes and some dwarf birches. While I was climbing on the stones and tasting the raspberries my father called to my mother. As soon as she was far

away from me, a tall pale woman, who seemed older than my mother, clad in black with a white pleated collar, came up to me. She looked at me in a friendly way and offered me a wild rose that she held in her hand. I was not at all frightened. She did not seem a stranger to me. She made me a sad bow as to say good-bye, and disappeared in the same way that she had come. When my mother returned, I told her that I had just seen a strange lady who seemed very sad. My mother, I well recollect it, at this instant turned white as linen, and looked at me with such an expression of anguish that any one would have said that we were both going to die. Then she raised her arms and fell unconscious. I was too frightened to cry, but if I remember rightly, I threw myself upon her as she lay unconscious on the grass and screamed, 'Mama.' Then I ran for my father, who was mowing with the others, and told him, sobbing, that my mother was dead. From that time, my mother's mind was affected. It was necessary to watch her even in her room : it was a sorrowful time for my father. She was finally put in an asylum at Trondhjem, where she died two years later without recovering her reason."

What is most tragic is that this child, when grown up, loved a little friend of his childhood who returned his affection. But the abnormal condition of his nerves forbade the marriage. He revealed to his fiancée this obstacle to their union. I give his own description of the sad interview.

"While I was telling her, her face became paler and paler, and sad, until at last, with her elbows in her lap, she covered her eyes with her hands so that I could only see the quivering of her lips as she wept. When I explained to her that the doctor had said that my condition could be transmitted the same as leprosy, and that God himself could not approve of our union, I tried then to console her by representing that all our life, except the two last years, we had loved each other like brother and sister. She raised her head with a savage energy and I saw her cheeks covered with tears. She threw her arms around my neck and made me kneel in front of her throbbing heart, as if she wished to save me from harm. She pushed away my hair from my forehead. I felt her tears falling upon my face while she repeated, as if beside herself, that no one in the world should take me from her. It was

too much for my exhausted state. I seized her hands and watered them with my tears. I could not control my tears and my sobs became so violent that Susanne was frightened, and she, in turn, endeavoured to calm me, calling me by endearing names and caressing me as if I were a child. When I was at last more calm she clasped her hands behind my head as if she would force me to give her all my attention. Leaning forward, she looked straight into my eyes. Her beautiful agitated face expressed at the same time her gentle soul and her force of will. I must believe, she assured me, with a nod of the head habitual with her when she wished to make her words more emphatic, I must believe that for all which concerned us, she knew better than any doctor what was the will of God. She insisted with scornful mockery that she would not listen to a brotherly friendship, and as if to crush that thing for ever, she begged me, while standing before me and looking at me with passionate ardour, to kiss her as a pledge that we were, in spite of everything and everybody, faithful lovers, even if I never became strong enough to marry in this world." It seemed to David, as he embraced her passionately, that her will, her energy, her vigour, her tenderness would struggle for them both. Alas! This hope was never to be realised. During one of his attacks, he saw this loved fiancée borne by four men, her hair hanging down. The boat upon which she was returning from the Christmas festivities was overtaken by a storm and she was lost.

David Holst is drawn from the heart of Jonas Lie. He has depicted, in this man, superstitious, ill, immersed in thoughts, but attractive by his tenderness, all the mournful moods latent in his innermost soul. He wrote to me one day that it was in the following works where the fantastic plays an important part, "The Man with the Second Sight," "Finnish Blood," "Rutland," "The Three Master the Future," and in the collection of stories under the title of "Troll," that he had put the most of himself. That which makes this mysterious element so disquieting and strange to the reader is that he has so intertwined the mystic with the real. "Den Fremsynte" ("The Man with the Second Sight") is the first realistic novel published in Norway, so realistic and so little a story of any special date, that it might have been written to-day. It had an immense success and founded the reputation of Jonas Lie. The story of David Holst plunges one into the very atmosphere of the

North ; "The Three Master the Future," which followed, gives a life picture of the people of these coasts, for the novel treats of a firma with its heats, its clerks and its workmen. Here he recalls the "Trumpet of the Nordland," that didactic and at times ingenuous work of Petter Dass, who, in the seventeenth century, gave in a long poem a description of the land where he had been a priest.

After "The Three Master," Jonas Lie gave up the Nordland and chose the sea as the scene of his novels. It was for him health, strength and joy. It was also his inspiration. "The Pilot and his Wife" was the first story of the sea the Norwegians, a sea-faring people, ever had, and it became to the Norwegians what Robinson Crusoe is to the English. I heard a clergyman say about this book what has been said of "Clarissa Harlowe," that it was the best book that one could read after the Bible.

The Pilot, Salve Kristiansen, is of an upright and energetic nature whose distrust and fear of being disdained cause him so much anxiety that his whole personality is destroyed. He marries Elisabeth, a young girl who has grown up on an islet near the coast, and is of the race of women who are at one and the same time both virile and motherly. At the time she was engaged to Salve, a naval officer had made love to her and she had promised to become his wife ; then she had broken off this engagement and had married the pilot. Their marriage is but the beginning of strife. Comprehending that it is she who has banished faith from his soul, she tries to cure him by blind humility and submission. She thinks in this way to convince him of her love. He only becomes all the more suspicious and imagines it is all comedy. He loves her as he only can love, that is to say with passion, but the anguish which rules him makes him wicked and cruel. They can no longer live together ; there is no other way but separation. Then she pulls herself together ; she does not rebel, but, independent and frank to her husband, she becomes once more herself and so overcomes his ill temper. He recognises her. He finds again Elisabeth, who is fearless, having nothing to hide.

Jonas Lie is more touched on the feminist question. "Thomas Ross," "A Wedded Life," "Jon Sunde," "Maisa Jons," and "When the Sun Sets" have for subject marriage, on which he had ideas which would quite come up to all our modern ones. Man

and woman are the complement of one another. There is no feminine question which at the same time is not also a masculine question. It appears that the free man and the free woman, the king and the queen of the hearth, arrive at a perfect union by their perfect understanding of one another and by the devotion their love inspires. "The cross must be borne by both of them, and the one who, moved by a feeling of chivalry, wishes to bear it alone, deceives the other." Jonas Lie loved this type of woman, Elisabeth, Marie of "Per Skodje," who had little in common with the Nora of Ibsen and nothing at all with the Norwegian female student that one finds in Paris, London or Berlin. One must have been in Norway to understand the mothers of the family, the true Norwegian wives, the calm, strong, intelligent helpmates of their husbands, actively and earnestly ruling in those houses where the bread is still baked at home, where the children are loved, but not spoilt, and still retaining their own individuality.

He found at home the model of his favourite heroines. He had discovered how much his wife was to him the day when, at Kongsvinger, he was obliged to tell her of their ruin. She received this unexpected blow without reproach, without complaint, and turned courageously to face the rough destiny which was her lot.

Jonas Lie often said, "If I have written anything good, my wife is the author of it as well as I." They were at one in this literary work. Sometimes, she invented the plot of the novel, as in "The Pilot and his Wife." Jonas Lie had met a man whose sombre face had remained graven in his mind. He described him to his wife, adding: "I ask myself what can be his history." Thereupon she narrated the marriage of Salve and Elisabeth and he wrote "Lodsen og hans hustru."

Usually, it happened in another way: he told her who the characters would be in his novels and the conflicts in which they would be engaged. When she had assured him that he could make something of it all, he set to work. He showed her his manuscript when it was finished. She suggested extensive elimination. He defended his manuscript and surrendered only after long discussion, but in the end, he always surrendered. He scratched out and cor-

rected. His pages became almost undecipherable, something which she alone could make out ; these she recopied and sent them to the publisher.

III.

Jonas Lie further interested himself, in his novels, "The Slave for Life," (1883) "The Family at Gilje," "A Whirlpool," "The Commodore's Daughters," in the fate of the women who belonged to the same class as himself, the official class. With the change of scene, his faculties were further developed, his conversations became more lively, and his somewhat dry description more full of life, for he is an admirable colorist. In "The Family at Gilje," he gives full play to his humour. Captain Joeger, a stout man, a chatterbox, a lover of grog, is a type to be found in every land. His love for his daughter, Inger-Johanna, whose beauty and understanding flatter his vanity, is merely a form of egotism. He lives, as lived most Norwegian clerks fifty years ago, upon one of those farms of the State, which were included in their appointment and which they cultivated. His wife, Ma', wears herself out and exhausts herself in trying to keep the house going on very meagre means. Her daughter's future gives her much anxiety. Inger-Johanna, who has spent the winter with her aunt, wife of the prefect of Christiania, is asked in marriage by an officer of great promise, one of her father's comrades. At first she consents to marry him ; then suddenly breaks off her engagement. Her parents accept her rash decision, at the same time forcing the sweet and obedient Tekla with a pressure which is only too certainly dictated by circumstances, to marry the bailiff, an old and ailing widower. She will be a devoted wife, but will seek refuge in the continual reading of novels. Inger-Johanna will become a school-mistress. The independence to which she has attained she owes to the aspirations which have been instilled into her by the original and clever student whom she loved, but who, Bohemian that he is, will end his days in misery. The Commodore's daughters have a still more cruel fate. One of them, Cicely, proud and capricious, trifles with the feelings of the one whom she loves, so that he leaves her. The other, Martha, a gentle creature is attached to one of her cousins, an officer in the merchant service, who is accidentally killed before he has been able to marry her, leaving her with a child.

The child, Jan, was born in Germany, and brought up there. She had a sad life in her family, for the parents had become aged and impoverished. Her father, the Commodore, was retired, and they have lost all their small fortune. Her child, who occupied all her thoughts, was never spoken of. When she was near her end, with tuberculosis, her father, overcome with pity, sent for the child that she might see him before she died.

And now the anxiety that Martha might obtain the great desire of her life before the end came weighed with the old couple above everything. Notwithstanding the compromising position in which the family would be placed and the many difficulties connected with the affair, it was decided that Jan should be sent for ; and they promised Martha that he should be brought up in their house as a relative whom they had adopted.

Martha had known the whole day that the boy was coming, and lay smiling and thoughtful ; a gleam of youth and happiness lighted the weary, suffering face.

She had felt so well all the morning, and had scarcely been troubled by the cough ; but now she was growing restless ; she tossed from side by side, sat up in bed, lay down again, and then suddenly asked the time. Jan was expected by the steamer at five o'clock. She threw herself forward ; a sharp fit of coughing shook her. The spasm grew violent. Martha fought and struggled, half suffocated, to regain her breath. At one moment it seemed gone and then she fought again, moaning, her body convulsed by the spasmodic outbreaks of the cough.

They all stood anxiously around her, waiting for the attack to cease ; it seemed as if she would not see her son after all !

" It will pass over," said Nella, the servant, slowly nodding her head as if in answer to everybody's thoughts ; " she is not ready to go before she has seen her boy."

Mrs. Witt, the mother, and Cicely exchanged a look ; Nella had evidently known about it all these years, then, and understood everything.

Martha lay in a quiet stupor for about an hour. Now she opened her eyes, and looked uneasily towards the door. She must have heard somebody out on the landing. Cicely quietly opened

the door. A black-headed boy, about thirteen years old, was waiting outside, his face swollen with crying.

"He can come now, father," Martha said softly. In an instant the boy was at her bedside.

He started back and stared at the pale, emaciated form which lay there, with the great, unnaturally bright eyes fixed upon him. Her white hands moved tremblingly towards him.

Quite overpowered, he threw himself into her arms.

When she felt his head upon her breast she smiled, and gently stroked his hair with both hands.

Several times she tried to speak, as she lay looking at him with an anxious, yearning look. She knew she was leaving him.

"Auntie is only thinking of Jan," exclaimed he, repeating the Norwegian phrase she had taught him.

"Mother!" she said, hastily correcting him, as she tried to raise herself.

She fell back on her pillow; her hand slipped from his cheeks.

She was dead.

Cicely saw it first, and she drew Jan towards her. She still had him to live for—a crumb, as it were, fallen from poor Martha's table.

The drift of these novels is somewhat too large to be thus epitomised. The tragic element, on the contrary, is there thinned down in course of time, so that the reader is only struck by it when he withdraws into himself once more and reflects.

The women created by Jonas Lie are resigned; they do not wish to destroy society because they have transgressed its laws or because it has wronged them. They are no more rebels than Jonas Lie is a reformer.

However, without believing he could transform humanity, he imagined he worked to create a better generation, and so all his ideas, so honest and so pure, were wounded when, after years of absence, he came back to Christiania. The ideas of youth and its tendencies seemed to him certain signs of corruption, and he drew a dark picture of the new society, in "Niobi" and in "When the Sun Sets."

Jonas Lie has proved himself a great writer in the manner in which he has judged of life, and the manner in which he has

depicted it. Throughout his work, there runs this thought that one must be true to oneself. "He who says good-bye to his free will," he affirmed, "says good-bye to his own personality." As to art, it ought to be, in his opinion, but a mirror reflecting everything that lives and breathes, but a mirror deep as a Norwegian lake, of which he has given us a calm, extensive and attractive picture.

JACQUES DE COUSSANGE.

Paris.

A SONNET FROM THE BROCKEN.

HEINE'S "HARTZREISE"

He came this way in Spring : its pulses beat
 In music through his fancies : all the scene
 Of Spring was in his eyes : the steep ravine
 Had voices for him, intimate and fleet :
 The grass grew fresher underneath his feet,
 The air was pure, the mountain-winds were keen,—
 He only sang of trees that they were green,
 And sang of songs of birds that they were sweet.

The light is clearer where his eyes have seen
 Before they dimmed with city dust and heat :
 The grass is fresher where his feet have been
 Before their prison in a Paris street :
 He only taught us that the trees are green,
 And taught us that the songs of birds are sweet.

ETHEL ROLT WHEELER.

London.

THE AGRICULTURAL MOVEMENT. AND INDIA.

"Nothing is more certain than the great influence of human effort on the character of the soil, just as the best land can become the worst through wasteful cultivation, so the worst land can be converted into the most fruitful."

PROFESSOR EDWIN R. H. SELIGMAN LL.D

PRIMITIVE man was primarily dependent on vegetable sustenance for the satisfaction of his everyday wants, and where this could not be had he turned to petty animals which were capable of consumption while raw. He devoured all that he could lay his hands upon and made no provision for the morrow. The great bulk of mankind were, before long, acquainted with agriculture, but they practised it in a peculiar manner. They did not know of the implement which we consider indispensable, the plough, nor did they rear cattle or fertilise the soil. They simply changed the cultivated lands when its nutritive elements were exhausted. The preparation of the soil was mostly woman's work. Even in times considerably later and infinitely "more advanced," the practice was simply to disturb the bosom of mother earth, plant seeds, reap and eat the crop.

Agriculture, once practised in such a crude manner, has now become the great field for the exercise of considerable ingenuity and for the application of the greatest achievements of science. It has passed through several stages of evolution and Professor J. S. Nicholson of the Edinburgh University classifies these into five periods:—

1. Migratory agriculture or the system of shifting the arable area.
2. Surface tillage or stationary agriculture.
3. Alternative agriculture—cultivating the lands for one period and allowing it to lie fallow for the following period.
4. A system in which a substitute had been found for the recurring fallow or waste.
5. Convertible husbandry, or, in its later stages, that of the rotation of crops or diversified farming (also called the system of enclosure).

Within recent times momentous changes have taken place in the systems of agriculture. And this is specially true of the countries of the West and of the New World. These have been largely consequent upon the rise in prices of agricultural products which came about throughout the world towards the close of the 18th century. Thorold Rogers calculates that the productiveness and profits of agriculture in the 18th century were four times those in the 13th. The improvements effected have been so vast that farmers who stuck to the old method were lost. And in this movement the landowners were, according to Mr. Young, the pioneers of agricultural progress. To-day agriculture is no longer the mere cultivation of the soil: it has, as an accomplished writer of the West recently observed, come to mean and include the culture of the people who live on the land. The efforts of the agriculturist must be directed by intelligent purpose if he wishes to succeed, and this calls for the education of the farmer in a manner suited to his needs, so that it may be possible for him to acquire "material prosperity and vigour of body with strong gentleness of spirit" from his humble, unambitious and unostentatious rural occupations.

It is now a matter of common, if not universal acceptance, that the well-trained agriculturist can obtain from the land a great deal more than it has heretofore been supposed to be capable of yielding, and an idea of the enormous possibilities of the application of science and capital to agriculture may be formed from the garden patches and farms in the neighbourhood of great cities in Europe. The very chemical ingredients of the soil will rapidly change by the application of manures, both animal and mineral, and the replacement of an extensive by an intensive cultivation. Indeed, as Professor Seligman points out, the land itself is turning out in a sense to be the product of human energy. In the neighbourhood of certain cities of Europe the tenant enjoys the privilege, on the expiration of his tenancy, of carting away a certain depth of the soil.

It would be impossible within the compass of an article like the present, even to summarise the marvellous records which the new agriculture has achieved within a decade in countries so widely differing in agricultural conditions as the United States of America, Great Britain, Australia, Canada, Hungary, Denmark, Switzerland, Siberia, Servia, Scandinavia, Poland, Holland, Finland, and Japan. In Mr. Pratt's "Organisation of Agriculture" a lucid account of these will be found. He describes how each of these countries has been affected by the agricultural movement. In each of these countries there has been an agricultural revival which has resulted in the spread throughout each of them of a

more or less complete network of agricultural organisation, manifesting itself in varying degrees in the spread of agricultural education and in combinations among the agricultural community for an endless variety of purposes, including the virtual transformation of farming methods in accordance with the latest developments of agricultural science; organisations for obtaining agricultural necessities of reliable qualities at lesser cost; the purchase in common of costly machinery which would otherwise be beyond the reach of the small cultivator; the organisation of co-operative societies for purposes both of production and of sale; the setting up of agricultural credit banks—and other ways too numerous to mention. One feature of this has been that the associations have been adapted to their social needs.

As Japan and everything Japanese has been of late attracting the widest possible interest in this country, it may be of use to see how the wave of agricultural progress has influenced Japan. Government have established a comprehensive and expert Agricultural Department under a Minister for Agriculture and Commerce, which studies the agricultural systems of all countries of the world and applies the results of the enquiry to Japan through its manifold agencies by experiments in the experimental stations spread throughout the land; by educational examples and teaching provided in the farms, gardens, and libraries in those stations, by the nexus of agricultural schools which are to be found everywhere: by the network of agricultural associations; by the support given to banks and credit associations by financial aid; and by various legislative and executive incentives. The people on their part have banded themselves into numerous bodies, so much so that the result is that practically the whole agricultural population of Japan is united in various forms of associations. Sir Frederick Nicholson, from whose valuable treatise on agriculture in Japan this information has been gleaned, observes that "probably there is no country in the world, not even Germany, where associations have taken such hold, and, though dating only from the last few years, are beginning to exercise such influence." He also points out that it is the object of Government gradually to shift the work of agricultural development from the shoulders of Government to those of the people, on the principle that it is not that which is done for the people, but that which is done by the people that is truly beneficial and that real progress can come only from within.

The progress of the movement in this country can be summed up in a few words. In the main, the bulk of the people have not been influenced by the movement. It would, therefore, be necessary only to

point out what Government has done for agriculture. Leaving out of account the spasmodic efforts made by the East India Company and the Government of India on isolated occasions for special purposes as instanced by the cotton experiments of 1840 and the establishment of the tea industry (1835-55), it may be said that the policy of creating a special department to investigate the conditions of agriculture was first recommended by the Commission appointed to enquire into the causes of the Bengal and Orissa famine of 1866. This resulted in the formation of a new department for the promotion of agriculture. Lord Mayo it was that first gave practical recognition to the importance of the investigation and study of questions connected with Indian agriculture. "For generations to come," the Government of India wrote in 1870 to the Secretary of State, "the progress of India in wealth and civilisation must be directly dependent on her progress in agriculture." This new department was, however, abolished in 1879 during a time of great financial stress. An Imperial Department was again created in 1881 as an outcome of the impetus given by the Famine Commission of 1880. This was followed by the organisation in each province of a provincial department of Land Records and Agriculture under a Civilian Director "for agricultural enquiry and agricultural improvement and famine relief." In the Land Records branch statistics of considerable practical utility are collected. In 1889, Dr Voelcker was deputed to inquire into and advise upon the improvement of agriculture by scientific and other means, and the result of his enquiry was the production of his monumental work on the "Improvement of Indian Agriculture." An agricultural chemist was appointed in 1892. During more recent years the progress has been more rapid—and this has taken the shape of the employment of additional experts and the opening of additional experimental stations. In 1903 an important step was taken by the organisation of an Imperial Research station at a cost of 16½ lakhs of rupees—and this includes a portion of the munificent donation of £30,000 made by Mr. Phipps, an American gentleman. In 1905 the announcement was made that 20 lakhs would be expended for the expansion of the Department of Agriculture.

What has been described is the counterpart of the great agricultural movement which has been taking place in the countries of the West. This new spirit, this wave of advancement, has passed on to the East only in an attenuated form. Till recently its influence had not been felt to any appreciable extent. As a fact to-day agriculture is carried on in India in much—I would say—exactly the same way in which it was carried on centuries ago. What is the result? The farming

products of India are of the value of 400 million pounds (the figures are taken from Dr. Mulhall's Dictionary of Statistics); the total agricultural population is 172 millions (census of 1891)—thus the profit of agriculture is 42s. per head; in the United Kingdom it is £91 per head. Even leaving a wide margin for the higher prices of agricultural produce in the United Kingdom, a good deal must be due to the smaller proportion of production here. The agriculturist of India is able to make unhappily little. On the other hand, the conditions of life in the country have materially altered and are still altering. There is in India a vast population, increasing with a rapidity similar to that of the countries of the West, but practising a system of agriculture which produces a remarkably poor proportion of the production of other countries—and a system which Dr. Voelcker rightly declares to be one of gradual soil exhaustion. There is, moreover, a virtual absence of importation of foodstuffs and manures; and manufactures in the country are confined to petty rural industries. The decay of old commercial ideas has crippled the powers of the people to combat natural difficulties. The European forms of co-operation which enable the people of Europe to confront such difficulties are unknown in this country. It is then no matter for wonder if the words "Indian Agriculture" conjure up before our mind's eye the melancholy picture of falling rents, starvation wages and ruined landholders! It has once and again been urged that this is the necessary outcome of "the idleness of the Indian farmer", when we venture to contradict this statement we have the authority of no less a person than Dr. Voelcker who assures us that the Indian farmer is at his best as good as the British farmer and in some respects superior to him. Taking," says he, "the ordinary arts of husbandry, nowhere would he find better instance of keeping land scrupulously clean from weeds, of ingenuity in device of water-raising appliances, of knowledge of soils and their capabilities, as well as the exact time to sow and reap as one would in Indian agriculture—and this, not at its best alone, but at its ordinary level. . . . I have never seen a more perfect picture of careful cultivation, combined with hard labour, perseverance and fertility of resource than I have seen at many of the halting places in my tour." In spite of his "assiduity, perseverance and fertility of resource," the Indian farmer is impoverished and always on the brink of starvation. And agriculture is the mainstay of the people in the country. Long before 1858 when the East India Company's rule ended"—Mr. Dutt points out—"India had ceased to be a great manufacturing country. Agriculture had virtually become the one

remaining source of the nation's subsistence. Under the *Pax Britannica* extended to this country cultivation has largely increased, but no man familiar with the inner life of the people will say that the extension of cultivation has made the people more prosperous or more secure against famines." How has this extraordinary state of things been brought about? There have been four important causes for the failure of the agriculturist in India. First and foremost has been the fact that he has not had the wisdom or the enterprise to adopt the results of modern science and research in his agriculture, he has not applied intelligent labour to his lands. Carrying on, as he does, agriculture in the way in which he had been doing it long ages ago, he has been easily outstripped in the race of nations.

The second cause that has had a powerful influence to his detriment has been the poverty of his resources. Says the Agricultural Board: "One reason for the slow progress which could only be hoped for in India, was that the Indian cultivator was not a capitalist. The agriculturist here cannot, without any extraneous assistance, undertake experiments or introduce improvements requiring an outlay—and it is the duty of Government to render such assistance." The recent policy of the Government evinces a recognition of the principle involved in the above quotation, and this will tend to bring the Government well into a line with the Governments of other civilised countries of the world in this respect.

One of the greatest of the weaknesses of the agriculturists of this country has been their inability to comprehend and apply in practical life the principle of co-operation. Modern economy in the West is fully alive to the advantages of co-operation, and all enterprises now undertaken have been based on this principle. This has been avowed to no small extent by the agriculturist of the West. Uniting for a common purpose has never been one of the merits of the Hindu community.

Last but not least, has been the fact that the Hindu Law of Inheritance requiring a sub-division of the paternal property has made the holdings in this country smaller and smaller, thereby imposing a limitation upon the possibility of agricultural improvement, for improvements that are practicable on big farms cannot be undertaken on small farms. Nor has this been made amends for by the co-operation of the people.

This country has then to strain every nerve to advance in this respect. Two questions arise from this:—(1) What are the steps that should be taken to improve the conditions of agriculture? (2) What part should Government take in this? It would not be possible to deal

with the first question in any way commensurate with its importance in this place. The main heads under which efforts should be directed are:—(1) the formation of agricultural unions; (2) organisation of co-operative societies—

- (a) for securing to farmers an easy credit,
 - (b) for production on large scale,
 - (c) for marketing agricultural produce,
 - (d) for insurance business.
- (3) Dissemination of knowledge in agriculture by means of—
- (a) colleges,
 - (b) free agricultural classes,
 - (c) itinerant lectures,
 - (d) publication of text books in vernaculars,
 - (e) establishment of model farms.

And in this connection it might be well to say a word as to the importance of the application of science to agriculture. The people of India have been wont to look on the soil as the chief source and feeder of crops, and people have consequently drawn on it as on a bank till it has been attenuated to exhaustion. The imprudence of this comes home to us when we see the difference that manuring makes in the production of land. It was proved by experiments conducted in the Burdwan farm that the same soil which, without manure, produced 1,549 lbs. of food grains, produced with the application of 3 maunds of bone meal and 30 seers of saltpetre, 4,393 lbs. And ten thousand pounds of bones are exported every year from India! Commercial fertilisers are not in use except to a small extent in planting stations, and authorities competent to pronounce an opinion on the subject state that an analysis of the soil of India shows that they are most needed for this country. The Japanese people, on the other hand, as Sir F. Nicholson points out, look upon the soil rather as an instrument for converting manure into crop than as a source of crop in itself. No crop is planted without its dose of manure; no manure is wasted which ought to become crop. There, says Mr. Nicholson, as in Roman Italy, just as tillage is the first and second essential of the cultivation of the soil, so manuring is the third. This has been the secret by which Japan has not only maintained the crop-bearing capacity of its soils, but has brought poor soils into fertility. The demand for fertilisers based on the latest scientific principles should increase in this country. Nor should the value of fish and blood manures be overlooked. The silt of rivers and tanks should also be more carefully availed of than now.

Some aspects of agriculture to which considerable attention is paid by the countries of the West and which have heretofore—or at all events till recently, been ignored in this country, are poultry-farming and cattle-rearing. The extent to which eggs are used for purely industrial purposes—not to say anything of consumption as such—is, Mr. Pratt says, well illustrated by the Russian city of Podwoloczyska, in which there are 3 albumen factories each of which consumes annually from 3 to 3½ million eggs in manufacturing purposes, 1 lb. of albumen being extracted from every 7 lbs. of white of eggs. The albumen is used in printing textiles, in the making of porcelain, and in sugar factories. The yolk of eggs is worked up into a material for dressing glove leather.

The Government have of late turned their attention to the subject of cattle-rearing—and its connected veterinary science. This latter is absolutely unknown to that class of the community who ought to be best acquainted with it—I mean the ryots.

I must now consider the abstract question as to the part which States should take in promoting agriculture. It would not be possible to lay down as an *ipse dixit* any theory about this. It has been a noteworthy phenomenon of our age that everywhere—in all countries of the world—State interference is loudly demanded: nor can it well be otherwise, especially if we hold in view the ever-increasing complications and complexities of our modern civilisation and social development. The economic doctrine of *laissez faire* (or more fully *laissez non faire*) is no doubt as true now as it ever was; but we should remember that this doctrine should be taken with its necessary limitations. As John Stuart Mill has pointed out, this should indeed be the general practice: but in the particular circumstances of any specific age or nation, there is scarcely anything of real importance from the standpoint of national advancement which it may not be desirable or even necessary that the Government should take upon itself. The work of the rulers has always been done apart: it has been also dependent to a greater or less extent upon external phenomena beyond the control of man—natural forces and actual circumstances. In the sequel the paths of progress have been less accessible to this industry than to others. This accounts for the fact that agriculture has been a favourite object of legislation from the earliest days. The agricultural policy of the States has, however, been, as a writer recently pointed out, chiefly directed towards the two great historical phases of its development—land tenure and protection—whether it be that we consider the States in Greek and Roman times or in the mediæval ages striving to reform systems of

land tenure, or whether it be that we consider England in the 19th century or the Continental States of our own days seeking to establish protective duties. It is only in recent times that men have recognised that there are very many more channels in which the agricultural industry can be helped. A rapid glance through the pages of that very valuable "Official Report to both Houses of the Hungarian Parliament," published by the Right Honourable Dr. Ignatius Daranyi on the agricultural policy administered by him during his seven years' (1896-1903) tenure of office, would enable us to form an idea of what the State can do for agriculture. Appendix I. to this work will show that from the years 1896 to 1902 no less than 31 legislative enactments were passed to improve the condition of agriculture. Appendix II. gives a complete list of the numerous institutions recently founded in Hungary by the State for the promotion of agriculture. There are institutions to promote the knowledge of Meteorology and Geognosy as well as the improvement of land and the different branches of agriculture; there are institutions for horses, for cattle, for dairy farms, fish, bee, silkworm-breeding, etc.; there are academies for agricultural and veterinary expert education, there are institutions, again, for viticulture and vine-dressing, for fruit and horticulture, for forestry and for the improvement of agricultural labourers.

It will not be possible to describe them here in detail, and it seems to me that I could not do better than refer the reader to the pages of the very instructive work of which I have just made mention.

What then, one begins to ask, is the real limit for State interference? There are two accepted limitations on it: (1) that all State interference must have an educative influence; (2) that it must not hamper private interference. In the words of another authority:—"State interference in agricultural policy is justified in leading and educating and, of course, in a transitory character still more so, when the State is a landowner itself, but it must be restricted, discriminately used and only temporarily as an exception to the rule of self-help and of mutual help, helping the agriculturists to help themselves. The object of State interference must be, in the lucid words of Sir Horace Plunkett, "to help the agriculturists to help themselves."

The leaders of thought in this country have not done what would seem to be an unmistakable duty lying on them. They should make personal enquiries into the condition of agriculturists and adopt remedial measures themselves whenever possible, and in the event of their inability to do so, suggest them to Government. Even those who are not

themselves agriculturists can help others in forming societies for the advancement of agriculture and assist them in their deliberations. They should try to show by practical work that, as a matter of fact, they do not show towards the "patient, humble, silent millions" that indifference of which Lord Curzon was never tired of complaining.

K. S. SRINIVASAN.

Madras.

STAR.

TRANSLATION OF A POEM

BY

DR. SHAIKH MOHAMMED IQBAL.

Star, fearest thou the rising of the moon,
 Or burst of dawn ;
 Or has the doom of beauty dawned on thee,
 Or will they rob thee of thy wealth of light,
 Or dost thou fear extinction like a spark ?
 Far from this earth the Heavens have fixed thy home
 And robed thee with the splendour of the moon ;
 And yet, alas ! thy tiny spark of life
 In fear and trembling sees the end of night,
 O shining pilgrim, 'tis a curious way
 Where one sinks low the other rises again.
 Birth of a sun puts out a myriad stars.
 The sleep of death is mere intoxication
 Resulting from the sparkling wine of life ;
 And parting whisper of the oping bud
 Breathes out the secret of the flower's birth
 Shall we name death "non-being" or that hand
 That holds a mirror to the face of life ?
 The wheels of Nature's workshop never pause
 And that which lasts through time is change and change.

U. S.

A SCANDINAVIAN IDEAL

IF we are trying to think out what we mean by an Ideal of humanity, it is not advisable to omit from our consideration important elements of character evolved in any quarter of the world.

We have been studying various trains of thought—from the South and East, Palestine, India or Burmah; but we have had as yet hardly any breath from the North. Yet we English are of a race far more nearly allied to the ancient Scandinavians than to either Hindus, South Europeans or Jews; the ideas and legends of the Odin religion are beating about in our unconscious minds, even while our conscious attention is fixed on the utterances of the South or East. We should be all the clearer as to what we mean ourselves, if we could bring our own ancestral ideals into consciousness.

The specific characteristic of the religion of Odin as contrasted with those with which we have been made more familiar in classic and theological books, is summed up in its special treatment of the Rainbow-legend.

In Greece, the Rainbow betokened the advent of a messenger from the gods; in Palestine the Rainbow was held to be the token of a covenant made with man by God. According to the Odin religion, the Rainbow was a bridge across which the souls of the brave walk to the abode of the divine on their own feet, or ride there on horseback.

A fashion prevails in England of talking as if direct communion with the Unseen existed in Asia long ago, was re-invented in America fifty years ago, and was imported into England a little later by the Spiritualist Alliance or the Society for Psychical Research. As a matter of fact, there has never been a country or time where there were not schools of the Prophets; that is to say, groups of persons who devoted their lives to a serious study of the best

methods for cultivating the inspirational faculties. The study goes on steadily throughout the ages, though in the outer world it is often the fashion to ignore the fact. Such fashions seem never to have gained much hold in Sweden and Norway. There, it seems to have been far more taken for granted that the possibility of receiving inspiration exists in man ; and that some people lay themselves out to cultivate that possibility to its highest pitch.

I propose to take, as our guide back to the North, Bishop Tegnér of Upsala, in Sweden, who died some seventy years ago. One of his poems, "The Children of the Lord's Supper," is known to us all in Longfellow's translation. His chief work, however, was a romance in verse called *Frithiof's Saga*, the scene of which is laid in old Norway. Tegnér puts before us a variety of strongly marked Norse types, and at the end of the book he introduces one early convert to Christianity. This Christian's refusal to do just one thing which all the Odinists expect of him brings sharply out what Tegnér evidently considers the specific message of the Christian religion. The Christian appears to have read the Gospels but not the Epistles. By this device Tegnér gets behind what the early followers of Jesus thought Christianity should mean to Romans, Greeks, or Hebrews ; it enables him to state, in good plain Swedish, something which he supposes that Jesus of Nazareth might have to say to Scandinavians.

The book was translated into many languages, and was for a short time much in vogue, especially in England. It was spoken of by some as the finest epic since Virgil ; by others, as the finest poem ever written. It seized on the world by its vivid dramatic power, the fresh charm of its hero and heroine, and the wonderful beauty of its verse. Then I suppose English people found out a little what ideas they were imbibing from it ; and it was dropped, so to speak, like a hot coal. The scientific world was not yet ready to be shewn whither it was tending, by a Poet-Prophet who wore the garb of a Bishop. Theologians, on the other hand, were not yet ready for the Bishop who told them that the whole evolution and education of the world is governed by the same spiritual life-laws which Jesus Christ simply recognised and accepted because they existed. Indeed, even as lately as thirty years ago, when a portion of Tegnér's doctrine was restated by a certain school of psychologists

religious people raised a protest against what they confused with materialism.

But the influence of such work as Tegnér's is never lost; if it finds no public ready for its reception, it starts a fermentation which ultimately generates one. Many of us are quite different persons from what we should have been had our fathers or grandfathers not read Tegnér. His own thoughts as well as those of his ancestors are beating about in our sub-conscious minds, and we shall understand what we ourselves are feeling all the better if we bring back into consciousness what Tegnér said to our fathers.

The tale opens with a picture of two young lovers, Frithiof, the son of a wealthy landowner, and Ingebjorg, daughter of the King of the Province in which Frithiof lives. This king is descended from the Asa race, the race of Odin; and his family are proudly conscious of the fact. But Frithiof has gone alone and unarmed into the forest, engaged in a wrestling match with a bear, and throttled the bear. Whoever can accomplish this feat has, it seems, a right to consider himself descended from Thor. The young people are not yet formally betrothed; but both the fathers give tacit consent to the attachment.

Besides his daughter, the king has two sons. Helge, the eldest, is a religious fanatic. He has dark lurid moods; delights in seeing animals killed for sacrifice; consults augurs; and is horribly superstitious. Halldan, the younger, is a youth who has no particularly evil intentions, nor, on the other hand, any sense of responsibility; he has no serious purposes of any kind, except to make the best for himself of circumstances as they arise. He is jealous of Frithiof's superior height, strength, courage and beauty; and has no hesitation about using other people's passions and religious prejudices as pawns with which to play the game of life in the interests of his own ambition and for the gratification of his own envy. He is the type which, in any society where religion is in fashion, develops into the ambitious, virtuous, clever, correct, pious *cad*. Wherever any Pharisaic caste exists, a few such men as Halldan are sure to be found, its real backbone and mainstay. The really pious and honest of the orthodox party do not quite like them, but find them too useful to quarrel with; the intelligent among heretics dislike them far more than they dislike real bigots. One feels that Tegnér drew

the type from some man of his own day whom he loathed ; and that the book is a sermon preached by the good Bishop to himself, about his own intolerance of time-serving cant.

The two old fathers are beginning to feel too stiff and feeble to go to battle any more. In the North, at that time, it was not comfortable for a warrior to outlive his fighting days ; the old men wish to go to Valhalla ; and, according to their religion, there was no objection to their doing so. They send for the three young men ; give each of them a warning about the dangers of his special temperament, and much good advice which one sees at once will not be followed ; and then they "cut runes to Odin"—that is to say, cut their own throats—with the utmost decorum and self-satisfaction ; first making an appointment to meet on moonlight nights, each sitting on his own tumulus, and discuss current events as time goes on.

Then trouble begins. The two young kings think they can improve their own position, and that of their kingdom, by marrying their sister to the king of some neighbouring province. They summon Frithiof to help them in a war, as their vassal ; he, however, ignores the claim which his country has on him, and makes his help conditional on their agreeing to his suit. They put Ingebjorg in an island sacred to Baldur, the sun-god, the special deity of their family, thinking, or professing to think, that Frithiof will not dare to go near her in that sanctuary. Frithiof is not troubled with sanctimonious prejudices ; he goes to see his lady-love as before. He asks her to marry him and go abroad to live. What should she not ? She had her father's consent to the marriage ; whose else need she trouble herself about ? But Ingebjorg refuses, on the ground that a king's daughter, a child of the gods, may not snatch at bliss ; her life belongs to her people ; "she can cast away a whole life's happiness, just as a Queen can cast away her mantle, and still be what she was before."

Frithiof's breach of ecclesiastical etiquette, in visiting the Baldur Island without permission, affords a convenient excuse for turning away from him the popular favour in which he has hitherto been held, by representing him as sacrilegious. To get rid of him more effectually, Ingebjorg's brothers impose on him, as penalty for the

sacrilege, that he shall go on a dangerous errand to the Earl of the Orkneys. They try to increase the danger by magical incantations.

Frithiof combats all the dangers by free, fearless faith; and having accomplished his errand comes back, to find his homestead burned down, his lands devastated, and his lady given in marriage to a very old man, the king of a large province. She had worn at her wedding a sacred bracelet which had been inherited by Frithiof from his ancestors, and which he had given to her. One of her brothers had taken it from her and hung it on the arm of his family's special idol, an Image of Baldur, the Sun-God. Ingebjorg has left a broken-hearted message for Frithiof that she leaves it to the All-father to judge between her and her tyrannical brothers. On receiving this message Frithiof says that he knows the All-father will judge; but he, Frithiof, would prefer to have a hand in the judging. Tegnér does not suggest that there is anything reprehensible in this desire for personal vengeance; from first to last, there is no suggestion that any desire of the human heart is evil or impure in itself, or even that any desire is in itself lower or higher than any other. This absolute recognition of the equal sacredness of every impulse and desire of man, seems to me to be the most characteristic feature of Tegnér's psychology; the one which distinguishes him most from other interpreters of Christian doctrine. When he includes what we should call the thirst for vengeance, the express desire to be the personal instrument of God's judgment on those who wrong us, among permissible and sacred and educative aspirations, he touches, it seems to me, the sublimest heights of audacity. That he does so include it seems quite clear.

For the present Frithiof's desire to help God Almighty in judging sinners is at a crude stage. At midsummer, he goes to the midnight bonfire in honour of Baldur, where the kings were sure to be present, with the intention of giving them a piece of his mind; and he does give them a piece of his mind; he has not thought much, as yet, about the Almighty's view of the situation; he is rather inclined to speak his own mind to gods as well as kings. He turns to the Baldur-Image, and, telling it that the bracelet is stolen property, makes a snatch to recover the jewel. The Image falls into the fire and sets the whole shrine alight. For this accidental crime, Frithiof is declared outlawed

and excommunicate. He betakes himself to his ship ; and, for the next few years, leads the life of a Viking, a sort of Robin Hood of the sea, and earns a wide reputation for prowess and courage. After a few years he grows homesick, lands in the country of King Ring, Ingebjorg's husband, and goes in disguise to Ring's house. The king at once sees through Frithiof's disguise because of his great height.

Now King Ring, in his turn, is beginning to fear he may die of disease or old age ; he is looking out for someone to whom to entrust his kingdom during the minority of his son. But he is not going to be satisfied with merely giving good advice ; he waits till he can find a guardian able and willing to act on sound principles. It occurs to him that, if Frithiof is really an honourable man, he will be a good guardian, for he has all the other necessary qualifications. He subjects Frithiof to many careful tests ; and, being quite satisfied, appoints him Regent, and then cuts his runes to Odin in approved fashion. And everybody thinks that, of course, Frithiof will now marry his old love, and live happy.

But Frithiof takes a very serious view of his duties. He is not going to do as Helge's father did—govern a kingdom, and bring up the heir, in the intervals of a warrior's life ; he must give up the personal joys of sea-faring and fighting. And the sense of being excommunicate now weighs on him terribly. He feels he cannot marry till he has become reconciled to Baldur, the Sun-God. He decides to pay a visit to his own country, to revive old memories, pull himself together, and consult the spirit of his father as to what he should do. Sitting on his father's grave, he thinks he sees what to do ; he burned down a wooden shrine of Baldur ; he must build a stone Temple of Baldur ; that will make reparation and atonement. He stays in the neighbourhood till he has seen the Temple built ; and selects a good old man to perform the ceremony of atonement for him, and dedicate the shrine to the Sun-God.

The old man whom he selects is the one convert to Christianity in the story. The two principal figures in the scene of the Dedication therefore are these. On one side, Frithiof, the Ideal Scandinavian, the Sir Galahad of the Odin religion, tried, purified and perfected by all the wisdom handed down from the past, and by all his own experiences ; he has shrunk from no danger ; nor is there

any joy which he has refused to set aside at the call of duty. On the other is a simple exponent of the teaching of Jesus Christ. Therefore, what the old priest says, and what he refuses to do, contains whatever Tegnér considers the essence of what Christianity should mean as a contribution to the Ideals of the heathen Scandinavia. Now what does this man refuse to do on the score of being a Christian? Does he refuse to conduct a heathen ritual? Not at all; he is by profession a priest of the National Church; and has no more notion than Jesus seems to have had of objecting to the established order of public worship of his country. He does not suggest dedicating the new Temple to Christ. Nor does he protest against the roystering, fighting life which many of the congregation are openly living, and which Frithiof has only abandoned because his new duties are incompatible with it. What, then, is the protest which he makes in the name of Jesus Christ? He will not perform a ceremony which implies reconciliation with a god, on behalf of a client who is at enmity with any man. He will not accept a present for the Sun-God from a man who has not first made to the Sun-God the offering of his own hatred. According to Tegnér's philosophy, there is no need to be reconciled to God, if you are not ready for it; we shall all be reconciled to God in time, if we wait long enough; around the world the reconciler goes, and we men call him Death. But if there has awakened in you the desire to be consciously atoned, at-one-ed, reconciled to God, before your death, then fulfil the conditions: be reconciled to whatever you most hate. For God is the All-father, and the sun shines on us all alike. Frithiof wished to make an offering. As for that, we all make offerings, sacrifices; life and fate are so arranged that we make sacrifices all along: our lives *are* sacrifice. But if we wish for the conscious joy of making voluntary offering, let us do it honestly, fulfilling the true conditions. Nothing is ours to give except our hatreds; our separateness. Separation constitutes the "I;" let us give that—or give nothing; and at least have the honesty not to play at giving. The priest then sends for Halfdan; the former loes shake hands; the sentence of outlawry is formally revoked; and the Temple is consecrated by the marriage of Frithiof and Ingebjorg.

In order to bring out more emphatically what he really means, Tegnér has made Helge die before the end of the tale; and Halfdan

reigns alone. It is about him, therefore, that Frithiof has to decide. Now most of us could have forgiven Helge, the honest and half-crazy fanatic. One can conceive his becoming really converted, as Saul of Tarsus was converted, *i.e.*, coming to the conclusion that his former notions about what the gods had wished had been a mistake, and honestly trying a new way of carrying out their purposes. But Halfdan's form of religious orthodoxy is a desire to get the good things of the world for himself. If he is now converted, it can only be, one is inclined to say, by finding out that Frithiof is more desirable as a friend and more formidable as a foe, than he used to suppose. I fear some of us would think that if, after all that has passed, Halfdan is willing to make friends with Frithiof, now that he has become prosperous and powerful, that only proves Halfdan a more unmitigated cad, more unfit for a gentleman to shake hands with than we thought him before. On this point the priest preaches a special little sermon. Where did Frithiof get his courage, his strength, and the generous, pure, cleanly gentlemanhood, which make him look down on Halfdan's snobbish ambition and mean self-seeking? From the gods. Yet he resents Halfdan's being proud of his descent from a royal lineage which dates back to the gods. When all is said, what is there to choose between the two sorts of boastfulness? Halfdan's meanest vices are, after all, only an inverted image of the qualities on which Frithiof most prides himself. When Frithiof can see that, he will no longer be excommunicate. Till he does see it, he is, *de facto*, excommunicate; the mere taking off the formal sentence of excommunication will alter nothing; he had better remain openly and avowedly excommunicate. What harm does that do him? The Church makes no claim on us to be in communion if we do not care for it; but if we do, the way is to be reconciled with whomsoever we most hate and despise.

As the Saga is not a text-book of theology, but an artistic creation, its moral apex is not touched inwards, but indicated by a sort of mental parallax, the various events of the tale pointing to it in silence, but with unmistakably converging fingers.

Frithiof had wished to have a hand in dealing out God's judgments. God's judgments, God's justice, are going on always; they take care of themselves, in a region out of our ken. But man,

when he feels wronged, gets a longing for what we call *Revenge*, which means a longing to see God's judgment, and to be consciously a factor in carrying it out. He has a right to wish this. He is a child of God, and has a right to ask for a share of anything that is his Father's which seems to him desirable. The wish itself must have been an inspiration from the Father ; how else could it occur ? But if Frithiof is to share the Father's function of Judge, he must fulfil the conditions. If he is to be a conscious instrument of God's judgment, he must judge as God judges ; he must begin by knowing his enemy as God knows him ; seeing him as God sees him. God made Halfdan and his disposition and qualities, such as they are ; made them presumably for something. Frithiof must give himself the chance of knowing what such qualities are good for. While he was away doing brave deeds at sea, leaving Halfdan to do mean ones on land, he had small chance of finding out the rational uses of Halfdan's politic snobbishness ; if he stops on land and enters into treaty with Halfdan, he will find out. And he will be able to help God to keep Halfdan's ambition in proper bounds. In Tegnér's ethical scheme, there are, as I said, no evil passions, no desires low or base in themselves. All desires are means of evolution and education. At-one-ment is not a cure made necessary by something specially wrong in man ; it is, Tegnér expressly states, the *key-note of Creation*. All life is a pulsation of alternate separation and re-union ; our personal desires are the means of separations normal and healthy at their time ; but when the desire arises for *reconciliation with God*, that indicates that the time is approaching when it will be normal to return to the brother from whom we parted.

If we allow ourselves to look at life from Tegnér's point of view, we see that our own moral sense has become confused because we think of our desires primarily from the point of view of whether they shall or shall not be gratified. Of course, if we insist on doing that, society is driven to classify them as good or bad in themselves, because there are some the immediate gratification of which would be too inconvenient for society to tolerate ; and it must, in self-defence, stigmatize as bad those which are so. But what has our gratification got to do in the matter, any way ? The King's child can throw all that aside, as a Queen can cast off her mantle. A stage-queen loses her royalty when she lays aside her trappings ; not so

real one. For a child of God the question should be what his Father has to say to him, not his own gratification. Desire is prophetic; each is the means of some special revelation. The arising of the desire is the first half of the Revelation; the second part is the discovery under what conditions it would be normal to gratify the desire. As soon as we have made that discovery, the desire itself loses its imperative character, it becomes a manageable factor. Fighting against a desire *before* we have fulfilled its purpose as a revealing agent is fighting against God, the Revealer, and trying to arrest revelation halfway.

Tegnér represents his heathen heroes as finding out for themselves, through the experience of life and their own instincts of purity, on what principles the so-called earthly passions should be dealt with; he shows the best of his heathens as finding out the conditions under which it is legitimate to gratify the desire for food, for the excitement of battle, for earthly ambition, for sex-love, for suicide in order to escape a dreary old age. All these desires are equally legitimate, equally pure, if normal conditions are secured, equally evil if gratification is snatched at without consideration of normal conditions. But the heathens were at loose ends, so to speak, about their spiritual desires; they had not realised what were the normal conditions for the repose of feeling reconciled to God, for the supreme joy of sacrifice, for the supreme honour of helping God to judge our brother man. Jesus Christ put these spiritual longings under the very same law as the pure-hearted Norse Vikings evolved for themselves about their earthly wishes. Whatever you wish for, take the wish as a token that the time is coming for you to learn what are the conditions under which gratification would be legitimate and pure. The important thing is not the gratification of your wishes, but securing the revelation which each contains. Longfellow, a great student of Tegnér, sums up his whole doctrine thus:—

Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.
Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate;

Still achieving, still pursuing ;
Learn to labour and to *wait*.

Wait, as you wait to expose the lens of a camera till whatever you do not wish to fix on the sensitive plate has been removed from the field of view. Wait, because communion with the Unseen is moral sunshine and has a photographing power on the brain ; every emotion which is present synchronously with spiritual joy becomes fixed as a portion of the mental structure, and the impression, once thus fixed, is difficult to efface.

Much mystic literature seems to imply that special purity involves abstaining from marriage, and seeking spiritual ties and joys instead. This can at best be a partial solution ; humanity would come to an end if all men practised it ; and if the best practise it, the best leave no posterity. According to Tegnér, the ideally pure man will not seek to unite himself with the woman whom he loves nor with the God who is his life, while he is in a state of personal tension against any section of humanity. This is a general solution ; for the more it is carried out, the better it will be both for present society and for posterity. According to this conception, an Ideal Church Reformer would neither marry nor give up his life to his God till he had found out that even the worst type of Pharisee is not uselessly bad, and wholly good for nothing.

Much religious literature is saturated with the notion that the duty of a Christian Minister, as such, is to tell people how they are to think *about* Jesus Christ, who is represented as desirous above all things that men should believe in Him, admire Him, love Him, do things for His sake. According to Bishop Tegnér's breezy Scandinavian view of the matter, it is not the duty of Christian Ministers to decide to whom or what we should give the devotion of our hearts ; the duty of a Christian Minister, as such, is to teach the art which Jesus taught, of keeping the spiritual life pure and manly by perpetual self-excommunication from indulgence in cheap and easy spiritual consolations. Whoever and whatever is our Sun-god, the light of our eyes, the warmth of our life, the joy of our heart, when we wish to give ourselves the luxury of making to it any offering, if we then remember that there is any brother to whom we are doing the injustice of thinking of him as worthless by comparison with ourselves, let us leave our gift before the altar, depriving ourselves of

the joy of the sacrifice, till we have been reconciled to that brother by finding out for what purpose God made him as he is, and how we can help him to be what he was meant to be.

There is in Tegnér's work an element of dauntless spiritual purity, which reminds one of Una with her lion, of a snow-peak in sunlight ; or of a baby splashing in its bath ; a sense of being a child of God, at home, in the Father's house, and free to use His tools and His toys, His methods and His forces, subject to no restrictions but those which He has laid down. It is unlike almost anything that I know of in religious literature, except the recorded words of Jesus Christ.

We in England much need the influence of that pure touch. Our fever and unrest, the languor and uncertainty from which we are suffering, seem to me to be symptoms of home-sickness. We have had about as much as we can stand of Southern religious machinery ; of Incarnations and Ideals ; of covenants with God and messengers from God ; we are, as Tegnér said, home-sick for our natural Valhalla. We need to be braced up by an excursion across the bridge of brave souls which leads straight to the great White Throne of the All-father. The path looks fantastic ; but it is perfectly reliable if only we fulfil the conditions. There is always one hand which can lead us steadily across ; the hand of the brother whom we have hated and despised and whom we wished to help to condemn.

This great key-note of the Inspirational life was formulated first, as far as I know, by Jesus Christ. It has been, as yet, used very little in any systematic way. It seems to me to be the great scientific discovery of the world ; summing up, as it does, the laws of spiritual evolution in terms of physical meteorology. What is the meaning of calling Christ "Lord," if we dare not even try to make use of the great psychologic truth which he taught ?

MARY EVEREST BOOLE.

London.

ON THE SCIENCE AND ART OF KISSING.

KISSING is an inborn instinct with man, nay, even with animals, especially birds. Have you not seen birds, say, doves, parrots, and others making love, and kissing most gracefully while making love? So far it is an act of nature. But there is an art of kissing also; man, in the refinements of high-strung civilisation, has turned kissing into a fine art. Of this we shall speak here; and in this sense man may be distinguished from other animals and defined as a kissing animal.

Kissing, like logic, is both a science and an art. We shall deal with the subject in its combined aspect, for although, according to Juliet, Romeo kissed by the book, hitherto there has been no book written on this delicate subject and we shall leave it to other writers to separate the science from the art. The principles of kissing form a chapter in the unwritten laws of human nature. When Adam kissed Eve he was not guided by anything but the divine instinct which impelled the operation.

But let us try and examine the essence of this impulse towards kissing. Some say it is a sign of affection. A school-boy asked by the teacher of trigonometry, what was the sine of an angle of affection answered readily—"A kiss, Sir;" mathematically he was wrong, but otherwise not far out. Still, a deeper analysis will show that, for the purposes of scientific examination, kissing as such can be detached from the feeling of love which usually does and must inspire it. From this scientific point of view, a kiss may be defined as touching with the lips, with the production of a sibilant sound, another person's lips, cheek, hand and the like, so as to derive a pleasurable sensation therefrom.

This essential element of pleasurable sensation will exclude, and justly exclude, from our inquiry all metaphorical kisses, from the kissing of billiard-balls to the kissing of the heavens by great mountains ; it will also exclude reverential kissing of the hands of priests and the like by their worshippers, as also parental kisses in which the feeling of pleasure is hardly a predominant factor, if present at all. Much more will our definition exclude imaginary kisses such as when a man blows kisses with his fingers to a person at a distance. The element of pleasure in such cases is very latent and such kisses cannot justly be called half-kisses even.

Similarly, we must take no count of what may be called kissing by proxy ; as when you kiss your lady-love's likeness or her handkerchief, or locks treasured up as mementoes, or anything physically detached from the personality of the object of your love ; or when you kiss a child who has kissed the lady you fain would kiss but dare not. The pleasurable element in such cases is not personal, but is felt entirely in imagination. Somewhat of this nature or worse was the imaginary pleasure enjoyed by the young man who cried " Oh ! delicious ! " when he watched a matron kissing a girl.

On the same principle we must exclude from our purview the "stage kiss" which was invented in the interests of social purity and is, like everything connected with acting, unreal. It has all the semblance of a kiss, but lacks the essential element of pleasurable sensation. And why ? Because it lacks one of the main features described in the definition of a kiss, *viz.*, labial contact.

This pleasurable sensation eludes all attempt at definition. It is a subtle feeling. Its realisation is its own definition. What is said of the pudding—"the proof of it lies in the eating"—applies pre-eminently to kissing. This sensation is, again, not the same in the kisser and the kissed ; akin yet not alike are the two sensations, that in the kisser and that in the kissed. Sublime as the result would be if both experience this sensation, each of its own kind, yet for the purposes of our definition the sensation felt by the party kissed is immaterial and hence the definition is worded without reference to the pleasure felt by the person subjected to a kiss. The enjoyment derived by the kisser completes the nature of a kiss, so far as it is a kiss, cruel or selfish or unromantic or whatever you like to call it, though it be.

An essential condition for a kiss to be a kiss, *i.e.*, for succeeding in creating a pleasurable sensation, is that the kisser and the kissed should belong to opposite sexes. It was this great principle that was in the mind of the philosopher who sagely remarked that a kiss without a moustache was like an egg without salt. By this it is not to be understood that an artificial moustache will secure the object. A girl who took the part of a Sleeping Beauty confessed once that her girl friend, who acted the Prince, hurt her face when she (the girl prince) kissed her, wearing false moustache. But this physical pain is not the only or principal flaw in such kisses. It is the absence of relish which results from both the parties being of the same sex.

Mahomed, the Prophet, is said to have remarked—"Kiss a woman once ; it is no sin ; kiss her again, still no sin quite, but kiss her a third time and then it is sin." The truth he meant to inculcate was that kissing for the purpose of enjoyment would be a sin, and the above quoted remark hits at the element of pleasurable sensation or sensual pleasure. The first two kisses, according to the principles of our inquiry, would fall outside the scope of the definition of a kiss, the last one only would be a kiss.

Euclid describes a kiss as elliptical (a lip-tickle). But he only touched the fringe of the subject when he based his definition on the tickling power of a kiss ; for the pleasurable sensation is something more than mere physical tickling, even though it may have nothing to do with the deeper feeling of love with which kissing, in its sublime aspect, is associated.

There is in the physical world a law of action and reaction, *viz.*, that they are equal and opposite in direction. A similar law prevails in the sphere of kissing also. If sympathetic, the kiss results in a reaction in the form of a reciprocation of the kiss and the opposite direction simply consists in the kiss proceeding back from the kissed to the kisser. If otherwise, the contrary direction and reaction takes the form of a slap on the face or some such unwelcome result. But the true laws of the kiss-world would require a kiss for a kiss as the proper form of revenge. For what does the Bible say ? "If one kisses you on one cheek, present the other to him." The retaliation, we recommend, is a further improvement on the advice of the Holy Bible.

Is the desire for kissing the same in woman as in man ? The desire for being kissed is certainly a peculiar property of the fair sex. But even the desire for kissing is certainly the same in woman as in man. But the overflow of the desire in man is manifest, whereas in woman it is controlled. She suppresses it and waits ; or gives vent to it by kissing her pets—dogs, cats or children, or by kissing another girl. Wisely did the Bishop of Osculatia, when asked why ladies kissed each other, say—" Because they do unto one another what they would have others do unto them."

Is the pleasurable sensation felt by a woman the same when a man kisses her, as what a man feels when a woman kisses him, or different ? This is a question most difficult to answer. For unless man and woman compare notes in this matter, a correct answer to this question cannot be furnished, and such comparison of notes is impossible as long as female reserve, which goes by the name of shyness, rules her nature ; and even if she did disclose her feelings, it would be difficult to arrive at a true estimate of the several feelings, subtle as they are, subtler than ether. So we must leave the intricacy of this question for solution in an age of higher spiritual advancement. But this much can safely be said, as regards human nature in its present stage, that while a kiss is man's privilege, it is a woman's condescension ; and we have heard of a girl who thought a man might kiss a woman, but not *vice versa*.

It is time now to descend from the height of these general principles into the details of the art of kissing. It may be safely stated that in the matter of kissing, the proportion of enjoyment varies inversely with the amount of previous notice^{et} deliberation, thus rendering kissing by previous notice as void of polish as stolen kisses are sweet and delectable. But the pleasure of stolen kisses depends on their result. If the consequences are disastrous, pleasure suddenly changes into something quite opposite, for instance, in the case when the party kissed resents it sincerely in a practical manner, or in a case of mistaken identity, as when, like Dr. Munro, junior, instead of kissing your lady-love, you go from behind and kiss her mother.

The secret of a successful kiss is known to the born kisser ; for, like poets, kissers are born, not made. (It must, therefore, be clearly understood that this essay is intended not to make kissers, but

simply to analyse the art and principles of kissing.) Proud mothers are known to dwell with exuberant satisfaction on the precocious performances of their infant sons in the line of kissing. But when we remember the truth mentioned above, there is nothing surprising in such "infant prodigies." What, then, is this secret? It is simply this; you should kiss at the psychological moment, *i. e.*, when blushful refusal betrays the maid's inmost feelings—when she is either protesting too little or too much. The result depends on the correctness or otherwise of your judgment of the psychological moment. If it is correct, your efforts are crowned with success. If you have misjudged the situation, your action becomes clumsy and the result is a stupid failure. In the one case you make an ass of yourself, and in the other the lass your own. "The kiss that failed"—what a complex state of feelings such a situation involves! A vision of bliss, a faint-hearted kiss, and a response that stuns you dumb and stupid, this much at the least when by good luck you are saved from consequences more disastrous, unless the kiss was a self-sufficient kiss and not a pregnant one, *i. e.*, a kiss for the sake of a kiss, unmindful of consequences and unattended by even a remote aim of securing the heart of the object of your attentions. It does not then fail of its purpose, *viz.*, heart-capturing. Still, if your venture is rewarded with, say, a decent slap on the face, it has failed or not according to your tastes and notions of self-respect. And again, your success or failure depends on the amount of courage which you can command at the moment. If, Hamlet-like, you procrastinate and hesitate and weigh the *pros* and *cons* and strike at the thirteenth hour, you reap the bitter fruit of your indecision. "To kiss or not to kiss, that is the question" is an attitude unworthy of aspiring youth. Such vacillation and indecision bespeak a timid youth who forgets the noble truth that "faint lips never won fair kisses."

This is the moral aspect of the question "To kiss or not to kiss." But it has another aspect, a physical one. It is created or brought into irritating prominence by the advance made by science in this unromantic age, which makes us mourn with the poet:—"From a world left cold and dead, Romance is fled."

We allude to the scientific discoveries which tell us that diseases of all kinds that flesh is heir to are transmitted from lip to lip. The

impetuous lover who kisses ardently, says the new wisdom, is not aware that in the lips he thinks so sweet lie hidden germs of ills unknown, and that he is digging his own grave when he dreams he is drinking supreme bliss. It says, this wisdom of the modern times, that it is dangerous to health and life to kiss unscientifically. Time will come when antiseptic kisses will be invented, but the charm of the kiss will vanish and make its abode in higher spheres then. For by the time you ask your lass—"Are you safe to kiss?" and she answers—"Yes," the pleasurable element, the spontaneity, all the beauty and the zest of the kiss is gone! It will be a kiss that is not a kiss, our definition making pleasurable sensation the essence of a kiss. Advanced science in trying to regulate kissing will overreach itself and turn kissing into a deliberate scientific operation, an experiment which is simply hygienic humdrum.

We must, therefore, ignore this gross aspect of the matter, and return to its subtler nature. A successful kiss, then, is a spontaneous activity, coming into play at the propitious moment and fulfilling its purpose either by its own self-sufficiency or by uniting the parties in permanent bliss. Bacon, in one of his unpublished essays, has said, "Eating maketh a full man, writing maketh a dirty-fingered man, and kissing maketh a happy man."

To secure this happiness a few petty details must be carefully respected. Just as a moustache is a *sine qua non* for a kiss, a beard is a nuisance; and moustache, too, is a pleasure if it is tickling enough, but a nuisance if hurtful. Besides, a bearded kiss is a natural repulsion. The charming widow who asked her young son to go and kiss the Major with a forest of beard and moustache met with a pertinent reply when the boy said, "I wouldn't like to kiss that man, would you, mummy?"

And as to the moustache in its relation to osculation, there is a world of art in training it the way it should grow so as not to hurt the opposite party. The refinements of this art are too intricate for words. But look at the many advertisements for training moustaches and select your own type. The samples may not always be attractive. But here is a field for choice for young men aspiring to impress kisses that hurt not. Some one has said of the Kaiser's style of moustache that it possesses the advantage of securing the party kissed against all possible hurt, if at the same time it is lacking

in attractiveness. But in this matter we must leave things to inborn instinct for art and a sense of the fitness of things.

Should kissers smoke ? Cases are known where the lover had to choose between giving up smoking and forfeiting the favours of his lady-love. Nor is it surprising or unnatural that ladies should disapprove of tobacco-flavour in the breath that presumes to approach them at close quarters. This points to the cardinal principle that kissing must be sweet in its literal and physical sense. Names like kiss-me-quick and kiss-me-sweetly given to perfumes convey deeper meaning than their outwardly amusing titles indicate. Men in their inveterate fondness for tobacco and an equal desire for the sweet performance of love bring in artificial aids to kissing, such as smoking fragrant tobacco. And women, in trying to meet them half-way, so that their lips may meet the whole way, strike a compromise and themselves take to smoking, thus equalising the breath and neutralising the power of tobacco.

There is a particular kind of kiss which is one of duty only. A lady in high position, herself a beauty of renown, hit upon an original canvassing trick by giving to each one who voted for her husband a golden crown from her lips, to be picked up by the voter with his mouth. But this kind of kiss was one of duty and, at least on her side, a dry kiss, there being in her case an entire absence of feeling or relish. Dry kisses are one-sided, paradoxical though this may seem, for, like a quarrel, it requires two to make a kiss. Thus kisses are of two kinds, dry and wet, and we are really concerned with the latter. Bacon speaks of dry light as true light ; in the case of kisses the opposite holds good ; dry kisses are false kisses, wet kisses true ones.

We have hitherto confined ourselves to a strictly scientific definition of a kiss, and consequently regarded a kiss as complete when pleasurable sensation is experienced by the kissing party, the feeling of the party kissed being immaterial for the purposes of this inquiry. And yet we cannot leave the subject without speaking of a kiss of a higher order, when both the parties enjoy pleasurable sensation. That is a really two-sided kiss, the other one-sided.

But of a still higher order is the kiss which is independent of the pleasurable sensation and proceeds from an exuberance of love, as a

result of love and a symbol of its overflowing, its outward manifestation. Then kissing is the most spiritual performance, a form most ethereal, assumed by love. Such a kiss is divine, all others animal or at best human.

N. B. DIVATIA.

Ratnagiri.

BEE ORCHIS

On slopes of Mount Hymettus,
Where fell the sacred dew,
And every flower of beauty
In wild profusion grew,
Half hidden once in blossom
Where Eros sought repose,
A bee his mouth espying,
Mistook it for a rose.
But when he found no sweetness
Was there for bees to sip
He turned in irritation
And stung the rosy lip.
Then Love, who first discovered
The meaning of a dart,
Arose intent to punish
The author of his smart.
He seized the small tormentor
And crushed him on a flower,
Since when the meadow orchis
Bears witness to that hour ;
For when Love punched the culprit
With magic finger, he
Imprinted on the orchis
The image of the bee !

MARGARET EAGLES SWAYNE

France

EASTERN THOUGHT AND WESTERN THEOLOGY.

WHEN Darwin formulated the theory of the origin and differentiation of species, and the "law of evolution," like Aaron's rod in the Hebrew scriptures, swallowed up a number of other ones, and even raised its head against some of the major dogmas of western theology, there was much tumult in the pulpits of Christendom, and I, in common with many thousands of innocent worshippers, was taught to believe that the arch-enemy of the race, Satan, had found a formidable rival in the person of the bald-headed, long-bearded, mild-mannered naturalist.

After a while the tumult subsided. Thinkers inside the creeds began to apprehend what the "Darwinian theory" really involved. An adjustment of formularies took place. The law of evolution could not be denied : the question became, how to explain it, with all due condescension, from the standpoint of dogmatic theology. This was not long in being accomplished ; and to-day the law of evolution is as freely expounded as if it was one of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, from pulpits that have hardly forgotten enthusiastic denunciations of the law and its titular discoverer.

But the Cosmic process is not given to the adoption of half measures. Evolution had been weighed in the balances of official Christianity, and had not been found wanting. One good turn deserves another, and Christianity had to step into the balances of evolution to be tested according to the new-found law. The finding is not yet announced : the case is *sub judice*. What the verdict will be will depend, not on Christianity (I speak of its Protestant side), but on the willingness or otherwise of its exponents to adapt the intellectual moulds in which the dogmatic expression

of ineffable truth is cast, to the impacts of the external universe, and by that adaptation to allow the spiritual-essence to show itself in compelling beauty.

Already the signs of a great coming re-adjustment are discernible; and it is a fact of the utmost significance that the beginnings of that re-adjustment—which finds its special utterance in the pulpit of the City Temple, London, and in the new League of Progressive Thought and Social Service—have been coincident with the dissemination, in the West, of knowledge with regard to the religious and philosophic thought of the East. To what extent East is influencing West will, I hope, be evident from the following general statement of the attitude of the New Theological movement in relation to dogma and conduct.

The Christian is nurtured in the belief that in the Bible there is to be found all that is necessary for the present life and for the life that is to come. With this claim no liberal Christian will quarrel, nor, for that matter, will any student of the deeper meanings of universal religion. But through the identification of two widely different things—*truth* as it is apprehended by the clarified spiritual vision, and its *expression* in terms of the intellect—the claim to a complete, exclusive, and final revelation of “the will of God” is extended to cover its clothing in dogma. The liberal Christian, however, has dabbled in the science of psychology. He has watched the processes of his own mind, and he has learned the truth that revelation from the spiritual planes of his being is conditioned, limited, and distorted by the instrument of its manifestation. He applies this truth to all life, and discovers that while, on the one hand, it explains much that hitherto had been inexplicable in Christ’s dogma, on the other hand, it admits within the circle of divine revelation much that had hitherto been excluded. By grasping clearly the human limitations inevitable in the nature of things imposed on revelation, and by apprehending also the operation of evolution in the instruments, he has found a means of reconciliation between the sanguinary Old Testament conception of Deity as formulated by a lowly-developed tribe, and the New Testament ideal of a God of Love; and when he hears the Blessed Lord Krishna say, “He who knoweth me is liberated from all sin,” he does not turn away from him

and call him a heathen blasphemer, but recognises the same inner universal voice as said through the lips of the Christ, "Come unto Me and I will give you rest."

Here we find the beginning of the end of Christian missions in the East as at present regarded and conducted. To the orthodox Christian, the taking of the "gospel" to the heathen—by which is meant the entire world outside Christianity—is a matter of urgent importance. In his assemblages for worship he sings :

The heathen perish, day by day ;
Thousands on thousands pass away,
O Christian ! to their rescue fly,
Preach Jesus to them ere they die.

Believing that unless they profess faith in the actual death of an actual person, they will be shut out of a place called heaven for ever, he subscribes to missionary funds, and he reads with joy of the turning of some denizen of "India's coral strand" from the worship of false gods to serving the only true God. In all this he is perfectly sincere : it is the logical outcome of the belief in an exclusive revelation of the only way whereby men may attain to a state of happiness after death.

But the liberal Christian is rapidly giving up this idea. He is beginning to see what is involved in the findings of comparative research into religions. Moreover, he marks a sharp distinction between *religion* as a rule of life, and *theology* as a mould of thought. In his future attitude towards foreign missions he will differ from the orthodox Christian by regarding it as a matter of minor importance whether a principle of the universe and his own soul has apprehended in the East as Brahma, or in the West as the first person of the Christian Trinity. His missionary efforts on the theological side will be in the nature of an interchange of the significances of main doctrines, their parallels in symbology, their cognates in personality, and the recognition of their essential unity. The liberal Christian is, however, at one with his orthodox brother in effort for purity of conduct in himself as well as in others. He acknowledges the force of the command : "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," but he insists on the other part of the command—"beginning first at Jerusalem." This he applies to home, and in conformity with the definite

instructions of his Master, Jesus, he is on fire with zeal for the elevation of humanity, and in this respect he may for a time regard the practical application of his faith as more admirable than the eastern renunciation of action. In truth each has something to learn from the other. In the past, the lack of discrimination between the essential and the accidental or secondary contents of the Bible has led to enormities of conduct and appalling inconsistencies. In mediæval times nine million women were burned to death by authority of the Old Testament command: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," and this in face of the spirit and the letter of the teaching of Jesus. In England, Henry VIII. put to death both Catholics and Protestants, the former for not acknowledging him as the supreme head of the Church in England, the latter for not accepting the Catholic dogma. To-day the enormities of conduct are less obvious, the inconsistencies more subtle. But still they are there, and the liberal Christian sees no difference between the devastation of a county by William of Normandy, and the starving of thousands of human beings through the operation of a social system, based not on mutual service but on mutual spoliation, a system which the church not merely condones but patronizes, and which the liberal regards as diametrically opposed to the teaching whose interpretation and administration the church has arrogated to herself.

Here we touch the main revolutionary impulse of the new western movement. It no longer serves to say to the liberal Christian, when he appeals for the carrying into practice of the injunctions of the Sermon on the Mount, that times have changed since Jesus uttered his sublime beatitudes, and that modern conditions render complete obedience to them exceedingly difficult, if not impossible. Gently but firmly he replies that times and conditions have got to change back again, and he is going to see that they do. In private life, in civic life, in national life, in international relationships, he has begun to exert a deliberate influence towards the evolution of laws and institutions that will give expression to the highest, not the basest, qualities of humanity, and provide an environment calculated to stimulate and develop to their utmost every worthy faculty of the units that constitute the national organism. He will no longer merely pray, "Thy will be done":

he is setting about doing it. He has discovered that the supreme need of the world is a vivid realization of the solidarity of the universe; for in such a realization he sees that the barriers of sects and creeds will find their destruction, and the inherent divinity of humanity will shine forth.

Paul himself, the great mystic-intellectualist of the early Christian church, saw and uttered this; but with bewildering perversity his utterance on the subject is either ignored or sophisticated out of existence. To the Christians of Corinth he could not impart the deeper meanings of the faith while one called himself "of Paul," and another "of Apollos." Himself and his brother apostle he regarded as merely the external agents for the stimulation into activity of qualities already existent. "Paul may plant, Apollos may water, but it is God that gives the increase," he wrote, and in that statement the liberal Christian finds the enunciation of the doctrine of divine immanence, a doctrine which is the western parallel of the eastern doctrine expressed in the words of Krishna: "All actions are wrought by the qualities (gunas) of nature only. The self, deluded by separateness (Ahamkara) thinketh, 'I am the doer.'"

In this doctrine is involved a considerable renovation of dogma in relation to responsibility, free-will, and punishment. Already the trend towards an optimistic determinism and a restatement of the doctrine of vicarious atonement, has been detected and duly labelled, and the exponent of the "new theology" and his followers are enjoying the customary experience of church ostracism, which is the modern version of the gibbet and the stake of four centuries ago.

To sum the situation up in a sentence: the aim of the new theological movement is practically to banish dogma, and to carry the teaching of Jesus into full practice, relying on the fundamental principle of the oneness of all things as a manifestation of the Divine Mind working out a beneficent cosmic purpose whose beginning and end are beyond the horizon of comprehension of finite minds.

HENRY SPROULL.

Ireland.

EDUCATION IN THE ISLANDS OF THE BLEST.

II. THE MAKING OF A PEDAGOGUE.

THEY have a proverb in the Islands of the Blest, "To improve the dinner, improve the cook," and when, generations ago, they became dissatisfied with the moral and physical condition of the average product of their schools and colleges, they went to the fountain-head, the teacher. In this dim and distant past (when these Islands were called the Dreary Isles) education was far too literary, too merely intellectual; and under an examination system the labours of teachers had become purely instructional. So far were they from the light, indeed, that it had come to be considered universally that education was the acquirement of knowledge. In effect the teacher said to his pupil: "For your body I care nothing, of your soul I know nothing, with your intelligence I am concerned nothing but in so far as the Memory side of it is hypertrophied. My duty is to prepare you for examinations, to get you marks, and there are no marks given for character or physique and precious few for originality and intelligence. Therefore learn, cram, repeat, and above all *remember*. Whether you understand is a minor consideration." Naturally, the results of this system were ruinous, and frequently he who was honoured as a brilliant examinee was but a poor parrot—with a parrot's memory and a parrot's intelligence and character. As a rule, these prize specimens were never heard of again, for when they went forth into the world they found that initiative, observation, inventiveness, originality of mind, reliability, steadfastness, punctuality, pluck, self-reliance of character, and health and strength of body, were essentials of success; and these qualities are not fostered by the system of memory examination. They found a profound and detailed knowledge of

text-books of singularly little value, of almost as little value as their employers found the owners of the knowledge to be. And so at last the Islanders awoke to the fact that education must mean education of character, education of body, and education of the whole intellect, instead of education of one branch of the intellect, namely, the memory.

Certain among them said, "Character is the thing. We must give the boys moral stamina and grit. What shall we do?" And others replied, "Teach religion in the schools," but it was pointed out to these that in the first place it was impossible, as there were twenty religions in some schools, and the State could neither proclaim one nor teach all; and that, in the second place, it was sometimes a little difficult to see the connection between certain religions and morality, for the followers of some of these religions appeared to be moral in spite of them rather than because of them. Then these tenacious believers in the efficacy of religion of any sort, said, "With regard to the first objection, call a Commission of learned representatives of these religions and let them formulate a code of fundamental belief, ethics and teachings common to them all, and let this be taught in the schools. With regard to the second objection, eliminate the immoral part." But they were answered finally thus: "Your Commission would produce nothing acceptable to any single sect except the merest platitudes and truisms. Moreover, it would most probably proceed from bitter words to heavy blows, and as likely as not be a fruitful cause of rioting in the streets, perhaps bloodshed and civil war. As for eliminating the immoral part of some religions, nothing would be left thereafter. It would not be expurgation but destruction." And the Ruler of the Islands, who cared for none of these things of religiosity, smiled and said, "By the mercy of God, we will *not* be present at the sessions of this Commission, if it sits." But it never did, for this party was in a very small minority and its voice was drowned by that of a much larger party, who said, "Give definite and specific moral education in the schools. Set aside a portion of the time-table for moral lessons. Let there be prepared moral text-books of printed piety, and cheap guides to goodliness. Surely, by means of texts, proverbs, stories, exhortations and preaching, boys will become good," and they formed a Moral

Instruction League. Wiser men, however, pointed out to this party that a ship is of little use without sailors, that treatises on the art of war will not win battles without soldiers, and that moral text-books are not of much use without the right men to expound them faithfully and with zeal. Moreover, that *when you have got these men, they need no moral text-books*. And they were right. And because they hit upon the truth, and acted upon their beliefs, the Dreary Islands became the Islands of the Blest, for all the inhabitants were in time perfect men and women, neither gods nor devils. So the first step was to find the right men and then to teach them how to educate. And these men quickly pointed out to the leaders of the Islanders that to have time for physical and moral and mental training, examinations must be abolished; and further, that no boy, teacher or parent would feel that anything but cram could be legitimate under the system of examination; and that no one, boy or teacher, could give his attention to moral training seeing that no marks, or examination success, or *kudos*, was to be got thereby. What human being could be expected to give his thoughts to ethics while others are stealing a march on him towards the top of the examination-list?

And so examinations were abolished, and "education" at once, and for the first time, became education.

But in the first place, and the second place, and the third place and all the time, the Islanders regard the teacher, the real and true educator and developer of the young, as the one thing needful in education, and the one great essential. More time, care and expense is devoted to his production than to that of the doctor even, for they think that he who cures the body is not more important than he who trains it, and trains the mind and character as well.

In the first place, one or two boys of eighteen, who have passed through the secondary school, are annually selected in each school as future teachers. They are chosen with great care as being of the highest character, of good physique and skill in manly games, and of good ability. Very many more apply than are needed, for the teacher's is a highly paid and highly respected profession in the Islands of the Blest. These boys spend another year in their schools and are called teacher-candidates, and during this year they devote four days of the week to the study of the teaching methods of

the masters, and two days to the revisional continuation of their former school-work, that they may not fall behind as pupils themselves. The headmaster of the school permits them to give lessons themselves to certain classes in certain subjects, under his supervision. They hold the position of monitors or prefects and help generally in the school work. It is thought that by an early introduction in their own schools, where they know the boys and masters, to their future duties and difficulties, they gain confidence and habit, and make better school-masters than those who entered the profession at a mature age. And, moreover, it is thus seen *whether they have any natural aptitude for this, the highest of all professions.*

After a year of this probation, during which they are narrowly watched by the headmaster, they go to College. Not as in the bad old times to waste three years in learning that which was not worth knowing, that they might write "B.A." to their names, but to continue the education of mind, body and character, and to learn to be schoolmasters. Often it happens that the headmaster of the High School (himself, of course, an educational expert) says to the candidate-teacher, "I cannot send you to the Teachers' College. You are honest and earnest, keen and intelligent, painstaking and industrious, but you are not cut out for a school-master. You have the wrong personality, you are uninteresting to children, and you cannot make yourself interesting. You do not like them, nor do they like you. You lack the first essential of a school-master, sympathy, and you are attracted to the profession for its rewards alone, and not by any love for it. Give it up." So there is a process of most careful selection of those who enter the Teachers' College, for first are they chosen for character, physique, and mentality to be teacher-candidates, and then for personality and natural adaptation to be Collegians.

And in the College (as in all other Colleges) they are educated for nine hours daily; three mentally, three morally, and three physically—under which last heading is included technically and vocationally. This nine hours' work includes all the work done, for there is no burning of midnight oil to cram for examinations, and it includes organised games and muscular training. The remaining fifteen hours of the day are given to sleep, meals and recreation,

such as the reading of chosen literature, chess, debating, games, and walking abroad.

During the three hours of mental education, literary studies are continued for the development and training of the observation, reasoning and memory, and Psychology, Child-study, the History of the Science and Art of Education, and of great educationists, forms part of the literary work.

During the three hours of moral education, lectures in mental and Moral Science are given, and the pupils consider and examine many and various creeds and philosophies. Gems of classic literature are studied with a view to moral education, and history is an important subject of the course, but it is scientific and speculative. As much time is devoted to the consideration of what might or would have happened had the actors been men of different character as to that of what did happen. Memory plays no part in this time of moral training. The sole object of the Professors is character-forming.

During part of the three hours of physical (technical, vocational, or professional) education, the students put into practice the theory of education which they have studied in the "mental" hours. Each teaches a class in the presence of the Professor of Practical Teaching and the other students, and his work is criticised very fully by the students after the departure of the class. It is then criticised by the Professor and forms the theme of a lecture. Muscular education and compulsory organised games, of course, find a place in the time-table.

But the great central idea of the whole Institution is *Influence*. The Principal and Staff are most carefully selected, almost solely with a view to their influence upon young men. They are all enthusiasts, devotees, and philanthropists in the best sense of the word, and they live among their pupils and are much with them in the lecture-room, the playing fields, the debating-hall, the common-room, and on their walks and excursions. Not under any system of espionage or control, but because it is their recognised duty and delight to *influence*, and not merely to occasionally lecture in a cold and impersonal way. (In the bad old days, one said "He lectured" as one says "It rains," and the "he" and the "it" were about on a par of actuality. One might have said "It lectured,"

and "He rains" without much disturbance of mental presentation, for the lecturer who lectured was too often as human, living, accessible and helpful as the "it" which rains.) Nor did the students consider any undertaking to be enjoyable without the presence of the Professors.

The Principal of the College is considered to hold a unique position in the Islands of the Blest. For they say, "Influence of this man can make or mar the reality of the College." The Professors will take their tone from him. His influence on them and the students can be all-powerful. Thus he will influence the staff, the staff will influence the students, and the students will go forth when fit, and will influence "the rising generation," who will be the fathers of the next. They pin their faith on the personal influence of strong men and not on moral text-books in the Islands of the Blest. For these strange people hold that moral text-books are things of paper and print; moral lessons things of wind and words; moral inspections things of spying and peeping, and the father of all humbug, fraud and priggery. But they think that the influence of fine men, stout honourable men, men of intellect, character and physique, sportsmen and gentlemen is living, is a force for good, and the *one and only means of true moral education*. In the Islands of the Blest they want the children to grow up, *first of sterling steadfast character*, secondly, of healthy muscular physique, and thirdly, of bright, original intellect. And they realise that character in the teacher must precede character in the pupil, and therefore in the colleges for the making of pedagogues, character-forming by personal influence is the keynote.

Thus when some man has become famous for his character, his unusual personality, his magnetic influence, they do not say, "This man should be our Archbishop or Premier," but "This man should be the Principal of a College for the making of those who are the making of the nation." For they think that in this position his influence will be felt the most widely, and that he will be as leaven in the lump, or as the stone that causes the ever-widening ripple-circles of the pond.

And such a man must be no mere perambulating encyclopædia, no mere walking-intelligence, with mighty dome of forehead surmounting a pathetically weak face with its bleared eyes and

sagging lips. He must be a man, not a person merely of "European reputation for his fine writing," but a man of great personal influence for his forcefulness, all-round ability, love of his work and of his fellow-men. No crank, no slave-driver, no result-winner, no leisured salary-snatcher, no sloppy sentimentalist, but a man of strong and high influence who is prepared to live with and for his pupils. And such men are easily found in these Islands, for their educational system (which I outlined last month) produces them abundantly. Of such are the staff, and into such do the students grow, and thus towards this type do the children whom they teach approximate.

Three years is the minimum course for the students at the Teachers' Colleges. At the end of this period there is no examination, but during the last three months each student teaches for six hours daily under supervision, and his work is, of course, in mental, moral and physical education. At the end of this period the Principal says to him, "You are fit to be a teacher; here is your diploma saying that I testify to the fact," or "You are unfit to be a teacher yet, and must remain longer, or abandon the idea."

They do not carefully train a man for three years, and then ask an utter stranger, who has never seen him, to say of him what they already know to be true, or (as more often happens) to say what they know to be untrue, after a brief examination. Nor do they say throughout these years, "Do not try to please us, of course, but to please the awful stranger, the examiner. We will discover his fads, fancies and follies and cater for them. You must so conduct yourselves for three years that you may in one week of steady scribbling placate and propitiate this Being. That is what you are here for, and not to become fine men, good men of your hands and brains and characters."

Can an examiner assess Personality, Enthusiasm, Love of Kind, Magnetic Influence, Insight, Tact, Professional Ability, Character and the other mental, temperamental, moral and physical attributes that go to the making of a pedagogue? Bah!

And during their career the whole of their professional training tends to the making of character-formers, body-builders, and mind-trainers, and renders it impossible that any of the students should go forth obsessed with the horrible, destructive unspeakable idea that teaching is the hurling of facts, the filling up with information

the hypertrophy of the memory, the neglect of character and physique, and the preparation through stress and strain for the facing of some uninstructed, wildly amateurist examiner, whose friends have found him a job, and who knows as much about examination as about the laying of submarine mines.

And the oldest and wisest of the Principals (who are recruited from the Staffs) become Inspectors of Training Colleges and visit them for purposes of co-ordination and to help them. They spread among all any new idea developed in one, and give the benefit of their great experience to younger men. And do they enter, solemnly consulting a Code, and say, "Under Sub-Section 1078 of Chapter XLIX. of Part XVIII. you should be doing thus and thus, at this hour of the day"? No, for in the Islands of the Blest it is realised that the only fit and proper person to draw up a scheme of work for his College is the educational expert who is going to do that work, and they know that education lies not in schemes and codes and time-tables, but in *men*. In fact, one of these Islanders long ages ago said, when seeking a simile on this point, "*Do you suppose that if every ship and gun of the British Navy were handed to-morrow to the Fiji Islanders, that the Fiji Navy would then be the greatest Navy in the world? Or that the British could not go and beat them on rafts and planks and hen-coops?*" Then why pin your faith to codes, rules and regulations, moral lessons, text-books, guides and schemes? *Get the men*, they will soon provide the schemes. Of what avail the grandest paper organisation in the world without the men to run it? Cannot you grasp the essentiality and predominance of the Personal Equation? You must have the men with the power, will and freedom to execute. You must train and trust the teacher. And you must let him *be* a teacher, and not a vile crammer. 'Influence' should be written in letters of gold on all your pedagogic seminaries, and 'Influence' should be the keynote of your educational system. The influence of great men on chosen men, and the influence of these chosen men on boys." And as he resumed his seat it is said that (being a man of strong feeling and plain policy) he murmured in continuation, "and damn examinations and the fool who invented them to prostitute Education," But we may hope that he did not so far forget what is due to Pretty Ways and Mincing Means.

And it is beyond all doubt that the Islanders are justified of the educational faith that was in them. For they make pedagogues in the Islands of the Blest who turn out the finished article, strong in character, strong in body, and strong in mind, and this is all they want them to be. They excuse them if they do not know the date of the death of the Aunt of Amen-Hotep the Twenty-fourth, of the Nineteenth Dynasty, late of Egypt.

PERCIVAL WREN

Bombay.

A SNATCH FROM HAFIZ.

O weary not thy head
 With subtle things
 My friend : the tangle
 Of this universe
 Can never be unravelled.
 Better speak
 Of the sweet Singer and
 The ruby Wine.

SOME URGENT AND PRACTICABLE SOCIAL REFORMS AMONG HINDUS.

"The nature of everything is best seen in its smallest portions."

—ARISTOTLE.

IT is a happy sign that Indians are now shaking themselves from the meshes of morbid lethargy and cold indifference in matters of national concern, which had so long been their regrettable characteristic. A huge wave of excitement and agitation is surging over the length and breadth of the land and outsiders are wondering whereto it will lead. Men's minds are now in a violent ferment in devising ways and means to bring about the belated resurrection of their country's prosperity. They are awakening to the fact that India is in a state of hopeless stagnation, that many corroding evils have been fast eating into her system, that her vitality is decaying, her life blood being corrupted. But in this ferment there is unhappily mixed up much that is fantastic and visionary, much that is violent and revolutionary. There has come into being a large section of people who believe that the present system of Government is responsible for the evils under which India is groaning, and that the only remedy is the granting of political privileges. Some foolish, mischievous and half-demented persons—though they are fortunately very few—even go the length of advocating violent and revolutionary measures in securing their political goal, and the result has been the perpetration of dastardly outrages that threaten to cast a serious blot on the fair name of peaceful India; and it should, therefore, be the first aim of every well-wisher of India to crush this revolutionary spirit from the beginning.

But there is fortunately a fairly large number of educated Indians who, not allowing their minds to be decoyed by chimerical ideas, firmly believe that India is not yet in a fit state to manage her own affairs, that the evils with which India is suffering are mainly social and industrial,

that unless those evils are remedied political progress is only a dream and that comprehensive internal reform is necessary, and a period of critical equipment and strict probation has to be gone through to fit ourselves to be deserving recipients of reasonable political concessions. I firmly believe that it is only by social, religious and industrial reforms that the regeneration of India is possible, and the object of the following article is, therefore, to show what are the most crying evils amongst us that press for urgent reform and to suggest certain practicable remedies for removing them.

I have hence thought it necessary to draw the attention of right-thinking, educated Indians to the fact that if substantial progress is desired, we should lay an extensive and solid foundation for the effective working of higher industrial and religious reforms by investigating into the condition of the masses and improving it and preparing the masses to be fit instruments and co-operators in the development of their country's resources. I believe that unless the masses in the mofussil are improved by bringing to their notice the defects in their work, in the modes of their life, in their customs and manners, and by pointing out to them the necessity and urgency of their taking part in carrying out reforms, in a way that would not jar against their religious feelings and interests, higher social and industrial development will not be easily attainable. The reforms that I am going to suggest are of this type and they have only to be properly explained to be readily adopted.

The industrial and religious reforms that have hitherto been discussed and sought to be carried out, though of the best type, have been confined to presidency towns, the points relating to them have been too difficult to be apprehended by the masses, and hence the disappointing results. For instance, reforms relating to religion and marriages took their initiative in presidency towns, but the masses did not know them, the priestly classes were not won over to the side of the reformers, and the people were ignorant of the advantages and the urgency of the reforms suggested. There was no vernacular press able to give wide publicity to the topics under discussion in an easy style, couched in simple arguments, reaching the hearts of the masses, and hence the opposition to the many excellent social and religious reforms. These disappointing results should teach us where the mistake lay, and this conviction will facilitate the appreciation of the potentialities of the reforms I advocate. I shall confine myself here to a discussion of industrial reforms.

There has been no variety of occupation among us, and this fact

accounts for most of us sticking to professions which are not paying and which are perhaps hopelessly overcrowded. The occupations of pleaders and Government servants were in the beginning very inviting, and there was naturally a rush for them unmindful of the principle of demand and supply, until at last we have now awakened to the fact that they are not worth while pursuing. The same has been the case with other professions as well, for example, that of money-lending and dealing in precious metals, &c.

The real remedy against these results is a principle of natural selection of professions. Some professions require a large investment of money and the possession of certain natural qualifications. For instance, the profession of a pleader requires fluency, a ready wit, intense application to work and means to get the training in law. It is high time that men who do not believe that they possess these qualifications should not think of following these professions. If this had been borne in mind, many unsuccessful pleaders would not have come into existence, and the energy they have wasted would have been applied in channels where it was wanted and shone to the benefit of such persons and the community. Whereas, as a matter of fact, many poor persons try to follow that profession and blight their prospects or become total failures even if they happen to pass the qualifying examinations. As the profession of pleaders was paying some years back, many poor persons have been trying to get the training in it even by incurring debts, but in the end they will find that the indebtedness is a burden which they cannot discharge and that the prospect of getting a profitable earning is merely a chimera. Similar reasoning would apply to young men of mediocre ability who are studying in different colleges for getting degrees in arts and science with a view to enter Government service.

With regard to money-lending, this has been the profession of most of our people seeing that it requires the least work. It was capable of yielding large profits, though variable and precarious, with a small capital. In proportion as education has been opening the eyes of the masses and agriculturists to the evils of indebtedness and to the malpractices of the monied classes, and in proportion as profits in this branch are becoming less, the class of money-lenders is gradually narrowing, though others, like pensioners, who are expected to know better, are taking their place, but they too will in time see clearly their mistakes in the calculations of their expected profits after the enthusiasm of the beginning has subsided and feel the necessity of systematic work in that trade. The same remark applies to dealers in precious metals and stones.

Agriculture, which is the only important and extensive occupation of the country, has been neglected and rack-renting has been the deplorable cause of the poverty of the masses. Rack-renting is in its turn due to the owners of lands being idlers and expecting all their wants to be supplied from the rents of their lands. The result has been that lands are let at proverbially high rents, the cultivators knowingly agree to pay high rents as they have no other means of livelihood than agriculture, and are, therefore, unable to pay the rents, the landlords are unable to recover them and both are miserable for want of means of subsistence and are oftentimes driven to have recourse to questionable means of getting sustenance. To remedy this appalling state of things it is absolutely necessary to go to the root of the evil. Landlords must know that there should be a limit to what they can exact and cultivators must be in a position to exact moderate terms from their landlords, and these results can only be achieved by proper education, both moral and religious.

It should be taught as sinful in anyone to get services without giving proper remuneration, and if this first principle be firmly fixed in every one's mind, owners of land would not be so unreasonably exorbitant in their demands of rents simply because they are landlords. They would then see the necessity and duty of leaving some margin of profit to their tenants, at least sufficient for their maintenance which would induce them to be good tillers of the soil, and do their work with whole-heartedness and with a view to improve cultivation and make lands yield profit to themselves. The full sway of this principle would induce owners of lands not to depend solely upon the income of their lands, if of a limited extent, but to do some other work to give them the full complement of income necessary to keep up their style of life.

In order that this principle may be grasped by everyone it is necessary that both landlords and cultivators should receive appropriate education as to what profits different sorts of lands would yield, what would be the cost of cultivation and what the labour of the cultivator and what the profit, after Government assessment is paid and provision is made for the up-keep of the fertility of the soil, and the maintenance of agricultural stock. This would require a thorough remodelling of the present system of primary education. The primary education at present imparted is not such as to inculcate the principles I am advocating. Primary schools in villages and agricultural towns should teach elementary lessons in agriculture from the beginning. It is the experience of every observer that agriculturists do not put their

children to school because they are of opinion that the education given in our schools is not of a nature calculated to give them proper training in their work, and the time is come when lessons in agriculture ought to be taught when such children have not to go to the fields to help their parents. An hour in the morning and an hour or two in the evening would be the best time for them to attend classes to get tuition only in agriculture, and steps should be taken to give such lessons at such hours. They have no time to learn other things, and it is necessary to give facilities to them to learn only that much, leaving the rest of primary education to their more fortunate brethren, taking care, however, to instruct them in the general principles of morality and duty along with lessons in agriculture.

It should be made the duty of those who derive their livelihood from the income of lands to know something about agriculture, and Inamdars and others who hold lands at a quit rent and who do not discharge any direct duty for that concession should be compelled to see that their lands are well cultivated and that the tenants cultivating them receive appropriate wages and reasonable profit on their work. If every one be taught to remember that he has no business to live in the world without doing some productive work, that he should be regular, punctual and honest, that he has the three-fold duty of maintaining himself and his dependents, of doing some little service to the community to which he belongs, however insignificant it may be, and of supporting and aiding the Government through whose protection he lives and has facilities for pursuing his profession and deriving profits therefrom, I think there would not be such a chaotic state of things among the landowners as at present.

The same remark would apply to other big landowners. If they be educated to remember that the estate they possess is a trust in their hands for which they are accountable to God, Government, and the community, that it is their business to help the cause of the improvement of the lot of their tenants and dependents, that the wealth they may accumulate is not meant entirely for hoarding or mis-spending or for exclusive personal enjoyment, there would be a vast improvement in the lot of the masses of this country. Neglecting their concerns, disregarding the training and opportunity for maintaining their status and affluence, many of our Zamindars have been gradually dwindling into a state of incapacity and poverty thereby rendering themselves and their tenants poor and helpless. The mode by which they can advance their own and their country's interests has been already dealt with, and I have only to add that it is their duty to introduce improved implements of husbandry and boring

machines to remedy the uncertainty of rain and to multiply wells and tanks to improve horticulture, which in these days of increased demand for fruit and vegetables is more paying than formerly. Added to this their own taking some part personally in the production of wealth, restraining their propensities for gambling in litigation and for other unprofitable and wasteful ways of life, would make them much better off than now.

Our wise Government has been doing its part by giving Tagar loans, making model farms, holding agricultural exhibitions, and teaching the science of agriculture in the way best suited to the requirements of the country and the people, and establishing and developing agricultural banks. A good deal more is required to be done by the educated people themselves to supplement the efforts of Government and bring about the expected reforms. The duty of educated Indians in this matter lies in educating their neighbours in the chief points of agricultural operations. The duty would imply their own studying the subject, and what subject would be more entertaining and fraught with more beneficial results than a study of agriculture in leisure moments? Their duty would also consist in giving the masses some information about thrift, cleanliness, hygiene, and the ways and means of turning out profits from agriculture and avoiding litigation. It would be the duty of educated people also to find out and reform those who live by fomenting litigation without doing anything in the matter of production. The duty of educated land-owners in this connection would be to study agriculture, make model farms and gardens, and study what improvements in manuring and rotation of crops are possible in their part of the country, and to arrive at a correct estimate of the cost of cultivation, the wages of agriculturists and the profits to be expected from land, to suggest to agriculturists ways of earning money to supplement their income from agriculture, and devise, and so far as in them lies to supply, work for such earning; and last of all to suggest to Government the undertaking of useful works in their neighbourhood for giving additional work to the agricultural and similar classes.

Another easily remediable defect in our society is the total failure of small land-holders to cultivate their own lands. In this connection Brahmins can derive great benefit. There are numerous families of middle-class Brahmins in the mofussil and even in big towns who depend entirely on the income of their lands for their support. Their holdings are small and it is a suicidal policy for them to let their lands out to others and to do no work themselves. Many petty

atandars and priests belong to this class. They do no other work, to supplement the income of their landed property, to be able to plead that they have no time to cultivate their own lands. If, instead of letting out their lands, they were themselves to take to tilling, they could appropriate the wages which go to their tenants and would themselves be profitably engaged, and get at any rate double the income from their lands. Instead of doing so, they glory in being lazy, pining over their poverty, and running into debt which in time takes away their lands and leaves them in irremediable poverty. Is it not the duty of educated people to induce such petty land-holders to till their own lands and enrich and benefit themselves and society? Where lies the shame in tilling one's own land and easily acquiring a good deal of income? Instances from Puranas can be cited of Rishis having tilled their own lands, at the same time increasing their knowledge and keeping up their prestige. If begging is not considered derogatory on the part of priests, especially when, not being learned, they can command no gifts, I fail to see why tilling one's own lands should be considered as shameful or opposed to religion. In the chapter on Apat-Dharama (work at the time of want) in any Smriti, the works which can be done without loss of caste are mentioned, and among them tilling is one. If this healthy precept is borne in mind, tilling would no longer be considered derogatory, and precepts may be easily quoted from religious books in which idleness and avoidance of work are strongly denounced.

The women-folks of such land-holders should aid their male relatives in the cultivation of their lands, and thus save the wages that would otherwise have to be paid to agricultural labourers. It has been shown that land holders would not lose their dignity and sectarian purity by working on their lands and similar reasons would dictate the wisdom of ladies helping their husbands and other male relatives in agricultural work. It is their duty to do so, and as they go about and perform household duties without any derogation attaching to them by so doing, they should have no scruple to boldly take part in agriculture and add to the income of the family. Any one can notice that in villages, and even in towns, our women go to gardens, where there are wells, with loads of clothes on their heads, to wash them, and if this is not derogatory I cannot conceive what derogation there would be in going to their fields with their husbands, brothers, sons and other relatives and aiding them in the work of tilling their own lands and getting infinitely more profit; women would thus aid in productive labour and I firmly believe that thereby a great many families would be richer and live more comfortably

than now. The same remarks apply to the mercantile classes, especially those with moderate income. Idleness and unwillingness to work should be regarded as sinful as theft. Unless this is done, higher reforms are useless.

The next important and extensive occupation of our countrymen is commerce. It can furnish much remunerative work to many of our youths who are seeking to obtain clerkships on a low pay or are leading aimless lives. I shall confine my remarks to trade in the mofussil, and shall first point out how many persons of the upper classes, who have not got the facility for being trained for the learned professions, can obtain a decent living by pursuing trade, and then I shall show why our mofussil merchants have not been as prosperous as they ought to be and lastly, I shall point out what improvements are necessary in the money lending business.

We have not yet realised the necessity of seeking out and pursuing various occupations but the time has come when we must do it instantly if we want to get a decent living and desire to keep abreast of the march of civilisation. Special training is necessary, apprenticeship must be gone through, work has to be done seriously and a limit placed upon the extent of the earning expected from trade, and the ridiculous idea abandoned that in trade men can grow rich without arduous labour. If these things are remembered I am of opinion that trade would certainly be more paying than clerkship, for we notice that men of other classes acquire in trade much more than an ordinary clerk does, without any education to speak of and without a large capital. And if our middle class people can manage to give college education to their children, one cannot see why they should not spend the same amount in imparting to them commercial education of a higher order. It would be certainly more paying in its results and contribute to an appreciable decrease of dissatisfied and idle youths.

Many Brahmins have been withdrawing themselves from commerce with the mistaken notion that their religion does not sanction it, but they have only to refer to any book on Dharma and any good Puran to be convinced that it is enjoined on Brahmins as a means of earning a livelihood. Those of the Brahmins who are not swayed by this sentiment are mispending their energies because they conceive it to be more degrading than clerkship. I really cannot understand why, if they can be clerks on petty sums like 5 or 12 or 15 Rs. a month, they should not be petty merchants getting certainly much more with little or no capital. Here is a subject on which educated gentlemen can preach against false

notions of honour and dishonour and persuade their countrymen to take to occupations which are more paying and which offer better chances of growing rich.

Promising young men complain that for want of capital they are at a loss to follow the occupation of commerce. It is now high time for every one of us, who has the means, to contribute his quota to a fund for the purpose of lending adequate parts thereof to deserving young men who want to launch in trade. They need no large amounts for starting their trade, but only small ones at easy or no interest. Why should not the Indians consider it their sacred duty to have such a fund at their command to help their youths to commence different trades for which they may have special aptitudes and inclinations instead of driving them along stereotyped paths which are not profitable now? And why should not educated people make it part of their public business and duty to superintend the doings of beginners in trade and advise them on their drawbacks and encourage them in their trade.

Tailoring, carpentry and similar arts can give adequate maintenance to poor intelligent youths of all classes, and it is the duty of every one of us to preach the benefit of taking to them. They are professions which do not require great investments and long training, and the sooner our youths take to them the better it would be for their and their country's interests. In this connection it is necessary to notice that there is a great want of technical schools in the most useful teaching exclusively these subjects. There are many poor boys who cannot afford to attend schools and colleges and go through their curriculum, and yet would attend with alacrity schools in which carpentry, smithy and tailoring would be taught exclusively for a few convenient hours in the day. It should be the aim of well-wishers of India to establish schools for imparting training exclusively in this and similar branches of industry. I believe many youths of the agricultural and artisan classes and of poor merchants will attend such schools and learn these elements of the respective trades directly, and in a short space of time earn a livelihood and add to the small incomes of their families from other sources. The absence of such schools has been the cause of so many aimless souls being cast upon society and giving no outlet to the overcrowding of the profession of agriculturists. This, I believe, is a most urgent subject of reform.

There were some beginnings lately made among Brahmins in the matter of pursuing trade, but they were failures, and the reason is not far to seek. In some instances sons of rich men opened shops and not being versed in the art and not having the required energy and care to carry

the work in hand to a successful issue, they could not prove to the world that trade was a profitable concern. In the same way business undertakings were taken in hand by men whose time was wholly occupied with other work, and thus, for want of due supervision and business aptitude and devotion, the undertakings were failures. I have known instances in which pleaders opened cloth shops and in the end lost the capital itself. In some cases big business undertakings, like a mill, were pursued by pleaders and owing entirely to their being quite unacquainted with the management of the concern and to their not possessing the skill and foresight required for the success of the undertaking, there was a total failure.

The inference is inevitable that in order to be prosperous in any commercial undertaking there ought to be training in that department—skill to manage the particular business, and a limit to the amount of profit to be expected from it. No success can be expected in an undertaking which is either taken up for fashion or to gain extraordinary profits without even having the knowledge of the first elements of the working of that undertaking. If success is desired in any work it should be seriously pursued as a business of one's life with whole-heartedness by men who are really intent upon making a profit out of the work. Then there would be that close application and the consequent resourcefulness and invention that go to make business prosperous.

It is no wonder, then that the beginnings were disappointing, but it should not cause us to give up trade as being a task for which Brahmans have no inborn aptitude. It is for this reason that I have already said that deserving men should be assisted by the community in getting small loans on easy interest, and in being given facilities for getting some sort of necessary training to acquire business habits, and it is necessary that the idea that a man can earn money by sitting idle or by working only for fashion should be ruthlessly eradicated.

(To be continued)

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TWO FRENCH LADIES OF THE OLD RÉGIME.

WITHIN the last ten or fifteen years, an incredible number of French memoirs have been published, which, although they lack the solidity and importance of graver books of history, possess an undoubted charm and throw many interesting sidelights upon the events of the last hundred and fifty years. A large proportion of these memoirs touch upon the momentous epoch of the French Revolution, the greatest political upheaval of modern times, and one whose results still influence the destinies of contemporary France.

The story of the tragic years that witnessed the downfall of the old "régime" has been told many times, but it bears repetition, and upon most minds it exercises a mysterious fascination that is easily understood. Like all momentous epochs in history, the Revolution of 1789 brought into play the extremes of human nature, both for evil and for good: fiendish cruelty and superhuman self-sacrifice, sublime heroism and hideous selfishness, an inhuman thirst for blood and an apparent contempt for death made up of Christian resignation and high-bred self-control.

As a rule, the French women, hundreds of whom perished on the scaffold came out of the ordeal nobly. These refined, delicate, dainty women, whose frivolities and follies certainly blinded them as to the perils ahead, were made of sterner stuff than appearances might lead us to believe; very few and far between are the cases where they betrayed any fear in presence of a hideous death. For over one year 1793-1794, day after day, between four and six o'clock, the blood-stained carts paraded the Paris streets on their way from the prison to the "guillotine," and never, save once, did a sound of horror or revolt escape the victim's lips. The one exception was Louis the Fifteenth's favourite, Madame du Barry, whose piteous appeal to "Monsieur le Bourreau," for many days afterwards haunted the eye-witnesses of the scene. Indeed, according to a modern writer, the calmness, dignity and silent endurance of the victims of the Reign of Terror no doubt encouraged their tyrants, whereas an attempt to rebel might have appealed to the lookers on, many

of whom secretly hated the bloodthirsty Government, against whose cruelties they were too cowardly to protest.

The same spirit reveals itself, under a different form, among the hundreds of French ladies of rank whom the Revolution drove to take refuge across the frontiers. Considered as a political move, the "emigration" of the French nobles at the outset of the great upheaval was a decided mistake; their object was to form an army, on foreign soil, for the deliverance and restoration of their unfortunate sovereign, but, in reality, they would have served him far better by rallying round his throne and by defending their own property as well as their King. Our object in this paper is not, however, to discuss the political aspect of the emigration, but to tell the story of two women, whose memoirs have lately been published, and who, each in her way, is a fair example of a certain class of eighteenth-century "grande dame."

The first, the Marquise de Lage de Volude, was a typical Court lady,* the second, the Marquise de Falaiseau, was equally well born, but her husband, a country gentleman and landed proprietor, lived outside the atmosphere of Versailles, among simpler and healthier surroundings.†

The two had certain characteristics that seem to be the inborn heritage of their race: a cheerfulness that is often heroic, a love of society, that poverty and danger could not quench, a certain subtle, old-fashioned grace that lends an unmistakable charm to their conversations and to their letters. The influence of their bringing up is, however, clearly perceptible in their mental attitude, even in the expression of their loyalty towards the royal family: Madame de Lage's blind devotion to her "dear princes" glorifies their faults and failings; Madame de Falaiseau is more clear-sighted and far-seeing, and the glamour of Court life has not dulled her sense of right and wrong.

Madame de Lage was born, bearing Stephanie d'Amblimont, and grew up under the wing of the Princess de Lamballe, cousin to Louis XVI and Marie Antonette's intimate friend. She was a bright, clever, witty, impulsive girl, and both before and after her marriage, was a favourite in Court circles. Her husband, the Marquis de Lage de Volude, a naval officer of some repute, passed comparatively unnoticed by the side of his wife, though he seems, from all accounts, to have been, if not a brilliant conversationalist or an ambitious courtier, a kind-hearted and sensible man. Madame de Lage was, like most of her country

* La Marquise de Lage de Volude, d'après des documents inédits, par la Comtesse de Reinach-Foussemagne.

† Dix années de la Vie d'une femme: la Marquise de Falaiseau, par le Comte de Broc.

women, a graceful letter-writer. She kept up an active correspondence with her mother, the Marquise d'Amblimont, and her epistles give us an accurate picture of the life of a Court lady during the few years that preceded the Revolution. It was a life of ceaseless amusement and continual excitement: hunting parties and suppers, dances and plays, donkey rides in the park of Versailles and card parties where our heroine confesses that she "lost all her money," filled up her days and nights. Without being a beauty, the young Marquise was attractive; her brightness and vivacity made her a welcome guest; she was devoted to her friends, somewhat illogical and unreasoning in her likes and dislikes, but, on the whole, loyal and true to those who had won her affection. The picture that she draws of her Court life reads strangely out of keeping with the tragic events that were, even then, looming in the distance and her sweeping condemnation of what she contemptuously calls the "new ideas," brings home to us the fatal blindness that prevented the king's courtiers from realising the perils that threatened the old order of things.

The chief actors of the approaching drama live, speak and act in Madame de Lage's letters: the king provokes us by his apathy and undignified appearance, the Queen, Marie Antoinette of Austria, beautiful and gracious, appears, on the whole, far superior to the frivolous men and women who often abused her friendship. Her faults were those of her bringing up, and, when evil days dawned, she revealed an heroic courage that invests her memory with the halo of martyrdom. The King's youngest sister, the princess Elisabeth, is, says our Court lady, "a perfection"; of her two brothers, the Comte de Provence, cool and calculating, does not attract the Marquise, whereas she makes an idol of the handsome and frivolous Comte d'Artois, the future Charles X. So far, indeed, does she carry her enthusiasm that when her closest friend, the young Comtesse de Polastron, became the Comte d'Artois' favourite and was openly recognised as such, Madame de Lage, whose own reputation was blameless, seems far from shocked at her friend's equivocal position, and sympathetically enlarges upon the mutual devotion of the prince and her beloved "Louise."

After the assembly of the States-General of the kingdom in 1789, the political horizon gradually became more gloomy, the spirit of rebellion and anarchy that lay under the surface came to the front, the King's position grew more critical as he was gradually deprived not only of his royal prerogatives, but also of the external signs of royalty, till, at last, in 1792, he became a prisoner within his own palace.

The Marquise de Lage was one of the first to cross the frontier when the destruction of the Bastille on July 14th, 1789, proclaimed the triumph of the revolutionary party, but she soon repented of her hasty flight, and returned to take up her duties in Madame de Lamballe's household. In June, 1791, however, she again left Paris, this time in company of the princes, who had decided to emigrate. Although matters were then becoming tragical, this second exodus, like the first, has a touch of comedy: the two ladies had, it so happened, no ready money at hand, having gambled and lost heavily the previous night; they took a few pocket handkerchiefs and "chemises" and hastened to Boulogne, whence they made their way to Aix La Chapelle, which was already thronged with French refugees. Thence, our Marquise went on to Coblenz, where her beloved Comte d'Artois and Madame de Polastron held a mimic Court. Her letters to her mother give a full and spirited account of the card parties, picnics, dinners and dances, that filled up her time. She sold her diamond necklace to buy "toilettes" and amused herself with a careless enjoyment that strikes us painfully when we remember the tragic scenes that, even then, were taking place across the frontier. The Coblenz "émigrés" were light-hearted to a fault; in their eyes, the Revolution was a temporary outburst, more contemptible than terrible, and they spoke, with an assurance that is almost pathetic, of their speedy return to Paris after the "canaille," had been exterminated by the royal army and its foreign allies. Madame de Lage, after some months' stay at Coblenz, in a world of dreams and delusions, was suddenly brought, face to face with the stern realities of life, and, be it said to her credit she rose to the occasion nobly. News having reached her of her mother's dangerous illness, she determined to return to France. The enterprise was fraught with danger: stringent laws had lately been issued against the "émigrés", their offence was made punishable by death, and when our Marquise's husband and father, both of whom were serving in the "émigré" army, bade her adieu, they looked upon her, she tells us as upon one who was facing almost certain death. The Marquise d'Amblumont was at Budeaux: it was no easy matter for her daughter to reach her. The journey took many weeks: at every stage, our traveller was vexed by harassing formalities or threatened with discovery of her identity—a discovery that would put her life in peril. In Paris, she had a secret interview with the Princesse de Lamballe, who had taken up her duties as mistress of the Queen's household; only a few weeks later, the Queen was transferred to the prison of the Temple and the princess was brutally murdered by

the Paris mob! At last, Bordeaux was reached: Madame de Lage found her mother still alive and slowly recovering, but her own life for the next two years was one of hairbreath escapes and adventures. As a returned "émigré" her presence was enough to bring destruction upon her hosts, and it was only by stealth that she could enjoy her mother's society. She heard of the King's execution at a wayside inn, and had to conceal her feelings in order to avoid suspicion; then, when the Revolutionary party became all powerful and the hideous "guillotine" was erected on the "place" of Bordeaux, even her mother's house became unsafe. She remained during several months concealed in a farm-house, utterly alone. Now and then, a Savoyard, named Maurice, brought her news of the outside world, and in her great loneliness, the honest fellow seemed to her "a god." Then, one day, even the desolate farm-house was voted dangerous, and our Marquise, dressed as a peasant, was hurried back to Bordeaux. She arrived there on foot one evening, and found the city brilliantly illuminated in honor of the Queen's execution! Her next hiding place was the house of a midwife, Madame Contameau, through whose good offices she at last obtained a passport where she was described as an American, and, with this, she embarked for Spain, whence she made her way to England. So closely was her mother's house watched that she did not venture to enter it to bid her adieu; but merely passed under the window where the sick woman stood watching, through her tears, her daughter's retreating figure.

During these two years of continual and deadly peril, Madame de Lage's buoyant nature endured the strain, the tension, the anxiety, with extraordinary fortitude. The pleasure-loving Marquise of Coblenz taught herself to look death steadily in the face, and her good temper never seems to have flagged under the pressure of her troubles. She was undoubtedly a brave woman, and the very light-heartedness that occasionally astonishes us probably helped her to endure a burden that might have crushed one whose feelings were deeper. The Marquise de Falaiseau, her contemporary, is cast in a different mould. Her story is told by one of her descendants, it gives us the picture of a sweet, gentle loving wife and mother, less brilliant than Madame de Lage, but whose austere bringing up gave her a fund of sound principles that are lacking in the Court lady. Like the Marquise de Lage, Madame de Falaiseau, with her husband and children, joined the émigré colony at Coblenz, but the pathetic side of the picture struck them more than its delusive brilliancy. From Coblenz, they wandered through Belgium to Holland,

pursued by the victorious republicans, those very republicans whom the emigrés of Coblenz thought it so easy to destroy! At every stage of the weary journey, their sufferings increased; gradually, they sold what was left of the plate and jewels of other days to buy bread; the severity of the weather was intense, the Dutch people, terrified at the approaching French invasion, turned a cold shoulder on the penniless and compromising "emigrés."

When, at last, they reached Amsterdam, Madame de Falaiseau's cup of suffering seemed full to overflowing. She was expecting her confinement and could not travel any further; the local authorities were preparing to receive the republican troops and were anxious to get rid of the refugee royalists at any price. It was, therefore, decided that, in order to avoid falling into the hands of the dreaded revolutionists, all the able-bodied "emigrés" should immediately leave the town, M. de Falaiseau had to go with the rest, leaving his wife alone. At this crisis in her history, the Marquise de Falaiseau reveals herself a heroine. She was able, by paying an enormous price, to hire a kind of cellar in the house of a Dutch family, where one of her friends, the Princesse de Berghe, who was in a similar condition, had secured a garret. Here, the two remained, while the French troops made their solemn entrance into the town. Behind the closed windows they heard the revolutionary hymns that heralded in France the execution of their dearest and best. The Marquise de Falaiseau's courage is of a different stamp to that of her contemporary, Madame de Lage. She was more sensitive, more affectionate, and suffered for her husband and her children even more than for herself, whereas except for the closer devotion that bound her to her mother, the Marquise de Lage wasted little thought on her family ties. She was separated for years from her husband, who remained with the "emigré" army, and from her children, who lived with her mother during all the Reign of Terror and she once owns herself that she was by no means "sentimental." The early education of the Court lady evidently influenced her latter life, whereas Madame de Falaiseau's simple and severe training developed her natural qualities of mind and heart. She owns that after her husband's departure, she felt oppressed by her terrible sense of loneliness and by terror for her unborn child. Then, the strong religious faith that formed the groundwork of her character asserted itself: "Providence came to my assistance, I felt inspired to trust in God, to be more courageous, and to do my best to preserve my child's life," and again, "never did Providence forsake us even in the most disastrous circumstances." Her baby came safely into the world; it

was a girl named Adèle, whose long life of usefulness only closed in 1879. Some months later, our heroine joined her husband at Hamburg, where, their last resources being now exhausted, they set to work to earn their daily bread. The illusions and gaieties of the first period of the emigration were things of the past and the unfortunate refugees at Hamburg were reduced to the last stress of poverty. Whatever might have been their past faults and follies, they faced their present trial with a gay good humour that has a touch of true heroism. The refined and elegant women, whose robes of brocade had trailed along the great galleries of Versailles, became dress-makers, governesses, workwomen. The Duchess de Lorge earned her living by sewing, the Comtesse de Neuilly set up a perfumery shop, her daughter embroidered ribbons and belts, the Comtesse de Rochechouart painted little boxes and silk bags, which her son sold to the German shops of Hamburg and Altona. Madame de Falaiseau painted calendars, and it has been our good fortune to see the tiny bit of money that was paid to her for the first piece of works she succeeded in selling. Although in dire distress, neither she nor her husband consented to part with the coin, and it has passed from hand to hand to our heroine's great-grand daughter.

Like Madame de Lage, Madame de Falaiseau possessed the essentially French gift that makes conversation not only a supreme pleasure, but almost a fine art. Her fellow-sufferers were always welcome at her borrowed fire, and her sweetness and kindness of heart made her home, however humble, a favourite centre. After their hard day's work the "émigrés" enjoyed the conversations that brought something of the happy and brilliant past into the monotony of their present life. "I have been a shopkeeper all day, now I will be a lady," used to say the Countess de Neuilly, whose perfumery shop at Hamburg was a decided success. Madame de Falaiseau kept an affectionate memory of these informal gatherings. "Our frequent meetings," she writes, "and our custom of looking upon one another as members of a large family, gave us the habit of being interested in each other, of helping each other, and of putting in common our troubles and our joys."

The ultimate destinies of our two "émigré" ladies were very different: the Marquise de Falaiseau lived to return to France, but after a few years of comparative peace and happiness, she died in 1812, leaving a tender pathetic memory with her children, whose descendants, after many vicissitudes, entered into possession of the lands of which they were deprived by the Revolution.

The Marquise de Lage witnessed the downfall of the "Corsican

ogre," as she called Napoleon, the restoration of her beloved Bourbons, and the subsequent downfall and exile of Charles X. in 1830. This last event changed her life and habits; although an old woman, she declared that the pavement of Paris "burnt her feet," and that she could not exist under the rule of "the usurper" Louis Philippe. She retired to Baden, where she lived some years longer, surrounded by relics of the past, having survived most of her friends, but having retained the vivacity, impulsiveness and strong political enthusiasms of her early days.

To their dainty grace and brilliant social qualities, these eighteenth century women united an endurance that the miseries of the times they lived in taxed to the utmost. When we read of their careless life of gaiety before the storm that drove them across the frontier, we marvel at the steady courage displayed by these delicate "Marquises" of the old régime, whom we are accustomed to associate with powder and paint, lace ruffles and huge "paniers," such as Nattier loved to paint them. Their endurance was none the less wonderful because it was wreathed in smiles! If their illusions provoke us, if their blind worship for their princes is sometimes illogical, there is a pathetic attraction about the heroism that endured poverty and pain with graceful ease and that could find in congenial conversation ample compensation for a day of hard labour.

ALFARADO PERSON.

*
P.H.C.

THE VIVISECTOR.

(Continued from our last number.)

CHAPTER XIX.

MRS. DAYFORD'S beautiful and spacious drawing-room, in the old Abbey House of Councester, was filled to overflowing with a very varied crowd. Elderly gentlemen, smart young men, fashionable ladies, plain women, and fidgety children, were sitting on every available seat that could be crowded into the large apartment, and talking, mostly in low voices, while they waited for the arrival of Sir Lyster Knowlson, the distinguished surgeon, to whose discourse on anti-vivisection they were about to listen. The greater part of those who waited were entirely indifferent to the subject in hand. They had accepted Mrs. Dayford's invitation merely out of curiosity. Others, amongst whom was Keynsham, were there for politic reasons of their own, and a few, a very few, had the subject really at heart, and were present to listen attentively to the views of one of the foremost surgeons of the day, a man who on more than one occasion, had by his exquisite skill and profound knowledge saved a Royal life, and had been honoured accordingly.

Anne and her mother were sitting near the fireplace on the far side of the room. Keynsham noticed them as he entered, but they did not see him. They were apparently absorbed in looking at the lovely roses grouped on stands, which stood in the place of the winter fire. Strange to say, although Mrs. Dayford's taste in matters of personal attire was horrible she had never been known to have a single inharmonious object in her house, and the beautiful roses were perfectly in keeping with the delicate shades of the upholstery, and the white panelled walls of her drawing-room. Anne knew this, and it was always a pleasure to her beauty-loving eye to enter the old-fashioned, but exquisitely appointed house, with its quaint out-of-the-way corners, broad, oak-paved corridors, and richly carved and panelled doors. It was the kind of place she would have chosen above all others

for her own abode, had fate supplied her with a sufficient amount of money for the upkeep of it. Her meditations on this particular afternoon were, however, very soon interrupted by the arrival of Sir Lyster. His voice was heard outside the open door in converse with Archdeacon Dayford for an instant ere he entered, and the clearly enunciated words penetrated to the waiters within. With one accord they hushed their whispers and caught his final sentence as he entered.

"I hope I shall speak convincingly enough, Archdeacon. I wish to be definite without giving offence. It does not do to make enemies in this cause, you know!"

The clear voice paused, and in answer came the Archdeacon's curious, faltering treble. "I feel certain, Sir Lyster, that whatever you say will be perfectly suitable. It is impossible that one like you could give offence."

Then the Archdeacon entered, and ushered in the tall strong form of the great man himself. Instantly, with that curious gesture by which the polite half of the British populace ever tries to look without appearing to do so, all eyes were turned upon him. They saw a man of at least six feet in height, well made, perfectly proportioned, with strong clean-cut features, a bright healthy skin, penetrating grey eyes under rather shaggy eyebrows, and grey hair, well-brushed and thick. He advanced to the rostrum which Mrs Dayford had erected near the large French window, but to the side of it, so that the features of the speaker might be clearly seen by the audience, and mounting it, took a short survey of the drawing-room. Eyes dropped before that keen glance, indifferent people straightened themselves and prepared to listen, children stopped fidgetting, afraid lest he should see them, girls blushed for no reason whatever except for the sensation they experienced that the great surgeon's eyes could see right through them, and pierce even to the innermost recesses of their souls. Perhaps they were not far wrong! Then suddenly without any preamble and after the manner of the famous sermon of Dr. Welldon, in which he instantaneously fixed the wandering attention of a chapel full of Eton boys, by exclaiming, instead of giving forth a time-worn text, "Did you ever see a cat walk along a wall?" Sir Lyster Knowlson began his address by uttering in a loud sonorous voice a word, thrice repeated, each time with ever increasing force and power.

"Evolution, evolution, evolution."

At the end of this reiteration he paused and continued to survey his audience. There was not one person among the two hundred that filled the room whose attention was not fixed on the speaker, and who was not anxiously awaiting the ending of this striking prelude, thus singularly effective were those three eloquently uttered words. Then Sir Lyster proceeded in his clear, beautiful voice, not a word of which was ever lost, or the depth of which was miscalculated.

"The great word with which I have opened my speech is the one which is to form the basis of all I have to say this afternoon, the point around which my every idea will revolve. But—you will say, 'he came to speak to us on Anti-vivisection, not on Evolution. The two subjects are widely different, we cannot see the connection, if any, between them'.

"My friends, I understand your feelings, but I am here to show you the correlation the intimate connection, between the two, the marvellous way in which every science, every theory, every anti-science—for as such anti-vivisection must be classified—hinges round the great Mother Evolution. I call Evolution the great Mother, for in this capacity she stands to all of us. Guided by the Almighty hand of the Logos of our Universe, she creates, increases, builds up, produces, guides, changes, and finally perfects, every inanimate, every animate object, upon the face of the created planets. We are all her children. Angels, Men, Devils, Demons, Fairies, Sprites, Spirits, Animals, Planets, Rocks, Minerals, Rains, Water, Vapours, Clouds, Mists, Winds, and we are all intimately connected with one another, and without each other we cannot live or progress. I am aware that nowadays in this busy, hurrying, working world we have most of us lost sight of the great idea that we are all one with everything in Nature. It is left to the poets and philosophers to remind us of this indisputable fact. Listen to Shelley, in his immortal lament over the ill-fated child of the gods—Keats—

He is made one with Nature, there is heard

His voice in all her Music,

he cried after death has robbed him of his friend. Listen also to one of our much neglected modern poets William Ernest Henley, who in the midst of physical suffering cries out to be united to nature. 'Oh to be heart to heart, One with the warm sweet rain' is his passionate utterance in one of his many exquisite songs. Take last but not least, the great scientific poet Tennyson, whose never-failing accuracy has been proved by hard-headed scientific

men. His poem 'In Memoriam' rings throughout with tributes to the truth of Evolution, of the oneness of our life with nature; he recognises particularly the fact that, as we die, even our bodies become one with some lower forms of life, so that nothing is lost. Speaking of the burial of Hallam, his beloved friend, he says—

He in English earth is laid
And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land

I do not intend to give you the views of the poets on the subject of Evolution, interesting as the theme may be. I merely touch upon this en passant, but the last passage is indissolubly connected in my mind with an identical one in one of the plays of the master dramatist Shakespeare, that I feel obliged to repeat it here. It occurs in the graveyard scene in 'Hamlet' and is spoken by Laertes. He says with regard to the deceased Ophelia—

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
My violets spring

"Enough. I will not weary you with quotations but will pass on. One thing I hope I have made plain to you, that all existing things are a part and parcel of the great whole and are absolutely united. Now I come to the second point in my speech. How can we each as a unit do our duty best to the rest of our brethren in Evolution? and how far may we use our brothers for purposes of our own, to further our own ends?"

"You grasp my point quite clearly. I am sure, and you are beginning to see where the subject upon which you were led to expect a lecture is to come into this discourse. The word *vivisection* makes you think of vivisection, for by practising it do we not use our weaker brothers to further our own ends? Certainly we do. But I am not yet ready to discuss this science. I will first ask you two questions though I daresay none of you will feel bold enough to answer them in which case I shall answer them myself. 'What were you in the beginning, What will you be finally?'"

Sir Lyster paused and glanced over his audience, from not one of those who composed it did he expect an answer, and he was not mistaken. A complete and absolute silence reigned. With the slightest flicker of a smile around his handsome mouth the great Doctor proceeded to answer his own questions.

"You were in the dim, long-past, forgotten ages, merely fragments, of invisible, impalpable, ethereal vapour. You will be in the

equally dim, remote, and unknowable future Gods! Yes, Gods I repeat it, so that not one of you here may misunderstand my meaning, and I dare say it without pausing to consider how much it may alarm or astonish any of you. Truly it is a great and glorious possibility, a possibility which should make your hearts glow with anticipation, and should elevate your inmost souls.

"But how do I know that what I say is true? My friends I could prove to you the absolute veracity of the glorious fact from the Scriptures of not only Christianity but of all the great religions of the world, but it would take time, so much time, that I dare not do it now or you would ere long ere the close of this lecture into which I have to crowd so much.

"I will, however, tell you of one proof which you can all of you test for yourselves. What about the cravings of perfection, for righteousness, for unlimited capacities, for a fuller more glorious life that fill you in your best moments, those moments when the lower impulses in you lie still, quieted dormant, owing to the pressure of some great Spiritual force. They are the stirrings of the germ of God within you, the portion of the Almighty that confined in a mesh of clay is ever struggling upwards for freedom, for liberation. When by ceaseless instruction you have overcome every impulse of your lower nature, you will be that God, there will be no other part of your present personality remaining."

At this point Archdeacon Dayford frowned conspicuously. He was by no means sure that this was orthodox religion. He trembled for the souls of those members of his congregation who were listening. Nevertheless, he could not have dared to move a finger, or speak a word during this flow of brilliant eloquence. He himself was feeling momentarily more conscious of the fact that it is a great thing to be able to speak without written notes, and he determined to try and cultivate his own talents in that direction. Sir Lester saw the frown, but no amount of frowns from all the Church dignitaries on earth would have turned aside his ideas from the channel in which they flowed. He went straight on with his discourse.

"Having said that we each started life as an impalpable, invisible essence, and we end as Gods, let us now examine the intermediate steps of this ladder of progress. I hope I shall not shock your Western minds if I quote to you the Buddhist scheme of Evolution. We must not forget that all our much vaunted Western civilization and Western knowledge has descended to us Sun-like from the glorious Orient, and although the

present Cycle sees the Orient on a downward trend, she yet contains wells of hidden knowledge from which we of the Occident may stay our thirst if we are not foolishly disdainful. The educated Buddhist will tell you that life exists in Seven Kingdoms of Nature, and that we progress from the bottom of the first, to the summit of the seventh. These are the Kingdoms.—

"The first Elemental Kingdom, the Second Elemental Kingdom, the third Elemental Kingdom, the fourth Elemental Kingdom—to these four belong invisible (to mortal eye), ethereal beings, of a low stage of development.

"The Mineral Kingdom, the Vegetable Kingdom, the Animal Kingdom which contains all living animals, man, and perfected man.

"By this scheme of evolution you will begin to see the place animals have in your interests. You were animals once. The animals of to-day will be the men of the future. Do you fully understand what I am trying to impress upon you? Your duty to the living beings which are functioning on the earth to-day in the bodies of animals. You can scarcely realise how great is the part you each play for weal or woe in this scheme of gradual development.

"In your minds I know you are making endless objections to this idea. 'If I was once an animal I was also once a mineral!' I hear you exclaim. 'It seems just that I should be kind to an animal which feels, but a mineral! Why! I use iron, and gold, and tin, and copper, and other minerals in a manner which, did they possess feelings would be intensely brutal. And yet I cannot help doing so. I must use them thus if I am to live!'

"Quite true. Now we come to another point in the scheme of Evolution. The Almighty in His infinite wisdom does not endow the lower forms of life with all the senses and capabilities of the higher forms. As they gradually evolve he pours into them more and more of His life, His essence. A lump of iron does not possess the power of feeling, of, let us, say, a snail, although there are some occultists that would have us believe that minerals and chemicals have certain powers of reasoning, which are proved by their affinity for or repulsion towards, other minerals, or other chemical elements.

"I should be asking you a conundrum I myself could not solve, were I to enquire of you why—for instance—barium-chloride is the test for sulphates, and why the said barium-chloride causes a white precipitate in any liquid which contains a sulphate. Why should we not use lead-acetate or anything else to produce the same results. There is

certainly somewhere to be found a reason for the curious affinities. Can there be any reasoning power in the chemicals themselves? I should not care to say it was impossible.

"But to pass on. The snail seems very unevolved in comparison with such a higher animal as the horse. He possesses certainly a small amount of instinct and apparently of reasoning power, but where are the qualities of devotion, love, comprehension, gratitude, and a hundred others that make the horse such a noble companion to Man his Master? They are simply for the present non-existent. When the snail has reached the same state of evolution as the horse, when in fact he is a horse, they will be there for him too.

"If you again compare a horse with man he seems but a poor creature, by that I mean with the average man, not with the savage or the hooligan. To them the horse is infinitely superior from every point of view, since he is without their brutal passions. Again, compare man with an angel, as described in various scriptures. Where are his capacities in comparison with those of these holy, radiant beings, whose mission is always to create peace, happiness, and love wherever they go? He can ill bear to be contrasted with them, and yet he need not despair since in the great hereafter he will not only equal but surpass them.

"But with increasing capabilities as we ascend the scale come also increasing responsibilities. Do you realise this? You are not superior to a horse for nothing. You do not possess more of the Divine than he does to use it for your own selfishness. Far from it. You are given your powers, your intellect, your capacities to use for the furthering of Mother Evolution's plans, for the helping and teaching of your younger brothers. And if you misuse them for selfish ends, the suffering, the punishment, will fall on you. And great will be the weight of it."

Sir Lyster paused, as if wishing the full weight of his last words to sink deep into his hearers' ears and with scarcely an exception, every man, woman, and child in the crowded room felt the conviction that there was absolute truth in what the great man had uttered, and was turning over in his or her mind the various occasions upon which he or she had transgressed the law which demands kindness to all creatures.

One of the few exceptions in the room was Charles Keynsham, and even he was heard to mutter under his breath. "The man is not a fool he is worth listening to." Nevertheless he was far from believing him.

Sir Lyster continued, however, and once more attention was rivetted upon him.

"I have taken it for granted," he went on "that most of you here believe in the doctrine of reincarnation, for without it the sister law of evolution becomes well-nigh incomprehensible. Believe me, there is nothing unscriptural in it. Christ himself preached it on more than one occasion and I am told by a prominent Rabbi of the Jewish Church that it has always formed an article of Hebrew faith. With the Hindus and other Orientals it is of course a *sine-qua-non*, and they expect birth to follow death at regular intervals, as their Sacred Song the 'Bhagavad Gita' puts it, 'Certain is death for the born, and certain is birth for the death, therefore over the inevitable (meaning death) thou shouldst not grieve.'

"Now in the long intervals in the Spiritual world which elapse between the manifestation of life—I am speaking now of the higher forms,—on the physical plane, in a physical body, the soul of man, and the less evolved soul of the animal, is prepared each time to inhabit a higher form of body, and according to the deeds performed in the last body, will the personality be rewarded or punished as the case may be with a new body of more or less beauty. Does not Solomon say in his book 'The Wisdom of Solomon', 'Being sinless I came into a body undefiled'? and we are told elsewhere in the Bible of the extraordinary beauty of his physical body. Now my dear friends, we do not want to retrogress, and sin is the only thing which can cause us to retrogress, and one form of sin is cruelty, selfishness, and unkindness, towards the lower creation. I assure you that a highly intelligent dog stands a greater chance of rapid progression, and of eventually incarnating as a man, than does a brutal man of becoming an Angel."

(To be continued.)

MARGARITA YATES

London.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

The Indian epics relate that whenever a great king desired to bring all India "under one umbrella," and to claim the allegiance of all minor chieftains, he sent round a horse with a plate tied to its forehead, calling upon all rulers either to submit and pay tribute or to detain the horse, in which case the aspiring Emperor of all India would proceed to subdue the detainer and compel him to become a tributary, if possible. Whenever the challenge was taken up by grown up male rulers, the task of the conqueror was free from any delicacy. But it appears that a few kingdoms were governed by female rulers, assisted by female councillors : they were kingdoms in which the "women suffragists" of old had the upper hand. If they detained the horse, the conqueror's task became extremely delicate. Ambitious youths, too, might sometimes accept the challenge, and then also the impertinence was worse than the infliction of a defeat on the troops which followed the horse. A similar perplexing situation is created to-day when students challenge the authority of a strong Government supported by big battalions. Amusement passes into a sense of pity, and pity in its turn yields place to resentment. But resentment cannot give free play to itself : it is commanded and controlled by a sense of shame and delicacy. Hence the student problem has become one of the most perplexing problems of the day. Students are not mere Lilliputians. A Dean Swift may indeed caricature their patriotism, their sense of self-importance, their military drill, their opposition to the police, their enforcement of boycott, and other activities by which they have distinguished themselves. The situation may lend itself to caricature and to allegory. But there is a serious side

to the harm that young men are capable of doing to themselves and to others. The arrows that the Lilliputians shot were painful enough to Gulliver. We have outgrown the civilisation of bows and arrows : we have to face revolvers and bombs. Youth assisted by Science is more potent for evil than youth as it emerges from Nature's gymnasium. Students are engaging attention everywhere. In England the Secretary of State has interested himself in their conduct when away from parents and friends whose guidance and vigilance might serve as a check upon their waywardness and deluded enthusiasm. Here the Government of India has issued a few circulars, and the Local Governments are endeavouring to confine students within the sphere which is appropriate to their age and their period of life. The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal issued a circular to heads of educational institutions and to parents at the time of the " Boycott Anniversary " calling upon them to dissuade young men under their control from taking part in the celebration, and the appeal is believed to have produced an appreciable result. In Bombay the Government has issued certain instructions regarding the maintenance of discipline in schools and colleges. In other provinces also the Local Governments are endeavouring to grapple with the student problem.

In its large aspect the student problem embraces the reform of general education in its secondary and higher stages, as well as the provision of industrial education on a larger scale than has yet been attempted. It is believed that students are easily affected by the spirit of discontent, because their education is ineffective, unsuitable, and incomplete. The result of the alleged ineffectiveness of their education is supposed to be that they turn out failures in life, they grow discontented with a state of things under which they have not become prosperous, and they vent their disappointment against the ruling race which in comparison is visibly prosperous. The remedy devised by the present administration is to elevate some of their countrymen into the ranks of the powerful and prosperous, so that the discontented young men may blame themselves and their fate, if they do not succeed in life, and not the Government for blocking their way. This remedy has a qualitative rather than a quantitative value, for it can be tried only on a limited scale. The maintenance of the British Government requires the presence of a sufficiently strong

British element in every important branch of the public service, but the ideal of colonial self-government—not to speak of absolute independence—which is preached by the most popular leaders is based on a different assumption. Assuming that an extension of the policy which the present administration has followed is bound to reduce the amount of discontent, even then the first requisite is to raise the standard of education so that the country may produce a sufficient number of capable men without substantially lowering the standard of administration set up by the British. In this view the policy of entrusting more and more natives of the country with offices of responsibility must be carried out side by side with a gradual elevation of the standard of education which fits men for the public service. Lord Curzon, indeed, seems to have held that educational efficiency must precede political concessions. But his policy increased the discontent in two ways : first, because it was thought that the Government had not availed itself of the men who were efficient enough for its purposes ; and secondly, because it was suspected that the object of raising the standard was not to produce a sufficient number of capable men, but to keep down the number of those who aspire to university degrees and to arrest the spread of higher education. Whatever motives may actuate educational reformers and vigorous administrators, popular impressions have to be reckoned with, and every policy which seeks to increase the efficiency of higher education must also make ample provision for the manufacture of inefficient. If their inefficiency leads to discontent, experience has shown that any policy which aims at curing the inefficiency may cause even greater discontent. A doctor cannot cure a suspicious patient against his will.

The prevailing system of education is said to be unsuitable to the needs of the country and of the educated classes, because sufficient provision is not made in it for technical and scientific instruction, and it has consequently set up a strong current in the direction of the universities. The need for industrial, commercial, and agricultural education is felt by the leaders of public opinion as well as by Government. The Government has not established a large number of technical institutes, for in the absence of any certainty that the students trained in these institutes would find employment, their utility has appeared doubtful. Engineering and

mining are the principal subjects of the technical instruction given in Government institutions, because those who have received training in them are likely to find employment in the country. The Government is also sending abroad a few students every year to learn such industries and processes as they may find useful in their own provinces. Great caution and strict regard to economy characterise the Government's policy in spending money upon the production of men trained in the industries, for they cannot all be absorbed in the public service if they are produced in large numbers, and if they remain without employment, not only is the money wasted, but an injury done to the men who have been encouraged into barren paths, and their discontent may radiate around them the very influences for which a remedy is needed. In Bengal a large number of students are sent out to foreign countries by a private association to learn the secrets of manufactures of various kinds, in addition to agriculture, engineering and other subjects the utility of which is recognised by Government also. How far the knowledge acquired by these students serves their purpose on their return home, is a question on which much light remains to be thrown. It is as yet premature to gauge the real success of the movement as affecting the industrial progress of the country. In some cases new manufactures on a small scale have been started. They do not seem to have attracted sufficient capital, and their development is hampered. The enthusiasm in the cause of indigenous manufactures, however, continues unabated, and this enthusiasm shows itself not merely in useful directions, but sometimes in ways which do no visible good to the country. Commercial education has not enlisted much enthusiasm. Even in Bombay, where a Professor was brought down specially from England to lecture on higher commercial education and to popularise the subject, the progress made in achieving the object desired by Government has been rather slow. The Government approaches agricultural education with greater confidence and determination, for agriculture is the leading industry of the country, and the students trained in scientific agriculture may be employed in the Agricultural Department, or even in the Revenue Department. In the United Provinces the scheme of secondary education has been so modified as to encourage students to seek

salvation in other directions than the university. But the result of all these measures has yet to be watched.

From the point of view of good citizenship and certain unexpected developments of youthful activities, the great deficiency which has been pointed out in the prevailing system of education is that it does not take care to inculcate correct views of the political position of the country and of the duties which the people owe to themselves and to their Government. In England also, educational reformers have suggested that an interest in the affairs of the Empire should be created in students through regular instruction in secondary schools. Thus in a recent book on the Higher Education of Boys in England, the authors, Messrs Cyril Norwood and Arthur H. Hope, suggest that out of the thirty-two periods devoted to various subjects in a week in a secondary school, at least one should be devoted to Civics. This is a subject which has received practically no attention in this country even at the hands of those who would modernise the schemes of study by the introduction of manual training, hygiene, nature study, and the like. The Bombay Government, in a scheme of reforms recommended to the University, has suggested that more attention should be paid to Indian history of the Moghul and more recent periods, and less to the history of Greece, Rome, or England. But this reform stops very much short of the teaching of Civics. The meeting of the British Association for the advancement of science this year at Winnipeg afforded an occasion for some interesting suggestion as to the best way of stimulating an interest in imperial affairs in young minds when they are yet plastic and impressionable. The President threw out the hint that the Colonial and the Home universities might exchange their students, so that English students might receive part of their education in the Colonies, and *vice versa*, before receiving their degrees. The idea was sufficiently novel to prove attractive, and in the particular surroundings it was bound to be echoed. The practical outcome may not manifest itself for some years more. A scheme of that kind to improve the political temper of the younger generation in India seems to be out of the question. Indeed, it may be said to have been tried with the reverse of success. Indian students who are sent to England for education seldom return to their country nowadays politically anglicised. In their habits and

manners they may imitate English ways. But in their political predilections they become more and more nationalistic, instead of imbibing the imperial sentiment. They generally feel their isolation in the midst of strangers too keenly to grow warm in their attachment to the land of exile, and their very isolation makes them think more affectionately of their own country and of the patriots of their own land. They seem to grow politically home-sick. Indeed, the vagaries of Indian students in England have thrust the student problem on the attention of the Secretary of the State and the British public even more than their conduct and enterprises in this country.

In Messrs. Norwood and Hope's book, above referred to, parents are reminded how "no school can succeed unless all parents respect its rules and support the authority of its headmaster"; and the authors explain at considerable length how the two are to co-operate with each other. If such co-operation does not always obtain in England, its absence is even more conspicuous in India. The conflict between parents and schoolmasters, as in some cases necessitated of late the interference of Government. The dispute between the trustees and the staff at the Aligarh College is not of real public importance—such disputes occasionally arise in other institutions also. The conflict which the Government has had to prevent is, that which arises in connection with the maintenance of discipline, and especially the active part of it—sentencing offenders. There is now in the air a general opinion, as it were, that full participation is impossible between the interests of the school and the parents, and the more the authorities regard this as a public opinion admit that the applause of the Government is not a great accession of strength to them. Parents are generally indifferent to what their sons do, as long as they pass their examinations and prepare themselves for the task of making money as early as possible. When young men are caught disobeying the orders of their teachers not to attend political meetings and are punished for the disobedience, and particularly if the punishment is of a kind which retards their passing of the examinations or is likely to affect their future prospects, the parents are bestirred into taking up the cause of their boys, and carrying on a fight with the authorities of the school or college. The Bombay Government has had to lay down a rule for the guidance of parents

that when they send their boys to a school and place them under the control of the schoolmaster, who is subject to his own superiors and the authorities of the Department, they thereby surrender their right of questioning the discretion of the authorities of the school in maintaining discipline over the boys, and that the schoolmaster's right of watching the conduct of the students is not limited to the hours of school-work and the precincts of the school. Whenever a parent or guardian asks his boy to be admitted into a school, a copy of this rule is to be supplied to him so that he may know the conditions on which the education of his boy is undertaken, and he may not subsequently quarrel. The necessity which has arisen for making this plain to parents is relevant to the question of providing instruction in Civics. The Bombay rule is negative in its import : what is required for the success of education is the positive and active co-operation of parents with the schoolmasters and professors. It is a very desirable object in itself that students should receive the guidance of their teachers in forming sound views on the politics that may be discussed around them. They cannot resist the influence of their surroundings, unless the professors help them with materials for sound reasoning. But if parents contradict the professors and undo the effects of their teaching, a state of things may be created which is not at all conducive to discipline, and hence the subject of affording political guidance to students has not been taken up with enthusiasm.

Thus of the several methods of grappling with the student problem in this country, that of raising the standard of education and making higher education more efficient must necessarily affect a very small number, while the dissatisfaction which it will cause among the intellectually less sturdy young men may be so great and widespread as to neutralise the political advantages that may be derived from the increased efficiency of the few. The second method, that of drawing away students from the overcrowded careers for which the universities fit them, and diverting their energy towards commerce and industry, may operate on a larger number of youths ; but what the Government can do in this direction must be distinguished from the general scope that may exist for popular and national enterprise. The Government, with the funds at its disposal, can indeed do much in the way of training young men for non-literary

careers ; but the cases in which this training will be utilised by the people by risking their capital in industrial enterprise must bear a small proportion to the total number of youths who fall an easy prey to discontent. By far the greater number of them will have to be reached by the last method—that of improving the discipline and facilitating the formation of sound views on so much of politics as the students can easily grasp. The success of this method depends largely on the co-operation of parents and the general attitude of the public towards Government and the most important measures of administration. The student problem is, therefore, part of the larger problem of successful administration and the diffusion of contentment. If parents take for their motto the oft-repeated aphorism that self-government is better than good government, their boys are not likely to reverse the saying : as the old cock crows, so will crow the young. The problem of dealing with the young cocks cannot be dissociated from that of dealing with the old. Even if the active participation of students in politics be prevented—which is a great step so far as it goes—the formation of political opinions in the secrecy of the home cannot be a matter of unconcern. However, the mitigation of an evil cannot be neglected because its complete annihilation is not easy of attainment and depends upon complex considerations.

CURRENT EVENTS

The Agricultural Conference at Poona afforded a clear indication of the progress which the country makes quietly in various directions underneath the surface which is disturbed by political agitation and crime. The main object of the conference was to discuss how the knowledge of improved methods of agriculture tested and acquired by the Department of Agriculture may be communicated to the cultivators and the landlords. It was opened by H. E. the Governor, whose interest in the progress of scientific knowledge is well known. The Revenue Member of his Council, who has done much for the progress of agriculture, and who is to retire next year, presided, and told the conference how far the Government was already in a position to meet its wishes. The conference was well attended by persons having a first-hand knowledge of agricultural requirements and having a stake in the industry. The recommendations made by the conference were, first, that an agricultural school should be established in every taluka, and secondly, that an agricultural journal should be started for the dissemination of knowledge useful to the farmer. Sir J. Mun-Mackenzie, on behalf of Government, informed the conference that the Government was prepared to act upon the first of these suggestions as early as possible.

—(15)—

In his opening speech H. E. the Governor dwelt upon the importance of the agricultural industry to India, upon the principal defects of Indian agriculture, and the various directions in which improvements could be effected under the guidance of the Department. The knowledge which the experts have to communicate may not only be imparted through leaflets—which may be a somewhat ineffective method in a country where education has made very little progress: it may be demonstrated on farms to which cultivators are invited. But agricultural associations, conducted by intelligent and public-spirited landlords, must be even more useful in inducing the cultivators to make practical use of the knowledge communicated to them or demonstrated before their eyes. Several

agricultural associations have come into existence in this presidency recently, and they must prove helpful not only in providing the stimulus and guidance which the cultivator needs, but also concrete aid in the shape, for example, of a loan of costly implements and apparatus. Co-operative credit societies and agricultural associations are still in their infancy in this presidency, and in fact all over India, and much official guidance is necessary for their success. Another direction in which the farmer needs help is finance. The co-operative credit societies cannot raise the necessary funds by subscription among the members : they require capital to be supplied from outside. Agricultural enterprise, in introducing new crops and in making jaggery out of cane juice, requires a supply of capital on lower rates of interest than are charged by the village moneylender. A scheme to start an agricultural bank, perfected by two Bombay capitalists, has been approved by the local Government and is likely to receive the sanction of the Government of India. The proposal to teach agriculture in primary schools had many critics, including the Director of Public Instruction and the Principal of the College of Agriculture. Arrangements are being made to give a special course of instruction to grown-up sons of agriculturists at the College, which the Principal has determined to make one of the best in the world.



The condition of cattle is a subject connected not only with agricultural prosperity, but also with the food-supply of the people in a country largely vegetarian. Milk and ghee are valuable articles of diet, and the shortage of their supply has received much attention in the United Provinces, where a conference was called some time ago to investigate the complaints about the deterioration of cattle and the scarcity of dairy produce. The cattle are affected in various ways. A famine often decimates them. A rigorous working of forest regulations deprives them of grazing and fodder. The bringing of waste land under cultivation produces a like effect. The Bombay Government has formally deprecated the extension of cultivation at the expense of cattle ; and other Governments must also be considering how the deterioration of cattle may be arrested.



A large empire is like a large Hindu joint family—its expansion weakens its internal cohesion. The British colonies are drawing nearer and nearer to the mother-country ; they are co-operating in schemes of common defence, and to all outward appearance the bond that holds them together is growing stronger, instead of being relaxed. But the inability of the mother-country to enforce discipline among her colonies—the inability, for example, to secure a more equitable treatment for Indians in the Transvaal—is a sign which reminds the student of history of the destiny of all great

Empires and the distempers which develop within their constitution as they expand. The story of the wrongs of Indians in South Africa is being related to large audiences in all great towns in this country; the press is repeating it, and resolutions are passed expressing indignation at the conduct of the white men in South Africa and calling upon the Government to interfere. The Government of India has expressed its readiness to do whatever it can; it has done so in the past, and it will do so again. But two great facts stare us in the face at present—the mother-country is unable to coerce the colonies, and India has no effective means of retaliation against the Transvaal. India imports a comparatively small quantity of coal from that part of South Africa, and Natal benefits by Indian labour. The free-traders hold that in economic warfare is suicidal: it at any rate cuts both ways. The consequence of stopping imports and emigration cannot be one-sided.

The dangers to commerce in a large geographical area held together by a political bond have manifested themselves even in what may be called the national politics of India. The National Congress, is so far as it aims at representing the opinion of the whole body of the educated classes, is a house divided against itself. One division has excluded the other, and its business is thus protected from interruption and obstruction. But attempts are made to bring about a compromise, and the discussions arising therefrom leave no peace to the leaders of political thought. The steady pursuit of the Muhammadans of a policy of their own in connection with the constitutional reforms has awakened among the Hindus of the Punjab a corresponding desire to safeguard the interests of their community. A Hindu congress is to meet shortly at Lahore to discuss the following among other subjects: Hindus and Government service; Hindus and the Reform Scheme; Desirability of strengthening the feelings of Hindu nationality and Hindu unity. Other subjects of social importance—such as the protection of widows and orphans, and the arrest of physical deterioration—are not only harmless and non-contentious, but may be discussed with great advantage. Indeed, they ought to receive more attention than they have hitherto attracted.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GALIB—A REJOINDER.

To the Editor of EAST & WEST.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Chatterji has subjected my article on "Galib: the Urdu Poet," to severe criticism in your August number. What I gather from his letter is that his complaint is that the article does not embody all the literary, critical and biographical details of "a life of Galib."

Now to the charge of imperfection I plead guilty, but have to plead in extenuation that the article did not profess to be a criticism or lay claim to any of the virtues or perfections of a biography. Some of the questions which the article suggested to Mr Chatterji's mind lead me to conclude that he must have read my article rather hurriedly.

The question "Was Galib classical, mediæval or modern?" is strange, coming as it does from one who has subjected the Urdu literature to the critical scrutiny indicated in the second paragraph of Mr Chatterji's letter. Mr Chatterji's strictures on Urdu poetry betray, I am afraid, an imperfect acquaintance with the subject of his criticism. He must have commenced the study of Urdu poesy, with some preconceived notions, which perhaps linger and explain his uncritical disapprobation of Urdu poets. Has Mr Chatterji ever read "Anees," the poet of Lucknow? If he has does he not in his exquisite depicting of natural scenery, in his strong graphic and picturesque descriptions of battles and battles, in his splendid eulogies marked by richness of imagination and exquisite beauty of diction, find anything to redeem the Urdu poetry from the charges he has so mercilessly hurled at it? Let him approach Anees Galib Meer with an unbiassed mind, and if he still complains of the lack of "virile element" in Urdu poetry I shall be surprised. Some of the poet's effusions of Anees or Galib baffle comparison viewed from either any occidental or oriental stand point.

I concede that modern Urdu poets have appreciably degraded Urdu poetry. They are only finding or certain stereotyped similes and metaphors which they received as a literary heritage from their predecessors. But does the above circumstance detract from the excellence or beauty of the poetry of the earlier Urdu poets? I fail to see how it does. The wholesale condemnation in which Mr. Chatterji indulges seems to me therefore unjustifiable. I would refer Mr Chatterji to the poetry of Iqbal, a modern Punjab poet. He combines richness of imagination and clearness of vision with sturdiness of intellect, and profundity of philosophical reflections. The apostrophe which he has addressed to *Satan* is a sufficient confutation of the indictment brought against Urdu poetry by Mr Chatterji. As regards the article on Galib's attitude to Galib's philosophy, his attitude towards Nature and Humanity are concerned, I have said more than the modest pretensions of an article warranted. I repeat Galib was a Sufi, but a peculiar sort of Sufi. His Sufism is tinged with scepticism. He believed in the world being governed by fixed and immutable laws, not in its subjection to the capricious will of a Divine Autocrat.

Yours faithfully,

SHAIK WILAYE ULLAH QUIDWAI

Ranabanki

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ASTROLOGICAL BUREAU.

Astrological study from the Eastern and Western points of view interested me for the last twenty years. But I could not get correct results a ways till I could secure secret hints by which I can convince the sceptic as regards the wonderful truths of the science. Data required: (1) Horoscope itself. (2) or the exact date of birth; (3) or the time of query; (4) or the horoscope of the wife or son. Important events of whole life (past and future) Rs. 5, important events of any ten years, Rs. 2, minute yearly events of the whole life Rs. 25, monthly whole life Rs. 100; any two queries Rs. 1, lost horoscopes Rs. 5. Results sent by V.P.P. Prof S. C. Mukerji M.A. Author of "Guide to Astrology," Karmatar, E. I. Ry

EAST & WEST.

VOL. VIII.

NOVEMBER, 1900.

No. 97.

EAST AND WEST.

"Oh, East is East, and West is West and never the twain shall meet,
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat,
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the
earth!"

THERE is much truth, and much more untruth, in these lines, which bear the stamp of that virile vigour which has contributed so much to make the poems of Kipling popular in England. The genius of the East is certainly different from the genius of the West; and, consequently, the ideals of the one and the methods of attaining those ideals have been different from the ideals and the methods of the other. The angry passions of the hour to which "strong men" often succumb cannot obliterate the fundamental difference, which is nothing if not ineradicable.

The recent events in Turkey have revealed this difference. And it has also revealed the limitations of the Western mind—its almost hopeless incapacity to understand the East. The West thinks that there is no fundamental difference between man and man, between race and race, between the East and the West in public or political matters. And it also believes that as soon as one scratches the epiderm of the civilised man, the barbarian is found in the derm. "Eope," wired Reuter, "is astounded at the calm, methodical arrangements by which the powerful Abdul Hamid has been dethroned and his successor proclaimed amidst a seething population excited by recent events."

the West is astounded at the calm and methodical arrangements of the Party of Progress in Turkey, the East has reasons to be astounded at the attitude of the West—her incapacity to understand that there is no antagonism between peace and progress, and that patriotism involves self-sacrifice.

The revolution in Turkey is not an isolated event which stands unparalleled in the history of the world. On the other hand, it is but one of those upheavals which have taken place in various parts of the world and among various peoples whenever a wave of discontent, despair and despondency—due to the tyranny of despots, the abuse of power by the aristocracy, the bureaucracy, or the military, or the poverty of the people brought about by the undue exactions of the State or the decay of indigenous industries and consequent drying-up of the channels through which wealth flows into the country—has passed over the popular mind. Three examples from three countries and three periods will illustrate this. During the seventeenth century the iniquities and exactions of Charles I. culminated in creating a widespread discontent which gave rise to the volcanic fire of the Civil War which blazed out over a shuddering population and flared awhile in crimson horror. Five centuries before the Christian era the abuse of power by the patricians in Rome brought on an angry outburst of popular feeling which crushed their power. And during the eighteenth century the tyranny of the sovereign, the abuse of power by the classes and the poverty of the masses combined to create the Niagara of the French Revolution which washed away so many old landmarks.

* Appius Claudius was, according to Livy, a patrician notorious for his pride and cruelty and his bitter hatred of the plebeians. Twice they refused to fight under him, and fleeing before their enemies, brought upon him defeat and disgrace. He retaliated by decimating the army. At length they effected his banishment, but he quickly returned, and again became consul. In the same year (451 B.C.) he was made one of the decemviri who had been appointed to draw up a code of laws, and so carefully did he act during his first year of office that he was written the only one of the ten who was re-elected. With Claudius at their head, the new decemviri appear to have resolved on retaining permanent authority, but an outburst of feeling suddenly crushed their power. Enamoured of the beautiful daughter of a popular plebeian centurion Virginius, Claudius attempted to seize her by an abuse of power. One of his clients, Marcus Claudius, swore that she was the child of a slave belonging to him, and that she had been stolen by the childless wife of the centurion. Virginius was summoned from the army, but a private message was sent at the same time instructing the general to detain him. The first messenger was as more speedy than the second, and on the day of trial Virginius was present to expose the conspiracy. Still judgment was given according to the evidence of Marcus Claudius, and those the Claudius commanded Virginia to be given up to him. There was but one way of escape, and in despair, her father seized a knife from a neighbouring stall and plunged it in her side. The popular passion was deeply stirred. Virginius, with all and leilius, the betrothed lover of his daughter, and Numitorius, her uncle, hurried to arouse the army. Horatius and Valerius put themselves at the head of the people. The decemviri were overthrown; and Appius Claudius died in prison, either by his own hand or by that of the executioner.—*Encyclopædia Britannica*.

EAST & WEST

In Europe the bark of political progress has seldom sailed on the quiet stream of slow evolution. It has, invariably, run over gory streams—now tossed about by angry passions and surging prejudices, now whirling in the eddies of selfish machinations, and now knocking against the hidden rocks of hideous hypocrisy. Even now—in Russia—the volcano of popular discontent has not ceased to send forth its lava floods, spreading destruction and devastation. England is the only country which has, for some time, been free from the operations of such upheavals. And the secret of her success in avoiding them lies in her having kept the throne “broad-based on her people’s will.” It is her system of Government—monarchy more or less tempered, Lower House and Upper House, elections, &c.—that all Europe has essayed or adopted, the result being—as shown by Taine *—grotesque in Greece, lamentable in Spain, fragile in France, uncertain in Austria and in Italy, insufficient in Prussia and in Germany, and successful only in Holland, in Belgium and in the Scandinavian States. Yet even England cannot claim a political career of bloodless progress. True, the *Magna Charta*—which broke the chain of the unlimited power of the British sovereign at the middle link—was secured in 1215 without bloodshed; but it was wrung, not received, and being overawed, John, who had not his mercenaries with him, “sulkily and sorely against his will” swore at Runnymede to give all that he was asked to give. And the next prominent political sign-post of England which points towards the direction in which political power ought to go, was planted on ground wet with the blood of a sovereign and his subjects. How during the Civil War the people of England succumbed to the angry passions of the hour and the hydra-headed monster tore asunder its thin drapery of civilisation, is known to all students of history. Not content with crushing absolutism the people beheaded the King who had employed the law to establish it. His accusers, says Gardiner, † had on their side the discredit which always comes to those who, using force, try to give it the appearance of legality. They “fell back on the merest technicalities. Instead of charging him with the intrigues to bring foreign armies into England, of which he had been really guilty, they accused him of high treason against the nation, because, forsooth, he

* *Notes on England.*

† *A Student’s History of England*—Vol. 11.

had appeared in arms against his subjects in the first Civil War. The Court, as might have been expected, passed sentence against him, and, on January 30 (1649), he was beheaded on a scaffold in front of his own palace at Whitehall." The Queen was spared, perhaps she was abroad, and her last letter to Parliament, delivered by the ambassador of France, was laid aside unread.*

The conduct of Cromwell, the Puritan, was typical of the attitude of the excited population. "In the Court of Justice Oliver is always present. In the death-warrant of 29th January 1649, next after the President and Lord Grey, stands the name of Oliver Cromwell. . . . 'I tell you,' he said to Algernon Sidney, 'we will cut off his head with the crown upon it.' Traditions tell that he pressed other officers to sign, and he smeared Henry Marten's face with ink as he signed, and stood by the coffin and gazed upon the corpse." †

This was the first notable sanguinary blow struck at the absolute power of the sovereign in Europe. The second—and a more important—blow came about a century and a half later. The French Revolution was not merely a passing storm whose wounds and scars healed up rapidly—its only effect being to make the monarchs of Europe pull out from under their thrones the Constitutions they had put away. As Dean Kitchin has put it, the French Revolution "surpasses all other revolutions the world has seen in its completeness, the largeness of its theatre, the long preparation for it, the enunciation by it of new points of view in politics, its swift degradation into imperialism, its influence on the modern history of Europe. It has been truly said that France had for centuries been preparing for it, for centuries she would feel the effects of it. The imperialism, which has traversed and marred its due development, has perhaps already passed away—its destructive work is over; the republic under which France now lives may be the turning point of European history." ‡ No event in the history of modern Europe

* She had written "a very passionate lamentation of the sad condition the king, her husband, was in, desiring that they would grant her a pass to come over to him; offering to use all the credit she had with him, that he might give them satisfaction. However, if they would not give her leave to perform any of those offices towards the public, she prayed that she might be permitted to perform the duty she owed him, and to be near him in the uttermost extremity."—Cattermole—*The Great Civil War*.

† Harrison—*Oliver Cromwell*

‡ *Encyclopædia Britannica*

has produced a deeper or a more durable impression on the minds of men than the French Revolution. It was a mighty tempest, which agitated the waters of European life to such an extent that not even the lapse of a century has succeeded in restoring to them perfect calm.

For all revolutions there are needed, first, "a favourable concurrence of external circumstances." Next, "there must be a *semen martyrum*, a faith of internal conviction which will strengthen men to face death for their cause, because then minds are lifted above common life and its trivial affairs." Joined with these ideas, which cannot reach down to all, "there must be a general feeling of misery, oppression, wrong." Long before the actual outbreak of the Revolution the calamities of France were combining these necessary elements; and the opening years of the eighteenth century saw matters moving rapidly towards a revolution. When, in 1713, the peace of Utrecht was signed, "the country was famine-stricken and most miserable, finance in hopeless confusion, the debt grown to vast size; an annual deficit had long been going on. The whole of the institutions of the country seemed to have fallen into ruin. The nobles had become needy hangers on at court, they filled the army, and by making it impossible for merit to rise had contributed largely to the disasters of the Succession War. At the time of the outbreak of the Revolution, the first element was supplied by the character of Louis XVI. succeeding after his grandfather, the anti-national temper of his court, the outbreak of the American War of Liberation, and the ferment of modern ideas in all the countries of Europe. As for the second, "sometimes partial and narrow, yet always generous and warm, was the enthusiasm of younger France for the 'principles of '89': the equality of all men before the law and for the burdens of citizenship, the excellence of virtue, the sovereignty of the people, obedience to law, the blessings of freedom of person, press and belief," and the like—afterwards embodied in the *Déclaration des droits de l'homme*. The third was largely supplied by the scandals of finance administration, the despair of frequent famines, the grievous incidence of the *corvée* and other ancient services, the inability to get away from the soil or to rise. Moreover, "the divergence of classes, which in France had long been increasing, was such as to endanger in itself the stability of society. The old creeds, too, were dying down into

their embers, and had lost the power to arouse enthusiasm ; while the ancient framework of long worn-out institutions still encumbered all the land, and with their dead weight pressed men down.' Selfishness above, hypocrisy in faith, misery below—these fanned the flame.

But the progress of the Revolution was marked by a wanton cruelty that has seldom been equalled—never surpassed. "The brave," says Carlyle, "are not spared nor the beautiful, nor the weak." * As Fennyson has put it :—

"France had hoped I great men preached—spoke all men's good
Celtic Democracy Democracy would do that—'till rent with blood."

Let Carlyle describe the execution of Louis, 'the Son of Sixty Kings':—"He mounts the scaffold, not without delay . . . The Executioners approach to bind him: he refuses, resists, Abbe Edgeworth has to remind him how the Saviour, in whom men trust, submitted to be bound. His hands are tied 'his head bare, the fatal moment is come. He advances to the edge of the scaffold, his face very red, and says: 'Remember I die innocent: it is from the scaffold and not a question of the God that I suffer so. I pardon my enemies: I do not that France'—A General on horseback, Santerre or another, prances out, with uplifted hand: '*Tambours*!' The drums drown the voice: 'Executioners, do your duty!' The Executioners, desperate lest themselves be murdered (for Santerre and his Armed Ranks will strike, if they do not), seize the hapless Louis, six of them desperate, him singly desperate, struggling there, and bind him to their plank. Abbe Edgeworth, stooping, bespeaks him: 'Son of Saint Louis, ascend to Heaven.' The Axe clanks down; a king's life is shorn away. It is Monday the 21st of January 1793. He was aged thirty-eight years, four months and twenty-eight days."

But if there was some sort of excuse for the execution of the King, there was absolutely none for the execution of the Queen and the murder of Princess de Lamballe, attended with nauseating cruelties which are incredible. "Princess de Lamballe has lain down on her bed: 'Madame, you are to be removed to the Abbaye.' 'I do not wish to remove; I am well enough here.' There is a need-be for removing. She will arrange her dress a little, then; rude voices answer, 'You

have not far to go.' She too is led to the hell-gate ; a manifest Queen's-Friend. She shivers back, at the sight of bloody sabres ; but there is no return. Onwards ! That fair hind head is cleft with the axe ; the neck is severed. That fair body is cut in fragments ; with indignities, and obscene horrors of *grands-livres*, which human nature would find incredible— which shall be read in the original language only. She was beautiful, he was good, she had known no happiness. Young hearts, generation after generation, will think with themselves— O worthy of worship, thou king descended, god-descended, and poor sister woman, why wert thou there, and come Sword-Brother on thee— Hanne, at my hand ? Her head is fixed on a pike, placed under the windows of the Temple, that is still more hated. Mrs. Ambrose may see. One Municipal, in the Temple with the Royal Princes at the moment, said, ' Look out ! Another earthly whisper ! Do not look ! '

It is certainly a revolution from the West to the East, where such a change has not taken place even recently. The genius of the East is new to these. Let us take the case of Japan, where we find the first indication of what Lord Minto has called ' the awakening wave which is sweeping over the Eastern world, overwhelming old traditions, and bearing on its crest a flood of new ideas.' We have given some details of the attitude and methods of the West. Far different was the attitude of the people of Japan during the Revolution—we would rather call it Revolution—of 1867, and far otherwise the methods adopted by the noble—who, in most countries form the last stronghold of opposition to reforms, and in whom the possession and use of power excite a love of it which they can seldom overcome. During this Revolution the sole idea of the revolutionary leaders was the unification of the nation, and this entailed the necessity of abolishing *feudalism* in which was a recognised institution in Japan. " When they came to consider closely the practical side of the problem, they understood how far it would lead them. Evidently, that one homogeneous system of law should replace the more or less heterogeneous systems operative in the various fiefs was essential, and such a substitution meant that the feudatories must be deprived of their local autonomy and, incidentally, of their control of local finances. That was a stupendous change.

Hitherto, each feudal chief had collected the revenues of his fief and had employed them at will, subject to the sole condition of maintaining a body of troops proportionate to his income. He had been, and was still, an autocrat within the limits of his territory. On the other hand, the active authors of the Revolution were a small band of men mainly without prestige or territorial influence. It was impossible that they should dictate any measure sensibly impairing the local and fiscal autonomy of the feudatories. No power enforcing such a measure existed at the time. All the great political changes in Japan had been preceded hitherto by wars culminating in the accession of some strong clan to supreme authority, whereas in this case there had been a displacement without a substitution—the Tokugawa had been overthrown and no new administrators had been set up in their stead. It was, moreover, certain that an attempt on the part of any one clan to constitute itself executor of the Sovereign's mandates would have stirred the other clans to vehement resistance. In short, the leaders of the Revolution found themselves pledged to a new theory of government, without any machinery for carrying it into effect, or any means of abolishing the old practice. An ingenious exit from this curious dilemma was devised by the young reformers. They induced the feudal chiefs of Satsuma, Choshu, Tosa, and Hizen, the four most powerful clans in the south, publicly to surrender their fiefs to the Emperor, praying his Majesty to reorganise them and to bring them all under the same system of law. In the case of Shimazu, chief of Satsuma, and Yodo, chief of Tosa, this act must stand to their credit as a noble sacrifice. To them the exercise of power had been a reality, and the effort of surrendering it must have been correspondingly costly. But the chiefs of Choshu and Hizen obeyed the suggestions of their principal vassals Out of the whole 276 feudatories, only 17 hesitated to imitate the example of the four southern fiefs." *

Not only did the nobles show a splendid example of self-sacrifice, but the *Samurai* themselves showed a noble faculty of resignation. "They had been a privileged class, but they had purchased their privileges with their blood and by serving as patterns of all the qualities most prized among Japanese national characteristics. The record of their acts and the recognition of the people entitled them to look

* Brinkley in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

for munificent treatment at the hands of the Government which they had been the means of setting up. Yet none of these considerations blinded them to the painful fact that the time had passed them by—that no place existed for them in the new polity. Many of them voluntarily stepped down into the company of the peasant or the tradesman, and many others signified their willingness to join the ranks of common bread-winners if some aid were given to equip them for such a career."

Less than half a century, and Turkey has shown a similar example. The repeated attempts of Abdul Hamid to crush the growing power of the people and stop the fountain of progress, or, at least, to send the drain into it "lest the stream should issue pure," had goaded the popular leaders to change the head of the Government—the Sultan. But the deposition of the Sultan was not an end but merely a means to an end. "Kingship," as Carlyle has put it, "is a coat." And it was required to deprive one of that coat. This was done, as it ought to be done, without "the grand loss of the skin." The aim of the popular leaders was far above passions and prejudices, and selfishness could not touch it. So Abdul Hamid was granted life and some luxuries too. He was only shorn of his glories and removed to a safe distance from the centre of those intrigues which he had carried on for so many years. The responsibility for the little bloodshed which has marred the upheaval in Turkey rests with Abdul Hamid and not with the patriotic Young Turks whose aim and object it was to make Turkey proceed in the path of progress.

The calm, dispassionate and methodical work in Turkey cannot be attributed solely to that widening of the thoughts of men which goes on with the "process of the suns." The working of the Eastern mind is palpable here.

In India we have especial reasons to-day to watch the process of evolution in Japan and to try to be true to the best traditions of the East. The "awakening wave" is passing over India. It has already made its presence felt in various ways. There has been an exceptional combination of circumstances in India. On the one hand, India lives in her spirituality, and believes that "peace hath her victories no less renown'd than war." On the other, she is under the sway of a country of which Tennyson has said—

" A land of settled government,
 A land of just and old renown,
 Where Freedom slowly broadens down
 From precedent to precedent."

—a country which really considers the voice of the people the voice of God. Her statesmen have not been slow to recognise the new spirit and make some attempt to meet the new demands. In discussing one of the most retrograde measures—the Prevention of Seditious Meetings Bill—Lord Minto said, "I am well aware of the growing strength of political hopes and ambitions in this country, and I welcome them as the natural results of the education British administrators have done so much to introduce and to encourage. I have said so over and over again, and I deny the accusation of a disregard of the growing influence of the educated classes of India. Far from wishing to check the growth of political thought, I have hoped that, with proper guidance, Indian capacity and Indian patriotism might earn for its people a greater share in the government of their country. . . . The Government of India would be blind indeed to shut its eyes to the awakening wave which is sweeping over the Eastern world, overwhelming old traditions, and bearing on its crest a flood of new ideas. We cannot check its flow, we can but endeavour to direct it into such channels as may benefit the generations that are to come."

Even before this Lord (then simple Mr.) Morley had said, in his first Budget Speech (1906): "Everyone—soldiers, travellers, and journalists—they all tell us that there is a new spirit abroad in India. Be it so. How could you expect anything else? You have now been educating the peoples for years with Western ideas and literature. You have already given them facilities for communication with one another. How could you suppose that India could go on just as it was when there was little higher education, and when the contact between one part and another was difficult and infrequent? How could you think that all would go on as before? As for education, let the House think of this little fact. There is this year a Senior Wrangler from India; and I am told by the Master of Trinity that he was Senior Wrangler after two years' residence, when all the others in the class had had three years' residence. I mention that as showing that you cannot go on narrowly on the old lines. We should be untrue to all

the traditions of this Parliament and to those who from time to time and from generation to generation have been the leaders of the Liberal party, if we were to show ourselves afraid of facing and recognising the new spirit with candour and consideration."

We need not pause to discuss if Lord Morley's "poor imagination" has been able to "pierce through" a very long time, and if he has not viewed the trend of events through a somewhat distorting haze. But we cannot but admit that he has made an earnest effort—an effort that has met with a volume of opposition from men whose vested interests are dearer to them than political principles and progress of nations—to overcome the weakness of the bureaucracy, its dislike of change. And we hope that, as the present head of the English Government in India has expressed his intention to endeavour to direct the new spirit into such channels as may benefit the generations that are to come, the Indian leaders will so guide it as to benefit the people they are serving, taking care to remain loyal to the best traditions of the East of which we are all reasonably proud.

HEMENDRA PRASAD GHOSE.

Calcutta

Even Pingla * the sinner did declare,
 "Peace cometh to the soul when yearnings cease.
 We know this well, and yet our longing for
 Beloved Krishna knoweth no decrease.

U. S.

* Pingla was a courtesan who waited till the morning for a lover but none came, and so Knowledge and Vairagya came to her.

THE APOSTLE OF THE INDIES.

IN the Annals of the Roman Catholic Church there is no more beautiful or pathetic story than that of the friendship between the great Founder of the Jesuit Order and St. Francis Xavier, who shared with his leader the power of embuing others with his own enthusiasm and lived in an atmosphere of his own creation, shedding brightness even on the most sordid surroundings. Both of noble birth, with qualities that would have won them high positions in the army or at court, the two were led to the same goal by very different paths, for physical suffering and loss had much to do with Ignatius Loyola's renunciation of earthly glory, whilst Xavier reluctantly turned his back upon it in all the freshness of his youth and strength in obedience to the persistent reiteration from the lips of his friend of the awful question : what shall it profit a man though he gain the whole world and lose his own soul ?

Born in 1565, in the ancestral castle of his family at the foot of the Pyrenees, Francis Xavier was the youngest of a large family, and from boyhood was distinguished for his handsome presence, gay and buoyant temperament and keen sense of humour. He was early skilled in all manly exercises, delighted in listening to tales of the gallant exploits of his ancestors, and looked forward eagerly to the time when he should win fresh laurels for the proud name he bore. He himself wished to enter the army, but his parents were unwilling for him to do so, probably because of the expense connected with that career, for they were poor in spite of their aristocratic lineage, though their opposition is generally said to have been the result of a vision in which it was revealed to one of their daughters that altars would be raised and masses sung in honour of her brother throughout Christendom for all time. Moreover, the boy, in spite of

his love for stories of chivalry, showed a remarkable aptitude for serious study, poring for hours over old MSS. in his father's library, and giving special attention to Greek philosophy, which appears to have appealed forcibly to his refined and spiritual nature. After much discussion it was finally decided that Francis should go to the University of Paris, then one of the most celebrated centres of intellectual culture in Europe, where his brilliant abilities soon obtained for him a very high position. After passing with distinction through the usual course and taking his degree, he obtained the appointment of Professor of Philosophy at the College of St. Barbara, his great eloquence, but perhaps even more his fascinating personality, attracting large numbers to his lectures. Amongst the poorer students who attended them was the man who was ere long to alter the whole course of his life, no less a person than Ignatius Loyola himself, then fresh from the long sustained and terrible conflict at Manresa in which his tortured spirit, that had been upon the very brink of madness, had at last won the peace which passeth understanding and was never again to be taken from him. Already the grand scheme of founding a new monastic dynasty that should rival even that of St. Francis of Assissi in its world-wide influence had taken shape in the brain of its future founder, who, though there was little in his outward appearance, except his halting gait and the extreme poverty of his apparel, to distinguish him from his fellow-students, yet at once impressed the young Xavier with a sense of his power.

Of the first meeting between the two who were to be associated in so great an enterprise there is no actual record, but it was probably in the crowded lecture room that Francis first saw Ignatius, whose close attention, whilst it flattered, also irritated him, for the earnest, mournful eyes fixed upon him often seemed to challenge and rarely fully to endorse his arguments. However it may have begun, acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy, and although Xavier long resisted the potent spell cast upon him by Loyola, his final surrender to it was from the first assured. Together the two often wandered by the banks of the Seine or in the woods and meadows that then encircled Paris, discussing high themes with such fervour that they would sometimes lose all count of time, more than once running a risk of being locked out of the city and having to spend the night in the open air.

Presently, Loyola's exhortations to Francis to forego worldly ambition received a strange endorsement in the falling off in the numbers of students attending the lectures of the latter, so that he was suddenly reduced to absolute penury. Oppressed with a sense of failure and not liking to apply to home for help, he scarcely knew what to do, and was greatly touched when Ignatius, who, though the heir to vast estates, lived entirely on the alms he collected from the faithful, came to him and said he had more money than he knew what to do with and would be glad if Francis would take charge of some of it for a time. Seeing through the transparent ruse, Xavier accepted it, and thanks to the timely loan he was able to tide over his difficulties, that turned out to be only temporary, for, mainly it is said, though the world is not often so good-natured, soon became greater than ever.

But of the inner life of Loyola, little is known by his own hand to do some of the work of his own hand. He, indeed, as did all who came into contact with him, thought that the things that seem a great deal to others, and which he himself could not help but to lighten that burden, were only a part of his own action. By slow degrees he won the confidence of his friends, and he told him the story of his past life and decided to him his consuming ambition for the future. Astonished to learn that the man whom he had looked upon as a poor student of lower rank than himself belonged to one of the noblest families of Portugal, and had given up a princely fortune with all hope of earthly glory in obedience to the command of his Divine Master to forsake all and follow Him, Xavier was filled with an immense admiration that gradually grew into a strong desire to emulate an example so inspiring. The night after the great revelation was spent by him in searching self-examination and earnest prayer for guidance, and in the early morning of the next day he sought his friend once more, to find him kneeling in wrapt devotion before the crucifix. Then and there he declared himself ready to become his disciple and to submit to any discipline he chose to inflict, but Loyola, with the might into character that was one of the chief secrets of his success, would not allow him to bind himself finally until he had served a kind of probation, knowing well that the victory over self was not yet fully won. It was not, indeed, until some months later that the great leader permitted his new follower, who in the interim

cast many a longing look back on the pleasures he had resolved to renounce, to perform the Initiatory Rite of the so-called "Spiritual Exercises," described in a book written by Ignatius own hand, which not only marks a most important step in his own career and is the one extant devotional work from his pen, but is really the foundation on which was built up the mighty Jesuit Order that was in the course of its long and eventful history to influence the whole of Christendom, and to bring into the fold of the Church many thousands of unbelievers.

The "Spiritual Exercises" may properly be called a complete epitome of the art of conversion and private devotion, and is crowded with true worldly, as well as unworldly wisdom. The following eloquent words of Sir James Stephen, "By far the most valuable treatise which modern minds are acquainted with, and the most valuable production of our age," will give some idea of its character and value. "Every man who is desirous of attaining to that peace of mind which the world can never give, and which the world is never likely to give, will find in this book the only safe and reliable guide," "the only safe and reliable guide to the attainment of the most thorough and permanent peace of mind," "a healthy prospect to alight in," "the only safe and reliable guide to the next even days to crowd him off in the night," "the only safe and reliable guide to the biography of the divine Captain of the soul," "the only safe and reliable guide to extreme circumspection," "the only safe and reliable guide to which he may best be directed," "the only safe and reliable guide to his Standard." To sustain the Soldier of the Cross in this protracted warfare, his spiritual eye is to be directed at least the third of our literary weeks towards that unbottomable abyss of woe into which the Redeemer descended to rescue the race of Adam from the power of Satan and of death, and then seven suns are to rise and set whilst the enthralled spirit is to chant triumphant hallelujahs. And when at length the spiritual exercises close by an absolute surrender of all the delights and interests of his sublunary state, to be consumed by the undying flame of divine love on the altar of the regenerate heart."

From his four weeks of solitary communion with himself and with his God, Francis Xavier emerged in a condition of physical exhaustion and spiritual exaltation. The die was now irrevocably cast, there could be no more looking back, and on the Feast of the

Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, 1534, it was his privilege to take part in the solemn service in the chapel of St. Denys at Montmartre, that was the true inauguration of the Jesuit Order. The little band of enthusiasts but six in number, namely, Ignatius Loyola, Francis Xavier, Nicolas Alphonso Bobadilla, a teacher of philosophy, Simon Rodriguez, a young student, Iago Laynez, who was to succeed the founder as General of the Order, and Alphonso Salmeron, still a mere boy, knelt together at the altar, where, from the hands of Peter Faber, one of Xavier's old pupils, now an ordained priest, they received the consecrated bread, that they looked upon as the body of their Lord, and with one voice took the solemn three-fold oath of chastity, poverty and obedience, to which they added an expression of willingness to go as missionaries to the Holy Land or to any country to which the Pope might choose to send them.

* Never again did Xavier falter in his self-suppression. Dead to the world he had loved so well, and dead also to the parents who had made such sacrifices for him, he set to work with the energy he had previously given to study to the far harder task of subduing the flesh to the spirit, practising even greater austerities than Loyola himself, who left Paris for Spain a few days after the ceremony at Montmartre, promising soon to appoint a meeting with his little band of followers. It was not, however, until two years later that the longed-for summons to join their leader came, for Ignatius, who meanwhile had gone to Rome to try and obtain the consent of the Pope to the foundation of his Order, had met with unexpected difficulties. Finding it impossible, in spite of all his eloquence, to win over to his cause either the Holy Father himself or his advisers, he resolved to try what deeds would do to prove his sincerity and to work on, till better times should come, amongst the poor, the suffering, and the sinful in the Italian cities. To aid him in this endeavour he summoned those who had taken the vows with him in Paris to meet him in Venice,* appointing Xavier their leader.

With eager delight Francis prepared for what he looked upon as the beginning of the spiritual campaign, preparing himself for the journey that was to be performed on foot, in a truly remarkable way, for he bound cords tightly round his arms and legs so as to add as much physical suffering as possible to the other discomforts of the road, declaring, when he was asked the

reason for the torture, that he wished to punish his limbs for all the pleasure he had had through them before his conversion. Devoting themselves by the way to works of mercy and, it is claimed, performing many miracles of healing, the devoted disciples of Loyola arrived in Venice late in 1536, and there in 1537 Francis Xavier was ordained priest. Three years more, however, were to be passed in probation before what was to be the chief work of his life began, for it was not until the autumn of 1540 that the patience, tact and perseverance of Loyola—whose followers now numbered hundreds—were rewarded by the issue of the Bull known as the *Regimini*, that gave to the Order of Jesus its charter and secured to the Roman Catholic Church in her long protracted struggle with Protestantism a highly trained regiment of defenders whose standard of conduct was as high and scholarship as deep as that of the leaders of the Reformation, who were then fiercely assailing Papal supremacy and seemed likely, if not actually to destroy it, greatly to limit its scope.

In Ignatius Loyola, the harassed Pope found not only a Soldier of the Cross ready to die for the cause he had at heart, but an acute statesman, a born leader of men, and a strategist who knew how to circumvent his enemies when unable to meet them face to face with any chance of victory. Unanimously elected—some say against his own will, though this is scarcely likely to be true—General of the new Order, he lost not a moment in organising his campaign, displaying in the choice of the officers who were to work under him a discrimination and insight into character that have never been surpassed. An absolute monarch, he ruled his kingdom with a rod of iron, dividing the whole of the Christian world into districts, each to be governed by a deputy chosen by himself and appointing missionaries to win over to the Church the still heathen nations. As a matter of course his beloved friend Francis Xavier was not forgotten, and an opportunity soon occurred of giving to him a thoroughly congenial task. John III. of Portugal had asked the Pope to select from amongst the Jesuits a teacher for his subjects in the Indies, and the choice first fell on a certain Nicholas Bobadilla, but he died before he could sail, and Loyola at once suggested that Xavier should take his place. Consent was readily given, and after receiving the blessing of the Pope and bidding the Superior of his Order farewell, the young missionary with one companion, a priest named Simon Rodriguez, started happily

forth with no provision for his journey, no clothes but those he wore, and nothing to sustain his courage but his faith in God, conviction of his own divine mission and the well-worn breviary he carried beneath his arm.

Preaching and ministering to the suffering and sinful by the way, Francis Xavier crossed the Alps and the Pyrenees, passing almost within sight of his old home, but too anxious to press on, or it may be too self-denying, for surely even he must have yearned to see his parents who were still living, once more, to spare a moment for those who would so eagerly have welcomed him—a neglect commended by his Roman Catholic admirers as a fresh proof of his unselfish devotion, but somewhat incomprehensible to less prejudiced judges, especially when it is remembered that though he arrived at Lisbon in June 1540, he did not actually sail for Mozambique until the following April. He spent the interval in working so hard amongst the poor that King John was quite unwilling to let him go when the time at last came for him to embark, and begged him to remain with him. Francis, however, owed allegiance not to the monarch of Portugal but to the General of his Order, and refused to fall in with the suggestion that he should give up his mission to India, compromising the matter by leaving Rodriguez behind him and taking with him instead a priest named Camerino and a young deacon named Mansilla, both almost as full of enthusiasm as himself.

The three companions embarked on April 7th, 1541, in a troopship taking a thousand soldiers to Goa, and on the voyage, that took no less than five months, a terrible disease broke out in the crowded vessel, many succumbing to it, whilst others barely escaped with their lives. This was an opportunity Francis was not likely to neglect, and with superhuman strength he devoted himself to the care of the sufferers, cheerfully rendering to them the most revolting services, administering the sacraments to the dying and earning for himself the beautiful name of the Holy Father. Even when it was decided to land the still surviving plague-stricken on the island of Mozambique, he would not desert his patients, but went with them to the Hospital where, after performing true miracles of mercy, he himself fell a victim to the terrible disease. Rescued from the very brink of the grave by the care of his companions, Xavier was able to resume the voyage to India on March 15th, 1542, but he left Camerino and

Mansilla behind him to finish his beneficent work, arriving alone at Goa on May 6th of the same year.

Although it was the capital of the Portuguese possessions in India, governed by a Viceroy who kept no little state, and the seat of a Bishop with many clergy under him, Goa was at that time notorious for the degradation and immorality of its inhabitants, the grossest profligacy prevailing amongst the wealthy, whilst the poor Portuguese and natives were subjected to great oppression. Grieved to the heart at this terrible state of things, Xavier at once set to work, to do battle with it, telling the Viceroy, who offered him hospitality in his palace, that his home was with the afflicted, and winning, in his very first interview with the Bishop his cordial co-operation and friendship.

Beginning every morning with a service, to which many were soon attracted, Xavier passed his days in going to and fro amongst the people, visiting the hospitals, giving special attention to the lepers, from whom all others shrank, and preaching in the streets, announcing his own approach by ringing a big bell that he carried with him everywhere. Even when, as was too often the case, he failed to persuade the parents to give up their wicked ways, he was able to induce them to send their children to him, and it soon became a familiar thing to see the Good Father, as he was called, surrounded by little ones, many of whom later became missionaries in their own homes. Not long, however, was Francis allowed to enjoy the disinterested love of his young pupils, for at the suggestion of the Vicar-General of the Indies, Dom Michael Vaz, he presently felt it his duty to leave the town and go and work amongst the Paravas or Pearl Fishers of the shores of the Strait of Manaar, who were in a very degraded and poverty-stricken condition, having suffered greatly at the hands of Mahomedan oppressors. They, of course, understood no language but their own, and were, moreover, reported to be bitterly hostile to foreigners. As a matter of course, neither of these drawbacks influenced Xavier in the least, except to fire his enthusiasm in their service, and with the aid of an interpreter and his big bell he very soon managed to get a hearing, relying chiefly, as he had at Goa, on the children to secure a permanent influence. Sometimes, indeed, with a wisdom that had in it surely something divine, he made his little converts the agents of the benefits he conferred on the adults,

entrusting some favoured boy or girl with his own crucifix, with the aid of which, it is related, the sick were often healed and evil spirits cast out. Having by these and other means secured a large number of proselytes, he chose from amongst the elder men the most intelligent to aid him in making translations of the Catechism, the Apostle's Creed, the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer, all of which he made his pupils learn by heart. The rudiments of the faith thus acquired he proceeded to give his catechumens the rite of baptism, and before he had been amongst the Pearl Fishers a year he had succeeded in converting many thousands by these simple means. When, all too soon for the people who had learnt to love him and rely on him, he felt the time had come for him to go to another field, he was able to leave behind him no less than thirty Christian teachers, to carry on the work of evangelisation, the cottages in which they lived having been consecrated for service and surmounted by a cross.

So full of joy was Francis at this great and unexpected success that he added to his daily prayers a petition that he might not be overwhelmed with happiness, and not long was the answer delayed, for he had not been away from the Pearl Fishers for many months before his tender heart was wrung by the news that a terrible misfortune had befallen them. A horde of marauders known as Badages, who bore a special grudge against Christians, had swept down upon the coast, burning and slaying as they went, and tearing down the crosses set up by Xavier. Many of the natives were slaughtered, but a little remnant escaped in canoes to the outlying islets in the Bay of Coromandel, and there, as soon as he heard of the disaster, Francis joined them, going from rock to rock with provisions and water and remaining amongst his scattered flock till the enemy had withdrawn and the poor fishers were able to return to their devastated native land.

From Cape Comorin Xavier made his way to the independent province of Travancore, then governed by a Rajah on friendly terms with the Portuguese, where he pursued the same plan as he had done amongst the Paravas and with even greater success, for although he was at first persecuted by the Brahmins, he was fortunate enough, soon after his arrival, to win over to his side the ruler of the district himself by securing victory for him in a battle against the marauding Badages, who had swept down upon the country in overwhelming

numbers. The story goes that in the midst of the tumult of the struggle the devoted missionary rushed between the opposing forces, and after a passionate appeal to the God of the Christians commanded the invaders to withdraw—a behest that, to the surprise of both sides, was immediately obeyed. Summoned to the presence of the grateful Rajah, who after embracing him, gave him the title of the Great Father and asked what reward he would choose, Xavier replied that he was but the humble instrument of the will of his heavenly Master, adding that he asked for no recompense, but permission to preach the Gospel in Travancore. This was at once granted, and though the Rajah himself refused to be baptised, fearing that if he became a Christian he would have to give up the pleasures to which he was addicted, he issued an edict ordering his subjects to obey the Great Father in all things. Whether this mandate would have had any result if Francis had been a man of a different type it is impossible to say, but as it was, the Great Father now carried all before him in Travancore, and when he left it the whole province was evangelised, a great cross that long remained standing, rising up from the shore to proclaim to all who approached it the bloodless victory that had been won.

NANCY BELL.

London.

(To be concluded.)

TRIFLES ABOUT OLD CALCUTTA.

AS the use of the first person facilitates the writing of a miscellaneous article, such as Leigh Hunt would have called a "chatty paper," I will apologise beforehand, for apparent egotism, and endeavour to show my sincerity by withholding my name.

I want to begin with one or two things which were told me by my father, but it seems right I should first say who he was. My grandfather was a gentleman of small private fortune, who lived at Southampton, where he held a Government post in the Customs, in the latter part of the eighteenth century. He had seven sons, and though through family connections he had interest, it was no easy task to think of professions for them. My father was the fourth son, and church, army and navy had already been decided upon, for the first three, so when he was 15, he was put into the Mercantile Marine of the old East India Company, and he soon sailed for China, where the monopolies of tea and silk produced for his employers a lucrative commerce.

The story of Peter Thelusson, the French banker, who settled in England in 1750, is well known. This gentleman married into the Woodford family, and that family being related to mine, it came about that when Peter Isaac succeeded his father, and became one of the directors of the East India Company, he offered a writership for my father. Of course, there was a scuffle to get him home from sea, and another scuffle when he arrived, to make up in a few months for the want of education which, in those days, going early to sea naturally involved.

My grandfather knew then little about India, so he sent for his map, probably to see what shaped place it looked like, and finally, called a council of old men, resembling, perhaps, the chorus in Faust of our days, and finally acquiesced in the dictum of one of the veterans, who had lived in Calcutta, and pronounced that the most valuable knowledge for an Indian writer was the Italian method of book-keeping. So down my father was set to the Method.

I forewarned that I should be "chatty," and I must mention, though the fact is entirely *nihil ad rem*, that there was an old man then living in Southampton, who had been in the Black Hole of Calcutta in 1756. The effect on him of the fatal night was a swollen condition of the body. His hands were like boxing gloves, and the flesh hung over his ankles like turn-over boots.

My father was a student in Lord Wellesley's College, and he used to tell a story representing the manners of the day. He resided in Writers' Buildings, and had been dining with other students, in the Fort. He was walking home and seeing a palanquin passing, he thought its occupant was one of his companions being carried back; and considering this effeminate, he ran up, and catching hold of a front foot of the vehicle, tipped it on one side, and out slipped to the ground an elderly officer in the regimentals of the period, and was spread out on the grass.

My father sprang to his assistance, exclaiming,

"I beg you a thousand pardons!"

"They are all of them due, Sir," answered the officer.

"I thought it was a friend."

"You treat your friends very roughly."

"It shall never occur again!"

'Never must, indeed, Sir.'

And with much difficulty, the offended traveller was soothed and appeased, and with great attentions, replaced in his litter.

I pause for a deduction which seems to follow from dates, connected with the College which has been just mentioned. It is recorded by Dodwell and Miles, in their list of Civil Servants, that my father's rank as a writer dated from October 1797, and in December 1798, he was appointed Assistant in the Accountant-General's office.

Now, Kaye tells us that Lord Metcalfe was the first student ever admitted into the College of Fort William, and he did not reach Calcutta till 1801. But my father was holding an appointment in 1798, and he was undoubtedly a Collegian. I deduce, therefore, that when it was practicable, a civilian, though engaged in departmental work, had to find time to pass at the College too.

There was a character in these early days in Calcutta, who tickled my father's fancy greatly, and if my father, who died so long ago as 1846, could return but for one short hour, I am sure I could get some further details about the personage which would be entertaining. But we are such deaf dogs when we are young, about the past lives of our progenitors

finding them tiresome subjects—not listening properly and muddling them up in our memories.

The curiosity comes later, with many, but then the opportunity may, as in my case, have passed away. The personality I have alluded to was a factotum of Lord Wellesley.

He was a Frenchman, but I think must have known English well, and spoken it with correctness. For very few spoke French then, as we were held to be hereditary enemies of our neighbours across the Channel. Of course Lord Wellesley, who knew everything, did, but if the little anecdotes about his servant had been in French, my father would not have retained them, for he did not know a word of the language. And this deficiency on his part makes me doubtful about the factotum's name. As far as I could catch it from the paternal pronunciation, it was *Lamelle*. I do not remember ever meeting with the name, but it is a French word, and is possible as a surname. Its bearer seems to have been valet and general superintendent of matters affecting his Lordship personally. He dressed him, waited on him at table, and watched over him with affectionate care.

One morning, my Lord at breakfast had reached the egg stage, when he uttered a bitter cry, "*Lamelle, Lamelle, a bad egg! Fatal carelessness! Unpardonable error!*" and turning to a guest, added, "as bad as a false quantity to an Eton boy: how is this, *Lamelle*?" The Frenchman had flown up and was examining the egg. "These native servants," he exclaimed, "are always making embarrassing mistakes. They have given your lordship an *Aide-de-Camp's* egg."

Wellesley, like most men of genius, was subject to great alternations of mood, sometimes brilliant, sometimes silent and thoughtful. Calcutta climate was not so good then, as now. One day, he complained, when he was being dressed, that he felt out of sorts. That evening, Sir Henry Russell dined at Government House. He was the Chief Justice and a man of great attainments, and full of anecdote and animation. The conversation was unflagging; the wine passed, and the evening was a success.

On retiring, Lord Wellesley remarked to *Lamelle*, "I feel greatly better, the Chief Justice is excellent company, but for the life of me cannot remember inviting him." "You did not, my Lord," replied the valet, "I arranged that he should be asked. Your Lordship was languid—depressed; you required laughter and excitement. Sir Henry spoke most, ut you also were roused into talking a great deal. You are restored. I think my choice of Sir Henry was a good one."

TRIFLES ABOUT OLD CALCUTTA

Lord Wellesley, it would seem, was rather disposed to doubt information given him, if reasons were assigned which he did not think decisive. He had heard of lions in the west of India, and he did not readily receive what had been told him, that there were none on the east side. He thought they might exist in localities seldom visited. And he had some notices distributed in wild parts of Bengal, intimating that rewards would be given for very young cubs of lions, if they were brought in.

And a basket was brought in of tiny cubs, and the Governor-General was greatly interested. One of the A.-D.-C.s, however, was well up in natural history, and when he saw the basket, he said, "These are very young, and the stripes are not developed, but they are tiger cubs." Then Lamelle got the scientist on one side, and entreated him not to interfere. "Pray don't confuse us with your knowledge. It cannot matter to you what the cubs are. His Lordship wishes them to be lions. And as this is so, I hope you will oblige us all, by letting them *be* lions."

It is very odd, but I have never met any one who had ever heard of Lamelle. Nor have I seen his name or anything which would do better for his name, in any record, public or private. When Colonel Malleson published his life of Lord Wellesley, no French valet was on any occasion mentioned. And I wrote to him and asked, "You must have seen a lot of private papers and miscellaneous MSS., and in these, little items of a man's surroundings might occur, and a thoroughly confidential attendant is not so unimportant as never to appear behind the scenes at all. Did you come upon nothing hinting the existence of an apparently indispensable servant?" And Malleson wrote back, "I never fell in with the name of Lamelle, or with any one about the person of Lord Wellesley, who would answer the description you give me of him. But," he added, "I will ask Mr. Alfred Montgomery, who would be likely to know, and I will tell you what he says." But Col. Malleson did not write again: he fell ill, indeed, his sickness was unto death. And so I have to leave my Lamelle, a rather shadowy form.

My father always remained in the Treasury, and became Accountant-General of Bengal, in days when there was no Minister of Finance.

Whether this was owing to the Italian method, cannot now be ascertained. His early sea life did not prevent his acquainting himself with many thoughtful subjects, though his favourite books, the works of Reid, Dugald Stewart, Thomas Brown and others of the group called the Scottish School of Metaphysics, do not, apparently, any longer attract attention

Reaching Calcutta myself in 1846, I found the hookah still in fairly general use. I have been at a party when quite as many as six hookahs were brought in, immediately after dinner. The hookah-burdar was a recognised table servant, and he placed the pipe by his master, and put the silver mouthpiece in his hand, giving him also the rosewater which was sprinkled on the mouth-piece, for the first whiff. Then the gentle gurgling sound arose, and the room soon filled with the well-known odour. But the ladies sat on for a while, the younger ones finding the atmosphere more oppressive than the old ones. I consider myself therefore to have witnessed the hookah period, though the habit was waning. But the budgerow period, I mean when boats were generally used for travelling, was over. They doubtless survived for use in the rains, in parts of Bengal, but as an up-country man, I do not remember if I ever saw a regular budgerow, unless the vessel which an Armenian merchant used to bring up to Agra, and to call a "Pinnacle," might pass for the older craft.

Nor did I ever see a postillion, though the exact date of their extinction is not clear. But earlier in the nineteenth century, they were general. Conveyances were sent some little way down the Hooglee, to meet Bishop Heber, on his first arrival in India, and this is his description of them —

"Here we found carriages waiting for us, drawn by small horses with switch-tails, and driven by postillions with whiskers, turbans, bare legs and arms, and blue jackets with tawdry yellow lace."

This was in 1823.

But earlier than that date, I think about 1815, Captain Stephen of the Royal Engineers, who was an admirable craftsman, and a forebear of Sir Leslie and the rest, and son-in law of the Missionary Thomason, had kindly produced, in sepia, pictures of my father's house in Chowringhee, and in one, the time chosen seems to have been driving time, in the evening, and two carriages are given. One carriage is a coach not intended to be opened, but with windows in the panels which, when let down, would fully admit the air all round. The horses are being put in, and have bootails, not the Bishop's switch-tails, and there is a high box for the coachman. But another carriage is seen approaching, opened out by hoods being let down, on both sides, but they do not seem made to meet at the top, as they would be made now. The pair of horses are driven by a postillion, but he wears white breeches and top-boots. Bishop Heber does not appear to have been easily pleased about vehicles, for he writes on first being taken on the course at Calcutta.

"I am much disappointed as to the splendour of the equipages of which I had heard so much in England. The horses were most of them both small and poor, while the dirty white dresses and bare legs of their attendants have, to an unaccustomed eye, an appearance of anything but wealth and luxury."

I expect that the period from the middle thirties to the Mutiny was the heyday of equipages, because carriage building was in great perfection and commanded high prices, and gentlemen drove their own horses, the job system not being so common as afterwards. Even in the provinces, very neat turn-outs were to be seen. Mr. Powney Thompson of the Sudder Court, Agra, bred carriage horses, and could put on the road a capital drag which he handled himself with complete mastery.

He was an excellent horseman and had ridden flat races with General Gilbert, who also was renowned in that kind. Thompson rode in colours, and Lord Dalhousie, coming to Agra, good-naturedly asked him if he thought doing so was quite suitable for a man of his position.

"Well," said the old sportsman, "I thought I might show I was a judge of pace, as well as of law."

My mother came to India as early as 1807. She mixed largely in religious circles, her brother being one of those chaplains who took great interest in Missionary work. He was afterwards made Archdeacon by Bishop Heber.

She told me of a custom in Calcutta, which seems to have prevailed in the two first decades of the last century. Ladies gave "at homes," not called so, but assemblies corresponding to them, after the evening drive. I suppose ladies received written invitations, if it was wished that they should stay after visitors had gone. But to young officers and writers, and indeed to bachelors in general, an invitation to stay to supper was conveyed in a peculiar manner. As he came up to the mistress of the house to take leave, she would say to him, "Won't you send your hat away?"

My mother was an intimate friend of Mrs. Sherwood, the authoress, whose writings at the present day, are still partially extant, and whose work for soldiers' orphans was not only successful as far as it went, but led the way to efforts on a far larger scale, and of a more comprehensive and more permanent character.

Another of my mother's friends was Mrs. Myers, indeed more than a friend, a relation; for my Missionary uncle married Miss Myers, the daughter. The mother came out to her own father, when she was eleven years of age, and in August 1780, when driving with him in a gig in the

early morning, met a palanquin encircled by a crowd of attendants, proceeding rapidly towards Alipore. She has told me, herself, that she saw an empty shirt sleeve hanging from the palkee, spotted with blood. The wounded man was Francis and he had been just shot by Warren Hastings. The wound was in the side, but the arm had probably been taken out of the sleeve, to enable the doctor to staunch the blood; it had got spotted, and was hanging loose. As wigs were still worn in 1780—tie wigs and bag wigs—though not universally, I was anxious to know how they dealt with them in India. The old lady told me that a gentleman would come to dinner, in a nicely combed wig, but would be asked, when smoking began, to change it for a scratch wig, which was little more than a skull cap. As wig wearers wore their hair short, cooling and washing the head must have been easy and refreshing. The French Revolution abolished wigs at a stroke. I asked my father how his hair was dressed, when he came to Calcutta in 1797, and he said that in the strange enthusiasm about liberty, which prevailed at the period, he had for some time before worn his hair brushed entirely back, off his face, and that fashion was called "the Brutus head."

Mr. Myers died in 1817, and his widow, in due course, married again, her name becoming Ellerton, and she by this title was afterwards well known in Calcutta, in connection with philanthropic objects. Both husbands, I think, were engaged in planting and agriculture, and were interested in religious movements. In 1847, Bishop Wilson asked Mrs. Ellerton to occupy a room in his palace. I well remember her coming round to her friends, and asking them whether she could accept the offer, with strict propriety. As the Bishop and the lady could number 170 years between them, the move was considered as entirely *comme il faut*. And she went.

I cannot quite make out how ladies dressed, in driving in the evening, as to head attire, in late George III. and Regency times. Because I remember in the forties, that well-to-do Eurasian ladies on the Course had no bonnets; the elder ones wore caps trimmed with ribbons and lace, and the younger ones had their hair arranged just for the evening.

They looked very cool and tidy, and I was told that the absence of any out-of-doors covering was a relic of old habitudes: and that ladies did not wear, at one time, any special driving costume. This idea is partly strengthened by an incident extracted from Mrs. Sherwood autobiography.

In the year 1817, she came back from India, and on reaching England, the ship, the *Robarts*, was taken to Liverpool. The port had just been opened to East Indiamen, and the *Robarts* was the first ship that availed itself of the privilege. It was a gala day at the port: bells ringing, bands playing, hundreds at the landing place; and the Indian arrivals had to walk up through serried ranks of beholders.

"It must be understood," says Mrs. Sherwood "that we had not a bonnet in the party." But as each person was allowed to land one shawl, without duty, every child was enveloped in a grand Indian shawl, much too big for it, and the appearance of the procession was grotesque in the extreme. But Liverpool was in good humour, and could cry nothing but, "Welcome! Welcome! well done India! Hurrah! Hurrah!" But you will observe—no bonnets. I recollect as a child seeing Indian shoes lying about, and thinking them quite imbecile articles; foolishly thin things of kid, sometimes pale green, sometimes pale yellow.

And my father's Nankeen suits were a stumbling block. The cloth was presumably first made in China, but it was once very popular in India. And considering that we are not averse to adopting Indian cloths, witness *Khakee* and Nainsook muslin, it seems odd that Nankeen is now a name only.

But really, I must not abuse too long the permission I asked to be allowed to wander on. If, however, we could recover some forgotten trifles of the past, how much more life-like would records become! It is surely strange how few clothes are preserved; how seldom do we see garments, either male or female, worn a hundred years back even; and yet they would be, in some respects, just as interesting as books or pictures.

A friend was good enough to send me Miss Blechynden's *Calcutta Past and Present*. How brightly written, how effectively illustrated! I hope she will not rest on her success, but go on and give us further sketches, and find out for us more incidents. For one thing, I think the Hooglee river was more prolific of accidents and adventures, in former days, than now. And the reason, perhaps, was, in the youth of partially unfettered marine commerce, there was a rivalry over giving splendid entertainments on board ship. Anecdotes lingered of a ship getting loose from its moorings, during a brilliant ball, and the bowsprit of a ship at anchor smashing through the stern windows of the runaway vessel.

And another tale I have heard of a ship laden with hides, and when it was completely ready for starting, it was prepared for a gay farewell party, for music, and dancing and cards, and beautified with flags and

flowers and, as Byron has it, the lamps shone on fair women and brave men. During the night, it was thought by some that there was a peculiar odour rising, as was supposed, from the river. Others laughed and remarked, "Whatever it is, it will pass." The Hooglee is not always free from unaccountable smells. But in truth there was a fatal effluvia, and it emanated from the cargo, some carelessness or want of skill having imperfectly cured the hides. Of course, it was disregarded as much as possible, and the best made of the inconvenience, which indeed, was, at the time, unexplained. But there was a terrible sequel. For during the next week or ten days, a putrid fever broke out, chiefly amongst the young ladies who had been the life and light of the festival. In several houses there was one dead—and hearts bled to think how full of laughter and the joy of existence the handsome girls had been, who were now motionless images, avoided and feared. The catastrophe made a great sensation at the time, its date cannot be given; but my impression is, that Mrs. Sherwood was in India at the time, which would put the event before 1817.

I might mention amongst circumstances which have escaped notice, the secession of the Jesuit body from Calcutta in the late thirties or early forties of the last century.

The cause of their deportation was believed to be a misunderstanding with Bishop Olliffe, who had influence with the Holy Father, Gregory XVI., and was able to effect their withdrawal from his diocese. I do not know whether the Fathers would be willing to supply any details of the affair, or indeed, whether they would be permitted to do so. The fact remains that they went to China, that some of their property was sold, and their large school was turned into the Sans Souci Theatre. Another important fact in connection with the withdrawal is, that they have come back again.

But beside the belief that some narratives remain, bearing upon Anglo-Indian life and society, which have not been used, or not adequately used, it must be remembered that there are new aspects of old facts, which may create unexpected interest. I have mentioned Mrs. Sherwood more than once, and one additional item shall be recorded of her.

She went to a Nautch. There are different opinions about Nautches: some say ladies should never attend them, as the performers are not of good character. Others suppose that they are indelicate spectacles. A third section declares that they are the stupidest exhibitions ever offered as an entertainment. However, the effect on Mrs. Sherwood was one which did not perhaps influence many of the spectators.

It was this. As she sat and watched these human teetotums, slowly revolving to music which had not reached the secrets of the art, and adding their vocal efforts, which were also of a barbarous nature, it occurred to the lady visitor, that whether the numerous petticoats indicated a degree of modesty or not, yet the wearers were women. They had all been children—some had lived in the country when they were little, and played under the peepul trees. They had their hopes and fears, and now, as she looked at them, they had got their future before them. They may, she mused, have to be sick and, losing their attractions, to be neglected and thrown aside. Or they may harden into hags who search for new performers, and teach them how they may earn money. And then, whatever happened to them, whatever might be their earthly destination—the hospital or the madhouse—they had got to die. And when Mrs. Sherwood went home that night, she sat awhile, and tried to sketch out the life-story of an Indian bayadere.

And some honour Mrs. Sherwood for this

MET HUS' LFM

SOME URGENT AND PRACTICABLE SOCIAL REFORMS AMONG HINDUS.

(Concluded from our last number.)

THE institution of the Dharma-daya fund in the hands of merchants is another source which is full of great possibilities. It is a small percentage charged by agents and other merchants and willingly given to them by their customers for purposes of charity. This fund is lying idle in the hands of merchants and in some instances is applied to their private purposes contrary to the intentions of the donors.

This fund is set apart for charitable purposes and I fancy that it is a very large amount indeed and can best be employed for being lent to needy traders and beginners in commercial enterprises. It would furnish capital to very many persons and thus serve the best of charitable purposes. It is common property in the fullest sense of the term, and if educated people and influential members of the commercial world devote a small portion of their leisure to give a proper direction to its application, it could be the nucleus for the development of trade and can well give a practical turn to the career of many a youth whose energy is now lying idle for want of such help. Committees should be formed to look to the collection and management of this fund. It should also form the basis of a fund for imparting commercial education in India and England to deserving youths, and part of it may also be applied to the making of experiments as to the desirability of opening up new branches of trade and widening existing branches of commerce. For these purposes, and for lending help to poor deserving youths of all communities in the multifarious forms in which capital has to be employed, this is the best fund and would, if properly managed, conduce to the achievement of great good. Some attention to this matter would be the best way of discharging one's duty to the community. It is time to see that funds intended for public utility are not allowed to lie idle and to be sometimes misapplied and oftentimes unaccounted for.

Our moffussil merchants have been wanting in enterprise for want of commercial education. They follow their various avocations because their ancestors did, without troubling themselves about making any improvements in their ways of business consistently with the progress in the commercial world abroad. Moreover, the joint family system under which most of the co-parceners do no work, but depend entirely on the unaided work of the manager, has also been one of the many causes which have kept our commerce in its primitive stages.

One cannot but notice with regret the deplorable want of commercial education, enterprise, business honesty and systematic work in our moffussil merchants. A timely knowledge of income, expenditure and liability is all-in-all in trade, but one may come across many merchants who leave all their concerns in the hands of low paid servants who, finding their masters careless of supervision, give false balance-sheets and induce a false notion of prosperity, until at last, when failure comes, as come it must in this state of things, the fall is sudden and irremediable. The value of the maxim "Money saved is money got" is ignored, and trade in consequence slackens and deteriorates. Extreme watchfulness, complete equipment in the requirements of their respective trades, hard work, wise calculation, and a thorough knowledge of book-keeping are the chief factors in which our moffussil merchants are deficient, and the result is their gradual supersession by merchants from other parts of India. The proper remedy is primary commercial education given in their neighbourhood, for most of our merchants are unwilling to leave their homes or to undergo the trouble of getting a training in commercial schools which are being established in Bombay and other big cities. To educate the children of merchants, schools of primary commercial education are required all over the country. In such schools tuition in the elementary principles of trade and book-keeping should be given exclusively. Such commercial primary schools and agricultural primary schools already referred to are, it appears to me, the only remedies to train our mercantile and agricultural classes. And it is for the well-wishers of the country to contribute to the establishment of such schools and the successful working thereof.

The chief cause of the want of capital for trade in the moffussil is the high interest which men having money demand for its use in trade. If there is money to invest in Government savings banks and in purchasing Government promissory notes and in lending at usurious interest and in hoarding in the form of useless ornaments and jewellery, surely, there must be money for lending for productive purposes, and

as I have elsewhere said, it is the duty of educated gentlemen, who have money to invest, to apply a part of it for lending on interest at the savings banks rate to deserving youths and men desirous of trading. The fear that there would be no security for its return is imaginary. All the borrowers would not be so ungrateful as to defraud the lenders, and in the long run, if the lending is carried on with proper foresight, there would be no fear of a loss of any appreciable part of it. Trade would develop, interest would be regularly paid, and a greater demand would be made for money and a great confidence would be created in the minds of persons having money to lend for purposes of trade.

I am inclined to think that the high rate of interest prevailing in the country has been the cause of trade not being as prosperous and profitable as it would have been if the interest had been reasonably low. One can notice in the mofussil that even large sums like 5,000 or 10,000 rupees, and even more, admittedly borrowed and lent for purposes of trade, are taken at not less interest than 12 or 18 per cent. per annum. If this be so, where is the appreciable profit to come from after such heavy interest is paid? And I fail to understand why our people have not yet been able to effect a reduction of interest, knowing, as they do, that in England and other countries interest is comparatively very low indeed, and that therefore trade is profitable there.

It is necessary to note that merchants in the mofussil borrow at such detrimental rates of interest because they have invested their money in unprofitable houses, in costly ornaments, and in purchasing lands, without the thought ever occurring to them that money invested in houses and lands does not carry interest above 4 per cent. per annum and that ornaments do not carry any interest at all. To add to this, they do not accurately and at regular intervals calculate their gains from different quarters, their liabilities to others, and the proportion in which money is invested upon different objects. This undesirable state of things can be remedied only when the simple truth is kept in sight, that middle class men cannot be at once prosperous merchants, rich land-owners and possessors of extensive house-property and heaps of useless ornaments.

With regard to money-lending, I said in the beginning that the old class of money-lenders among us is gradually thinning, but it is not thereby meant that that work is not paying and should not be pursued. The methods hitherto pursued in money-lending are mistaken, and the profits expected from that profession abnormally high. Money-lending properly conducted is certainly a paying business, but it should not be pursued by men who cannot take the trouble of doing it in a systematic

manner or by those who follow other occupations absorbing their attention. It should be an undertaking on a pretty extensive scale, and conducted on solid business basis, the first condition being lending at the reasonable rate of interest, *viz.*, $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum on loans taken for trade, and a little more on loans for other purposes. For this purpose the institution of banks is necessary. Our money-lenders are an exclusive class and hence the total absence of banks among us. If the idea of hoarding be abandoned, if the desire to get extortionate profits from lending be corrected, and if the suggestion of money-lending firms and banks be taken up, money-lending would clearly be a paying business and would greatly aid the development of trade. Deposits should be taken by offering reasonable interest and confidence created in poor people who have small sums to invest to entrust their money to the banks, and there would then be no dearth of capital. It is because money-lending has not been practised on these lines, and because our money-lenders do not pay any interest on deposits, that it has not been so useful and advantageous. If educated, well-to-do and influential people take to banking, and if regularity, punctuality and business habits are evidenced in their working, I believe hoarded wealth would gradually flow to the banks and the banks would be prosperous and commerce would flourish, as there would be loans available on easy interest at any time and the country would grow much richer than now.

The establishment of banks would gradually induce many middle-class men and women to convert their ornaments into money and invest it in banks and derive some profit from property which till now is lying idle. There are numerous instances in which the owners of ornaments have no real use for them and are in need of maintenance, and yet the foolish habit of hoarding has been depriving them of profits which their ornaments, if converted into cash and invested, would naturally bring. The institution of banks and the creation of confidence about their stability and honest dealings, and advice to ignorant hoarders that keeping wealth thus confined is ruinous, are the best remedies for hoarded wealth to be put to beneficial uses.

Turning now to the question of other reforms likely to furnish employment to several idlers of the middle class, it is easy to see that the joint family system admits of improvement in that direction and that several respectable poor families of the higher castes can make a decent income by taking to hotel-keeping, and that many poor ladies of the higher classes can add to the comforts of their families by doing congenial work. I shall therefore deal with these subjects in order.

The joint family system, as it exists among us, is capable of great improvement in regard to productivity. It enables the co-parceners to undertake varieties of occupation with the aid of joint funds in a way which is not open to separate families. The affairs of the family are looked after by the head, and there are also other members to look after the children and females of the family. If such adult members were to appreciate and understand the principle of division of labour, the benefits to be derived, from the pursuit of various arts, and the duty of every one to work and add his quota to the joint funds, it is clear that such families would be far richer than now, that they could get rid of debts with which most of them are at present burdened and convert many a lazy member into a producer of wealth, and finally put a stop to wasteful litigation which takes away the wealth of the family and reduces most of the members to poverty.

The defects of apparently well-to-do families are that only the manager looks to everything, the other members are not educated to follow different occupations or to take adequate part in the carrying on of the concerns of the family ; the manager often keeps the actual income and expenditure of the family a secret, and sometimes makes secret profits, thus leading the other co-parceners to suspect his doings and thus to tempt them to launch into litigation.

If the affairs of the family are carried on openly, if every member is informed of the capital income and expenditure, if exact accounts are kept and ready permission given to every member to inspect them, and if every member, male or female, is assigned his or her appropriate share of work, and if all combine with full knowledge of all the facts relating to the affairs of the family, to work for the common benefit, I am sure great good would result and much misery and bickering be avoided. At present there is no co-operative work in such families, no mutual good faith ; every one is under a false idea of the riches of the family, and this consciousness of affluence induces most of the members of the family to be unwilling to work and renders them incapable of earning an independent living when the time comes for him to do so. It also often happens that some of the managing members are luxurious in their style of life and in order to be able to lead their stylish lives they are compelled to keep the other members in a similar style, and thus in such families expenditure is carried on on a scale beyond its means, and heavy indebtedness is the consequence. False ideas of affluence, false notions of keeping up the style of life

adopted in more affluent circumstances, false notions of marriage expenses and marriage connections, lead such families into indebtedness.

The problem of how far women can help their husbands in earning sufficient income for maintaining themselves and their families adequately is of vital importance to the poor and middle-class people. In this instance the lower castes are more fortunate than the Brahmins. Their women-folk give practical illustration of what wives can do to help their husbands. In addition to fulfilling their domestic duties, wives of the lower castes exert themselves to get earnings to supplement those of their husbands by doing productive work. It is difficult to conceive why poor Brahmin women should not imitate the excellent example of their sisters of the so-called lower classes. If, for instance, a man of the lower classes draws a salary of Rs. 10 or 12 a month, his wife would earn money by selling milk, vegetables or fuel, &c. The wife of a Brahmin of similar station would do no such thing but would throw the whole burden of bread-winning on her husband, thus depriving him of a good deal of income which would keep him and his family in quite comfortable condition.

Instead of multiplying examples, suffice it to say that false ideas of dignity have been making our people unnecessarily miserable, and that it is high time that such suicidal ideas are shaken off and our women taught to appreciate the duty and advantages of helping to add to the earnings of the family. No work is likely to make a man or woman less dignified if it conduces to procure maintenance, and no work is mean or degrading which is paying without sacrifice of self-respect and virtue. On the contrary, such work would enhance their respect. Nor can I see any reason why our wives and daughters should waste their energies in doing nothing or in indulging in meaningless superstitions.

With regard to those poor women whose families do not possess lands and who live in towns, why should they not take up domestic service and acquire money to live in greater comfort and ease? If they can fetch their own water and cook their own food, is there any degradation in doing the same things for their wealthier countrymen and getting proper wages for such work? We come across many women who come to beg as priests do, and want assistance in money for making pilgrimages or even for maintenance, and even this is often a mere pretence. This practice is the surest index of idleness reigning supreme in our community. If such begging is not degradation, surely earning money by work cannot be. If going to feasts uninvited is not derogatory, work to earn wages cannot be, and how many poor people of both sexes flock when

feasts are held and whom nobody invites and who feel insulted if it be suggested that they had better work. I have seen instances in which healthy women beg daily in the morning and the grain they get is worth more than what they would earn if they took up domestic employment, so that when service is offered to them, they naturally reject it with disdain. What is the cause and effect of this state of things? The cause is blind charity and the effect is the loss to the community of work and earnings, not to speak of the loss of respect. Similar blind charity prevailed in England prior to the amendment of the poor laws in 1834, and Sir Erskine May denounces its evil effects in the following graphic terms: "The industrial population of the whole country was being rapidly reduced to pauperism, while property was threatened with no distant ruin. The system which was working this mischief was assumed to be founded upon benevolence, but no evil genius could have designed a scheme of greater malignity for the corruption of the human race. The fund intended for the relief of want and sickness—of age and impotence—was recklessly distributed to all who begged a share. Every one was taught to look to the parish and not to his own honest industry for support."

The want of good hotels in the multitudes of cities in Prähm is the principal reason why we do not travel frequently in different parts of India, thus depriving ourselves of the most important factor in mending our manners and improving our trade. The antiquated notion of regarding stay in a hotel as undignified and the consequent compulsion of putting up with a friend or even a stranger and thereby inconveniencing self and host, is the main cause of there being no demand for good hotels and of travelling being avoided. This must be immediately abandoned and good hotels encouraged to be started and extensively made use of. The puerile idea of considering hotel-keeping as degrading has resulted in its not being followed as a useful avocation. The practice of priestly families in sacred places working for the comforts of their clients is neither more nor less degrading than inn-keeping, and if that is not degrading, why should keeping inns outside sacred places be

This mode of earning is capable of yielding excellent results. There are many respectable families in all classes whose income is not sufficient to meet their requirements. Why should they not board and lodge students attending schools, who for want of such accommodation have recourse to bad hotels and occupy rooms in dirty localities without any one to take care of their health and morals? It would lighten the care of many a parent and offer comfort to many a student

besides being a means of livelihood for poor families. Many boys of tender age have to be sent abroad for education, and if they can gain admittance in respectable families of the middle classes at reasonable charges, both the boys and the said families would be gainers. This practice if established, would attract a far larger number of boys from villages and would contribute to the greater diffusion of education, and would in addition improve the character of the boys.

Removal of similar prejudices would remedy the present paucity of domestic servants and would supply work to many persons who, being unfit to pursue higher callings, experience poverty from false notions of respectability. In short, the force of the saying of Pope: "Honour and shame from no condition rise, act well your part, there all the honour lies," should be realised and false notions of honour and dishonour attaching to some of the domestic services dispelled, and every one induced to do such work as his capabilities and surroundings permit. If this be done, there would be no dearth of nurses for the sick, governesses for children, midwives and domestic servants and poor families would not be made to depend on the meagre earnings of one man and go without many of the comforts of life.

One more occupation which can supply excellent and paying work to many persons is that of the medical profession. We are having some graduates in medicine and want many more but as the course is costly, ordinary people do not go in for it. There is, of course, the class of hospital assistant, but it is attended only by men who are in quest of Government employment. The graduates in medicine generally select big towns to enable them to get sufficient paying work. But in the smaller towns and villages medical aid is not as abundantly available as one would wish. Our kind Government has provided dispensaries in all the Taluka stations, but the efforts of Government have to be supplemented by private work. The dispensaries are often far away from most of the villages and the masses have not yet learnt the benefit of treatment by properly trained medical men. Only the well-to-do inhabitants of villages go to dispensaries and that too when quack treatment is exhausted and the case becomes serious. Thus to afford medical treatment to the masses to the greatest possible extent and to prevent quacks from weakening the health of the people and defrauding them of their money, private dispensaries are necessary all over the country. But the time when our medical graduates will consider it worth their while to be satisfied with moderate incomes and to settle in small places seems distant, and hence it is plain that there is a large field for men who have got the training of

hospital assistants to take up private medical practice in the interior of the country. They can appropriate circles of an adequate number of villages. By this means they can get a respectable living and be the direct means of administering the most solemn of human aids. The presence of such medical men in their neighbourhood would gradually teach the masses the benefit and necessity of scientific medical aid and, as has been the case in big towns, in villages too men and women would flock to the dispensaries and get speedy relief from their ailments. To convince people that this profession is paying, it is enough to state that there are cases of ordinary compounders with no training to speak of having established a practice giving them incomes of Rs. 100 and upwards per month, whereas if they had remained compounders as such, they would not have been able to get more than twenty or twenty-five rupees per month. Moreover, many of the higher medical practitioners would be glad to engage men of the status of hospital assistants as their own assistants if they are available. This is, therefore, a matter to which educated people should devote their attention. It would, I think, be easy to move Government to admit students to the hospital assistant's classes in greater numbers than they at present do, by convincing it that it is for private practice that such admissions are sought. There is also a field here for some of the graduates in medicine to open private schools for training men of the rank of hospital assistants, and for the rich men to give endowments for the establishment of private schools of medicine and surgery for men and women who may not be able to attend Government medical colleges for that purpose.

H V CHINMULGUND.

Hubli.

EDUCATION IN THE ISLANDS OF THE BLEST

III — MORAL AND RELIGIOUS TRAINING.

ANOTHER peculiarity about the educational system of these Islanders is that in its moral training it proceeds from Practice to Theory, from Morality to Religion as it were, instead of from Theory to Practice and from Religion to Morality. They hold the curious view that the fact that about ninety-nine per cent. of the people in the world belong to the religions of their fathers, indicates a grave error and injustice in the up-bringing of children. They are sufficiently broad-minded to care little as to the colour of the window through which a man sees God, so long as he does see Him, but they consider it to savour of slavery that a man should be born to a certain window and have neither encouragement nor opportunity to look through any other; even though he may see "as through a glass darkly" in the one case, but with a comfortable clarity of vision in another.

Nor do they hold that the beginning of Morality is the teaching of the propitiation of a truculent Being, and the saying "Do thus that It may be pleased and reward thee, and do not thus lest It be angry and punish thee." But they regard Morality and Ethics as *Mos* and *Ethos*, and Habit both in meaning and practice; and in their schools they teach Morality (1) by *practice and habit* at first alone, and later they teach theories such as that men should do that which is the right thing because it is the right thing, that virtue is its own reward, and that the worst of the many punishments which overtake the evil-doer is the fact that he is an evil-doer. Moreover, they realised very early that the younger the child, the more skilful should be its teacher, and that the best teacher of all should be its mother. Consequently the education of women was their first care, and they educated the rising generation of mothers as the initial step

in the organisation of the perfect system of education. It appears to have been an expensive business, but in the Islands of the Blest the Education Department is the last to be starved and the first to benefit from surplus revenue. This generation of women received a mental, moral and physical education which was not directed towards the acquisition of certificates and diplomas, weak sight and anæmia, but towards perfecting them for wifehood and motherhood and making them in their degree the intellectual companions of their husbands, and the guides, philosophers and friends of their children.

The moral education of the children thus begins at the mother's knee, and they receive a moral bias and development of the moral sense before coming to school at the age of eight.

At school they come under a stricter discipline and learn, when necessary, that the way of transgressors is hard. They acquire the habit of punctuality by being punished for lateness and irregularity, and so grow up punctual and punctilious men of business. They learn honesty and truthfulness by being sharply punished for dishonesty and untruthfulness, and so grow up honourable men. They learn cleanliness by being punished for dirtiness, and grow up with a loathing of physical and moral uncleanness. They learn obedience by being punished for disobedience, and grow up knowing how to command because they know how to obey. These and similar virtues they learn by inexorable discipline, by swift, inevitable and appropriate punishment. In this way they learn in childhood by a cheap experience what so many learn in after life by a dear one, that infringement of the moral, physical and social laws brings moral, physical and social punishment from God, from Nature, and from Man respectively. It must not be thought, however, that discipline is harsh, cruel, or repressive in their schools, or that they are ruled by fear. It is merely *inevitable* and in no way harsh. The children know instinctively, that punishment follows wrong-doing as the night the day. There is nothing capricious in the system, and no encouragement of the feeling that there is a chance of evasion, (and they carry this feeling of the inevitability of punishment for moral, physical, or social wrong-doing away from school when they go out into the world).

Far from ruling by fear, they rule by love, and follow nature, (which always punishes). Other virtues they learn (2) by the

example of the teacher. Of these the chief are justice, courtesy, moderation, good manners, gentleness and conscientiousness. There is an expression "a teacher and a gentleman" in use in the Islands of the Blest, as in other countries there are such expressions as "an officer and a gentleman" or "a scholar and a gentleman." For it is held that if a gentleman who is a *gentle* man is required anywhere, he is required in a position in which he forms the model, consciously and unconsciously imitated, year after year, by hundreds and hundreds of boys. It is thought that the models of deportment, conduct and conversation for the future nation should be as carefully chosen and trained, and as much "gentlemen" as soldiers, sailors, or clergymen, barristers, bank-clerks, or bucket-shop keepers.

Other such virtues as perseverance, accuracy, judgment, carefulness, diligence, attentiveness, are inculcated (3) by the *ordinary daily lessons* of the class-room, for, *there being no examinations, teachers have time, opportunity and encouragement for genuine beneficial education.* They have no care for the paper-results; their only care is for the children. They teach to benefit them, and not to advertise themselves, not to propitiate an examiner, not to do mental and moral injury by cram. For, as has been said before, the educationists of these strange Islands are concerned only with education, and hence with them "the *whole work* of Education may be summed up in the concept Morality."

Other virtues again, such as courage, hardihood, unselfishness, coolness, fairness, *esprit-de-corps*, temperance and manliness are taught (4) by means of *sports* such as boxing, fencing, football, hockey, cricket and other organised games.

And of their four methods of teaching morality *practically* they consider this last to be the most certain and efficacious, and also to most train and strengthen those virtues which are most worth training and strengthening. And it is for these virtues that the Islanders are most famous.

In these games the excellent principle of the ruling of boys by boys is adopted, and they learn to command and to obey, to act in concert under undisputed leadership, to merge the interests of the individual in the interests of the corporate body, to take merited rebuke humbly, and to give it justly.

And thus by custom and habit, by daily example, by rational study, and by manly games, the *practice* of Morality is achieved, side by side with its theory. For it is held that to rely upon exhortation, precept and the naked oral moral-lesson, is as sound a plan as to rely upon exhortation, precept and oral lessons for the teaching of swimming. These methods are not even used as adjuncts in the schools of the Islands of the Blest, for it is held that the only reasonable way of inculcating the *theory* of Morality is by means of the unconscious bias received through the study of stories of noble deeds, of stirring prose and poetry, of Science and of History. Hence the work done in the period set aside for moral training is selected and carried out solely with the object of strengthening and developing the moral sense, and moulding the character as has been described before. Nothing is learnt by heart (except poems, beautiful in thought and word) and the lessons are deliberately informal, conversational and delightful. There is no preaching, and if the teacher desires to point a moral and adorn a tale he does not himself produce the moral ready-made and write it on the black-board for vain repetition. For High School and College students the Theatre is also utilised as a means of moral training and character-moulding. In these Islands the theatres are neither owned nor managed by notorious loose-living financiers nor needy speculators in the popular taste for nastiness. They do not *reflect* the manners and customs of the people, but improve them; they are not mirrors of what is, but pictures of what should be. They do not pander to depraved tastes nor feed young minds on the choice pabulum of the "problem play." They number no stamping-grounds of "lewd fellows of the baser sort" and appalling, raucous, female advertisers of their own charms and other people's tooth-pastes, cosmetics, corsets and upholstering. They are great national Moral Schools, and they are used to give a conscious and intellectual basis to the theory of that Morality which has first been taught by practice.

These theatres are state-aided and either managed by the University or the Education Department. For students they are free, and all plays which are being studied in the schools and colleges are staged in the theatres. They are exceedingly popular, and probably

have more effect than any other device in the theoretical department of Moral Education.

Religious teaching is left to parents and the ministers of religion, and these generally take the same view as the educational authorities, that it is neither fair, desirable nor beneficial to a young child, to teach it dogmatically when young that which its intellect may reject when it is older. It is held that the enormous number of men and women who are filled with doubts and disbeliefs of their "own" religion and who have not the moral courage to become "converts" to another, would never have been in their deplorable and pitiable plight if they had become members of a Faith by their own deliberate choice, in the light of their own temperament, nature and intelligence. In the schools, then, nothing is taught but reverence for and obedience to the Creator and his Law, and in the colleges the history, tenets, and ethical codes of all religions are studied impartially and philosophically. And in after-life men and women follow that religion which most appeals to them, and is most credible, helpful, and satisfying to them; and every man is content that his neighbour should do as seems good in his own eyes in these matters. For they hold that God is greater than the creeds, and nobler and juster than men, and that an honourable life is the most acceptable form of worship.

PERCIVAL WREN.

Bombay.

THE "WOMAN'S MOVEMENT" AS SEEN IN THE LYCEUM CLUB.

IT is going to be the Woman's Age this 20th Century—and after, for some time—and many scoff, and some tremble, while others look on the development as the natural swinging of the pendulum after the long period of subjection to which woman has submitted. Submission is a good thing—in slaves—but cannot enter into the relation between equals, and it is equality in essentials that woman now claims—an equality, but not a sameness, such as two mountains may have, being of equal height though differing from one another as might one of granite cliffs on which even the snow finds a rare resting place, from one of conglomerate clothed to its summit in glorious verdure.

If the "Woman's Movement" is represented at all in the Lyceum Club, it is obvious that it in no way argues a war of the sexes, for here the male human is a frequent and welcomed guest, whether it be at the large formal dinner where he is the lion of the evening, or at the cosy tea-table in the smoking-room.

But the Lyceum Club—what is it? First as to its abiding place. If you walk from Park Lane eastwards along Piccadilly you will soon come to a magnificent house whose porch has four granite columns and on either side of which are many windows; one of the finest houses in this most fashionable part of London, facing the Green Park. Seeing that it is a part given over to men's clubs and private houses it must surprise a stranger to notice that the constant comers and goers at this house are women—women in motor-cars and carriages, women on foot, women in the latest Paris frocks and women in the plain coat and skirt that denote the worker. For this is the home of the Ladies' Lyceum Club.

Bravely started in 1904, in this palatial house, by a mere handful of enthusiasts, the success of the Club has entirely justified action which may at the time have seemed to the practical business mind nothing less than foolhardy. There were many women's clubs in London at the time, most of them merely social, but a few with higher aims. But not one had ventured to house itself so magnificently. The aim of the founders of the Lyceum Club was still other than these, while including them. "The basis upon which the Lyceum Club is established is the Union of women engaged as active workers in intellectual pursuits." It is "an association of the women of all nations who are interested in the advancement of Literature, Journalism, Science, Art and Music; and who desire to promote that good feeling and comradeship which can result only from a knowledge acquired by personal intercourse." For the Clubhouse in London does not represent the only centre of the Lyceum Club. Very soon after that was founded, an international constitution had to be drawn up which would apply to the new Clubhouse in Berlin and those which it was hoped would be started in other capitals.

This hope has been fulfilled in the opening of a beautiful house in Paris, and of one in Florence, to be followed shortly by one in Rome, and possibly one in New York.

It is difficult to know where to begin when one wishes to describe the various activities that find expression in the London Clubhouse. To read the announcements on the notice-board in the hall almost makes one giddy! The distinguished names that appear there of both entertainers and entertained, names famous in every walk of life where fame is to be won, would surprise a stranger.

The Lyceum Alpine Club is a very important section started quite recently by women climbers, who, not being admitted to the Alpine Club, have now one of their own, with the foundations of an excellent library. Queen Margherita of Italy has most graciously consented to become an honorary member of the Club, desiring especially to associate herself with this section.

The Debating Society has for its president the sister of a Minister, who ably presides over most animated discussions. Two subjects for debate announced at a recent meeting were:—"That professional

life has had a damaging effect on the moral character of women," in which, I am sure, the proposer could have received no support ; and "that the study of the occult is undesirable and dangerous."

Music, Arts and Crafts, Authors, Journalists, Painters and Sculptors, Photographers, each section of members thus divided has its "Advisory Board" which meets once a month. There are also University Public Service Boards, and a Music Board which arranges concerts and endeavours to gain a hearing of the work of members. There is a "Lyceum String Quartette" which frequently performs at the Club concerts.

The Arts and Crafts members have a permanent exhibition in one of the ground floor rooms of the Club, where a member can hire a wall-case for her own work, or can have it exhibited with other work—provided it has been pronounced suitable by the Board—on the walls or in table-cases. The Secretary is always in attendance here and will take orders for work. I have seen here much exquisite embroidery, charming alike in design and execution ; beautiful jewellery ; leather-work ; metal-work ; book-binding ; enamelling, etc., etc. In the season most attractive exhibitions are arranged of practical demonstrations of various crafts. The Painters and Sculptors are equally well off in a delightful room with a top light on the second floor, which they can hire for exhibiting their work, or of which they can hire one wall. When not required in this way a permanent exhibition of members' work is placed here.

The Authors' Board has recently formed an important Dramatic Sub-Committee which has given delightful performances of members' work. This Board has a shelf in the Arts and Crafts room for the exhibition of books by members, where they can be bought at ordinary booksellers' rates. They also have monthly meetings with interesting literary readings. Mrs. F. A. Steele gave one of the most highly appreciated of these readings.

A feature of the Club which should develop, if well managed, into a very important department, is the Bureau. Here information can be obtained as to publishers, advice as to manuscripts and aid in placing books or articles. One can have one's MSS. read and criticised, one can have them typewritten or translated, or research work is undertaken in London or Paris.

The Club dinners are a great source of pleasure and entertainment, and frequently also of instruction. I think we have entertained the Ambassadors of all the different countries in turn and have been honoured by important speeches—in one case almost amounting to a pronouncement—from some of the world's best diplomats. Our hospitality is always extended to members of any important deputation visiting this country ; if we cannot entertain them at dinner, we invite them to luncheon—as we have had the pleasure of receiving some of the delegates of the Press Conference lately. Some members of the Russian Duma are expected at the International Circles' Dinner.

This is not by any means an end of the list of the advantages possessed by members of this wonderful Club. The last phrase above, "International Circles," refers to one of the features which is to a cosmopolitan perhaps the most delightful of all. For a merely nominal fee to cover postage of notices one can belong to a "Circle" for almost any country. Each Circle has its own officers by whom are arranged lectures, "at homes," concerts, or *causeries*, having to do with that particular country. Sometimes lime-light views illustrate the lectures, as for instance, one on old Italian Gardens, and another on Burmah by Miss Mitton, author of a "Bachelor Girl in Burmah." This last was under the auspices of the Oriental Circle, one of the most interesting of all. It was inaugurated at a brilliant "At Home" when Mr. Ameer Ali and Sir Mancherjee Bhownagree gave short addresses on Mohammadan and Parsi Indian women. The audience was perhaps the gayest that the Lyceum has seen, rendered so bright as it was by the beautiful sarees and costumes of many Indian ladies, and the coloured coats and turbans of some Indian gentlemen. I do not think we have ever had a meeting unattended by Indians. Mr. Gupta, C.I.E., C.S.I., has come, more than once, and is a welcome guest ; and we are delighted to welcome Indian students, whether men or women. I believe they greatly appreciated an exceedingly able address by the President, Mrs. Leighton Cleather, on "The Message of India."

It is always an especial pleasure to see Indian ladies at our meetings. Some are members of the Club, and it is our regret that

Miss Cornelia Sorabji, who is a member and who has lately received one of the birthday honours, has not been in Europe since the inauguration of this Circle. Another Indian lady is shortly to speak on the "Education of Women in India"—Mrs. P. L. Roy, who bears one of the most distinguished of Indian names.

That the Circles do not only meet for mutual improvement and instruction is proved by the fact that the American Circle has opened an "American Bed" in a London hospital for women ; which is only the latest instance of their charitable work.

The Club is in the vanguard of all new movements, as was strikingly illustrated the other night when the subject associated with the Club dinner was aerial navigation. A number of distinguished guests assembled, among whom were the Prince of Kapurthala, Colonel H. S. Massy, C. B., President of the Aërial League of the British Empire, the Lady O'Hagan, chairman of the newly formed Women's Aerial League, the Earl and Countess of Kinnall, and the Hon. C. S. Rolls. Colonel Massy afterwards gave a lecture illustrated by a cinematograph display of aeroplanes and airships.

And yet, though in the vanguard, I have not mentioned "Votes for Women !" This may seem an extraordinary omission, yet it is easily explained by the fact that politics are absolutely taboo in the Club. Many members are ardent suffragists, and many suffragists hold important posts on committees and boards—the Lady Frances Balfour is President of the Executive Committee, while more than one member has suffered imprisonment for the cause to which she is devoted. But there are some members who have not yet come to see the necessity for the enfranchisement of women. The Club as a body takes no side in this, nor in any important political question of the day, for, in a large membership of over two thousand, many shades of opinion must of necessity be represented, and it is a notorious fact that political strife creates division and a Club divided against itself could not stand.

But while politics are excluded, municipal affairs, economics, and sociology receive a large amount of attention under the auspices of a "Public Service Board." At the meetings arranged for the autumn session the speakers include Prof. Loch on "The Majority

Report of the Poor Law Commission," the Rev. Russell Wakefield who will speak on "The Minority Report," and Mr. J. R. Brooke of Toynbee Hall, whose subject is "Unemployment and its Remedies." It is of the greatest importance that women should take an intelligent interest in social questions of every description. Their value as Poor Law Guardians cannot be over-estimated. On Borough Councils, on the Central Unemployed Body, on the distress committees, their opinions and experience should be of the greatest value. But judging from statistics given by Sir Melvill Beachcroft, chairman of the London County Council, at a Club dinner recently, women are not rising to their responsibilities to the community in this respect. Sir Melvill pointed out many directions in which their help is urgently needed, for work more suitable to be undertaken by women than by men. Both he and Sir Edwin Cornwall, who spoke after him, particularly mentioned the asylum committees as sorely wanting the aid of women. Surely, the midwives committee should consist largely of women, yet at present there are only three co-opted ladies on it. Then there is the education committee, whose women membership might well be augmented seeing that at present there are but six co-opted ladies. In short, there are many fields in which women can labour to do public service.

But if women do not come forward so enthusiastically as some may wish, to fill the places open to them, surprised statesmen must remember that women are greatly discouraged by the injustice meted out to them as citizens. What has happened to those who cried "no taxation without representation"? Their "principles" can but have been election catchwords if they deny to any tax-payer the right to vote for those who decide how the subscribed money shall be spent.

I cannot close without saying something about the charming Club house in Paris. Though the house is much smaller than the London one, the latter cannot compare with it in the matter of decoration. The one fine feature of the kind in the Piccadilly house is a beautiful wrought-iron stair balustrade. The Paris drawing-room boasts a fine painted ceiling; while the library and two bedrooms on the next floor have magnificent old Italian doors, carved and inlaid with ivory.

The Club has its own little magazine which contains a record of doings almost as diversified, and functions as brilliant as those of the parent Club. Its President is the Duchesse Dre. d'Uzès, who takes a personal interest in its affairs, while the distinguished Frenchwomen whose names are on its Committee are bound to procure for it a successful career. In one month alone such well-known women as Madame Dieulafoy, Madame Alphonse Daudet, and Madame Lucia Decharme took part in the literary causeries. The Lyceum "Fridays" are quite a feature of the week in Paris, and the varied programmes of music arranged are listened to by a large and attentive audience.

But to write of all the energies of this Club would be to go over again almost all the ground covered in my description of the London Lyceum.

Women all over the world are waking up, are realising the many directions in which there is scope for their growing capacities. They are gradually finding that the world is a larger "home" where their care and thought is needed, and they wish to rise to their responsibilities as "Mothers." Their horizon is widening, their sympathies deepening towards their comrades in this larger home, their ideals are becoming less personal. In all her aspirations woman is helped by the best minds in her complementary sex. No man who anticipates improvement in the future for the human race denies her right place on the path of progress *beside* him. Only in proportion as men and women work together can the world advance in the only way where advance is of permanent value, and I believe that the motives of the "Woman's Movement" are the revolt against the positions assigned to her in which her power for good has been minimised, curtailed and crushed, and the desire to raise herself to her proper sphere of usefulness.

A. ANDERSON MORTON.

London.

CIVILISATION, EASTERN AND WESTERN.

ACCORDING to Guizot, civilisation is the perfecting of civil life, the development of society properly so called, of the relations of men among themselves. Civilisation is the result of two facts : the development of social activity and that of individual activity, the progress of society and the progress of humanity.

In the opinion of Buckle, four leading propositions are to be deemed the basis of the history of civilisation : 1st, that the progress of mankind depends on the success with which the laws of phenomena are investigated, and on the extent to which a knowledge of those laws is diffused ; 2nd, that before such investigations can begin, a spirit of scepticism must arise, which, at first aiding the investigation, is afterwards aided by it ; 3rd, that the discoveries thus made increase the influence of intellectual truths and diminish relatively, not absolutely, the influence of moral truths, moral truths being more stationary than intellectual truths and receiving fewer additions ; 4th, that the great enemy of this movement is the protective spirit, by which is meant the notion that society cannot prosper unless the affairs of life are watched over and protected at nearly every turn by the State and the Church, the State teaching men what they are to do and the Church teaching them what they are to believe.

The civilisation of a country is affected, among other causes, by its physical agents, which may be classed under four heads, namely, Climate, Food, Soil and the General Aspects of Nature—by which last are meant those appearances which, though presented chiefly to the sight, have through the medium of that or other senses, directed the association of ideas and hence, in different countries, have given rise to different habits of national thought.

Leaving the consideration of the influence of the first three physical agents—climate, food and soil—to medical men and other experts, we confine our observation to the last of such agents, *viz.*, the general aspects of nature. With regard to these, in the opinion of Buckle, two

fundamental propositions are said to be established: 1st, that there are certain natural phenomena which act on the human mind by exciting the imagination; and 2ndly, that those phenomena are much more numerous out of Europe than in it. We are told that the people of those countries in which Nature presents herself in her wild and marvellous, terror-striking and awful aspect, generally become imaginative, credulous and superstitious; whereas the people whose country abounds only with simple natural scenery are generally cool and calculating, given to reasoning and doubting. There are wonders of nature in the former and wonders of art in the latter. Hence it is stated that fetichism is the characteristic of the one, hero-worship that of the other; that the Hindu gods represent the attributes of nature, while the Greek gods represent human attributes, and that the Greeks dealt more with the known and available, the Hindus with the unknown and mysterious, the former having respect for human, the latter for superhuman powers. Hence the inference has been drawn that the two principal sources of superstition are ignorance and danger, ignorance keeping men unacquainted with natural causes, and danger making them recur to supernatural ones; or to express the same proposition in other words, the feeling of *veneration which, under one of its aspects, takes the form of superstition is a product of wonder and of fear, and it is obvious that wonder is connected with ignorance and fear with danger. Hence it is that whatever in any country increases the total amount of amazement or whatever in any country increases the total amount of peril, has a direct tendency to increase the total amount of superstition, and therefore to strengthen the hands of the priesthood. We do not see our way to fully endorse the foregoing views. Wonder is the beginning of all knowledge. As observed by Plato, it is a truly philosophic passion; the more we have of it, blended with reverence and with a clear open eye, the better. It fixes and concentrates our attention with great energy. Our thoughts generally wander; intruding thoughts generally call off the mind; but once let wonder be awakened with the curiosity which follows it, and the intellectual powers are quickened. In its higher stage, it gives place to admiration, which is directed on what is present to the mind, and is its homage to the contemplated object.

"He who wonders not," says Professor Blackie, "largely and habitually in the midst of this magnificent universe, does not prove that the world has nothing great in it worthy of wonder, but only that his own sympathies are narrow and his capacities small. It is by admiration only of what is beautiful and sublime that we can mount up a few steps towards

the likeness of what we admire. To look with admiring rapture on a type of perfect excellence is the way to become assimilated to that excellence." The sciences of the heavenly bodies and of the earth's crust, of the nature and properties of substances and their combination, of the laws of heat, light, electricity and magnetism, the sciences dealing with molar and molecular forces and those relating to the vegetable, the mineral, and the animal kingdoms—all these sciences giving us an insight into the wonders of the creation, all forth our warmest admiration, prove that our knowledge of the wondrously fair and glorious works of the Creator is very limited, that like children we are still gathering pebbles on the sea-shore, that we are small creatures, even the biggest of us, that we have very great reasons to be of a humble and reverential spirit, and that the admiration of science is a safe basis for the foundation of virtue and piety. The theological spirit is in a manner the blood which ran in the veins of the European world down to Bacon and Descartes. For the first time Bacon in England and Descartes in France carried intelligence beyond the path of theology. The history of European civilisation may be summed up into three grand periods—1st, a period which may be called the period of origins, of formation—a time when the various elements of European society freed themselves from the chaos, took being and showed themselves under their native forms with the principles which animated them. This period extended nearly to the 12th century. 2nd, a period of essay, of trial, of grouping the various elements of the social order which drew near each other, and as it were felt each other with the power to bring forth anything general, regular and durable. This state was not ended, properly speaking, till the 16th century 3rd, a period of development properly so-called, when society in Europe took a definite form, followed a determined tendency, and progressed rapidly and universally towards a clear and precise end. This commenced at the 16th century and now pursues its course.

The advance of thought in Europe has produced good results in the three important branches of human knowledge, *viz.* Theology, Politics and Literature. The rites and forms of a religion lie on the surface; they are at once seen and are quickly learned and easily copied by those who are unable to penetrate into that which lies beneath. It is the deeper and inward change which alone is durable and this the savage can never experience while he is sunk in an ignorance that levels him with the brutes by which he is surrounded. Remove the ignorance and then the religion enters. How idle, then, it is to ascribe the civilisation to the creed, and how worse than foolish are the attempts of Government to

protect a religion which, if suited to the people, will need no protection or support, and if unsuited to them, will work no good.

As to the political welfare of a country, one main condition is that its rulers shall by no means presume to raise themselves into supreme judges of the national interests or deem themselves authorised to defeat the wishes of those for whose benefit alone they occupy the position entrusted to them. Burke, the political philosopher and champion of popular rights, recognised as the object of Government not the preservation of particular institutions, nor the propagation of particular tenets, but the happiness of the people at large. In two conditions, a good system of organising power and a good system of guarantees of liberty, consists the worth of Governments in general, whether religious or civil ; all Governments ought to be judged according to this criterion

It behoves, therefore, every people to take heed that the interests of literary men are on their side rather than on the side of Government. For literature is the representative of intellect, which is progressive. Government is the representative of order, which is stationary. As long as these two great powers are separate, they will correct and act and react upon each other, and the people may hold the balance. If, however, these powers coalesce, if the Government can corrupt the intellect and if the intellect will yield to the Government, the inevitable result must be despotism in politics and servility in literature. From this synopsis, containing an account of the genius and idiosyncrasy of European civilisation, it appears that the outcome of such civilisation has been intellectual, social and material progress rather than moral, individual and spiritual progress. Its prevailing spirit is freedom—freedom in politics, literature and religion. Its general tendency has been to attain equality of political status, freedom of thinking, and liberty of conscience. The principal aim of the ancient Hindu civilisation has been to aim at spiritual perfection. Simplicity in material life and richness in intellectual and spiritual life were its principal characteristics. We confine our account to this civilisation as it was the best type of Eastern or Asiatic civilisation and is being rapidly revived under the various liberalising and humanising forces at work in the present age.

From the Vedas to Manu and from Manu to the Puranas, Sir William Jones conceives the change to be exactly in the same proportion as from the fragments of Numa to the Twelve Tables and from those to the works of Cicero. The theological, philosophical, literary and scientific works of the ancient Hindus were all written in Sanscrit, which has been

characterised by the same authority to be of a wonderful structure; more perfect than the Greek, more copious than the Latin, and more exquisitely refined than either.

The primary doctrine of the Vedas is the unity of God. The three principal manifestations of the Deity (Brahma, Vishnu and Siva) with other personified attributes are indeed mentioned, but the worship of deified heroes is no part of the system.

Manu's Code seems rather to be the work of a learned man designed to set forth his idea of a perfect commonwealth under Hindu institutions. On this supposition it would show the state of society as correctly as a legal Code, since it is evident that it incorporates the existing laws, and any alterations it may have introduced with a view to bring them up to its preconceived standard of perfection, must still have been drawn from the opinions which prevailed when it was written. The moral duties are in one place distinctly declared to be superior to the ceremonial ones, but in the opinion of Elphinstone, the historian, the general tendency of Brahmin morality is rather towards innocence than active virtue and its main objects are to enjoy tranquillity and to prevent pain or evil to any sentient being.

According to the same authority, the internal institutions of the ancient Hindus were less rude than those of the Greeks, as painted by Homer, who was nearly contemporary with Manu; their conduct to their enemies was more humane, their general learning was much more considerable, and in the knowledge of the being and nature of God they were already in possession of a light which was but faintly perceived even by the loftiest intellects in the best days of Athens. Yet the Greeks were polished by free communication with many nations and have recorded the improvements which they early derived from each; while the Hindu civilisation grew up alone, and thus acquired an original and peculiar character that continues to spread an interest over the higher stages of refinement to which its unaided efforts afterwards enabled it to attain.

The union of the village communities, each one forming a separate little state in itself, has contributed more than any other cause to the preservation of the people of India through the revolutions and changes which they have suffered, and is in a high degree conducive to their happiness and the enjoyment of a great portion of freedom and independence.

The Hindu religion presents a more natural course. It rose from the worship of the powers of Nature to theism, and then declined in scepticism with the learned and man-worship with the vulgar.

The two principal schools of Hindu Philosophy, comprehending the six Darshans, are the Sankhya and Vedanta. The first maintains the eternity of matter and its principal branch denies the being of God. The other school derives all things from God and one sect denies the reality of matter. All the Indian systems, atheistical as well as theistical, agree in their object, which is to teach the means of obtaining beatitude, or in other words metempsychosis or deliverance from all corporeal encumbrances. The state of society in ancient India was not so bad as has been described by some English writers. The condition of the Sudras was much better than that of the public slaves under some ancient republics, and indeed than that of the villeins of the Middle Ages or any other servile class with which we are acquainted. Elphinstone has instituted the following comparison between the middle classes of India and England :—" On the whole, if we except those connected with the Government, they (the Indian townspeople) will bear a fair comparison with the people of towns in England. Their advantages in religion and government give them a clear superiority to our middle class, and even among the labouring class there are many to whom no parallel could be found in any rank or order ; but on the other hand, there is no set of people among the Hindus so depraved as the dregs of our great towns ; and the swarms of persons who live by fraud—sharpers, impostors, and adventurers of all descriptions, from those who mix with the higher orders down to those who prey on the common people—are almost unknown in India."

Civilisation, to be perfect, must combine the advantages of the East and the West, that is to say, spiritual perfection and material progress. Buckle, as we have shown, has given predominance of intellectual over moral truths in the growth and development of civilisation. Such, however, is not the opinion of Emerson, the great American thinker and philosopher. According to him, the evolution of a highly destined society must be moral ; it must run in the grooves of the celestial wheels. It must be catholic in aims. What is moral ? It is the respecting in action catholic or universal ends. Kant defines moral conduct thus : " Act always so that the immediate motive of thy will may become a universal rule for all intelligent beings." The following passage culled from Emerson on ' Civilisation ' will, we believe, throw a flood of light on the subject :—

" In strictness the vital refinements are the moral and intellectual steps. The appearance of the Hebrew Moses, of the Indian Buddh, in Greece of the seven Wise Masters, of the acute and upright Socrates and

of the Stoic Zeno, in Judea the advent of Jesus, and in modern Christendom of the realists Huss, Savonarola and Luther, are causal facts which carry forward races to new convictions and elevate the rule of life. In the presence of these agencies, it is frivolous to insist on the invention of printing or gunpowder, of steam power or gaslight, percussion-caps, and rubber-shoes, which are toys, thrown off from that security, freedom and exhilaration which a healthy morality creates in society. These arts add a comfort and smoothness to house and street life; but a purer morality which kindles genius, civilises civilisation, casts backward all that we hold sacred into the profane, as the flame of oil throws a shadow when shined upon by the flame of the Bude-light. Not the less the popular measures of progress will ever be the arts and the laws."

Morality and all the incidents of morality are essential as justice and personal liberty to the citizen. "Countries," says Montesquieu, "are well cultivated not as they are fertile, but as they are free." And the remark holds not less but more true of the culture of men than of the tillage of land. The highest proof of civilisation is that the whole public action of the State is directed on securing the greatest good of the greatest number.

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AN EPISODE IN THE EARLY DAYS OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

TWELVE years had elapsed since the death of Robert I., surnamed the Liberal, seventh Duke of Normandy, and William the Bastard, his son and successor, had just attained his twentieth year.

He was then the finest knight of the day : six feet in height, of Herculean strength, an expressive countenance, a martial air, and invincible courage. "Such a fine man has never been seen," says naively the troubadour Benoist de S. Maure, "so pleasing, so well shaped, and of such goodly proportions, that in his presence the handsome are cast into the shade." Guillaume de Poitiers, in his turn, says that Gaul had not another knight, another warrior, so renowned as he. His manly courage, and other virtues, shone with an extraordinary lustre.

Such valour and nobility of character, no less than his other qualities* did not, however, prevent the young duke from having enemies. On the contrary, William's renown irritated the Norman barons, who, proud and turbulent as they were, thought it humiliating to be under the dominion of the illegitimate son of Arlette, a lowly bourgeoisie of Falaise, of whom Robert had been enamoured, and whose father was only a tanner.

Since the accession of William to the throne of Normandy (1033) he had continually been exposed to the revolts of his vassals, among whom his illegitimacy and minority gave rise to a thousand ambitious schemes. He had seen the successive disturbances caused by the factions of Guillaume, Comte d'Argues, the Comte de Mortain, the Comte d'Eu, and above all of Roger de Tony, Comte de Couches and the standard-bearer of Normandy. The young duke was supported

* Abbé Prevost says that William's wit was keen and penetrating, and he had an elementary knowledge of all the sciences in vogue in that century. But this learning of William's is questionable. Does not l'Abbé Delanney state that the Conqueror could not sign even his own name.

by a few faithful knights, including the Conétable de Gacé and found himself forced to wage war against the Comte Hyènes. This rebel having fortified himself at Falaise, William was obliged to besiege his native town (1040). Two years after (1042) Mauger, his uncle, put forward his claims to the crown, and so provoked the siege of Argues. Finally, the king of France, Henry I., forgetting the services that had been rendered him by Robert I., declared himself against the son of his benefactor.

A hundred times William was on the point of losing his duchy a hundred times his lucky star saved him. Such continued success at last wearied his most obstinate opponents, several of whom submitted, regarding him as one of those rocks on which the tempest had no effect. Others, such as Néel, Vicomte du Cotentin, and Renoulph, Vicomte du Bessin, outwardly occupied in deciding mutual quarrels, seemed to have forgotten their animosity to their sovereign. Order was apparently re-established; and William congratulated himself on the advantages a long peace would procure to Normandy. Youth is so apt to have illusions of this kind! Just at the very time that the duke imagined he could enjoy the most perfect security, one of the most formidable conspiracies of his reign was being plotted against him. It was then the spring of 1045.

William's great qualities, which developed from day to day, helped to increase the attachment of his friends and followers; but they had made no change, so far, in the sentiments of those who habitually regarded him with contempt. The duke had at his Court a young prince of his own blood, who had been his companion in childhood, and who had always tried to attach to his person. This was Guy, son of the Comte de Bourgogne and Alips, a daughter of Richaill. Admitted to knighthood, and confirmed in the possession of the fiefs of Vernon, Brionne and several adjacent lands, Guy with a first grateful. Unfortunately, he came into contact with a woman of unrivalled wickedness, whose evil counsels, cleverly lights, had the most deplorable influence on the mind of the young Comte de Bourgogne. This man, Grimoult du Plessis by name, undertook to inspire him with designs that he would never have conceived alone, and he set about his task so well, that Guy, already elated by his recent elevation, soon began to dream of a higher one. Grimoult was recommended by the king of France to the Duke of Normandy, and was received into his confidence. He was not long in making his influence felt, and he succeeded in persuading

him that he had a lawful claim to the throne of Normandy, Guy fortified his castles and began watching for a favourable opportunity to depose the duke, his rightful sovereign, and take his place. The project was audacious, but at the same time quite feasible. It was only necessary to secure the assistance of a few powerful nobles, and Grimoult was sure he could attain this. Having a long-standing alliance with Néel and Renoulph, whose secret animosity to William he was well aware of, he appealed first of all to these two barons.

Notwithstanding the reiterated prohibition of their duke, the Vicomte du Cotentin and the Vicomte du Bessin, were, it is true, still at war with each other. But as soon as Guy's project was made known to them, convinced of the necessity of getting rid of the Bastard, and also incited by promised rewards, they laid down their arms, and hastened to fortify their castles, donjons and fortresses, to make moats and strengthen them with palisades, in view of the approaching struggle. Another chief was soon won over to the plot and who certainly was not the least important, Hamion, or Hamon-aux-dents, Baron of Crecully, Mev and Thoirny, a descendant by his father of Rollo, the conqueror of Normandy. Possessor of a considerable number of fiefs and men-at-arms, his alliance, added to that of a good many other nobles, put all the trump cards into the hands of the Comte de Bourgogne. No longer doubtful of success, he waited with impatience for the hour to come to march against his royal cousin.

This hour was near at hand, and it was to William himself that they were indebted for the long-desired signal.

The death of the prince was determined upon. He had no suspicion of the fact that events were taking. The duchy had never appeared so calm and prosperous. Néel and Renoulph having ceased their quarrels, Cotentin seemed to be at peace. All being so tranquil, William proposed giving himself a little diversion, and the enjoyment of a repose that he so well deserved. With this object in view, he decided on taking a journey to Valogne. He started in a few days, accompanied by only a small number of knights and followers, for his favourite residence, where he fully believed himself safe.

Le Clos, a peninsula was subsequently named, formed an almost impenetrable enclosure, as the only side that was not bathed

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by the sea, was protected by rivers and marshes be crossed by fords, few in number and frequently tide.

In the centre of Clos rose Valogne, at that time town, whose castle was a sure refuge in all perils, except that of treason. This keep, where William ran taken unawares, was one of an important line historians attribute to Clovis.* It was usually sufficiently strong garrison. But as the Duke had occasion to Valogne for his own pleasure to see with no intention of war, he was imprudent enough men at arms with him. Thus it happened, that he was and with no means of resistance. The roads intercepted, the town surrounded and William put was the design the conspirators had unhesitating carry out. They were assembled at Bayeux, in the Richard sans Peur, on the site of Roman monument by the Saxons. The blocks of stone left by the building the foundations of the castle ; it was enclosed by thick by high towers, and surrounded by a large deep moat.

Here it was that the barons had collected their forces as possible, and from here they started in all haste where William had just arrived, and where in all probability night of the crime, they mysteriously armed themselves at a hostel (there were already several in the town) as a hiding place.

How was it that William did not get wind of the plot? was it that the inevitable marches to and fro of the king arouse his suspicions? It is most surprising—still, it is a fact that neither William nor his suite were at all vigilant. The rebels had now a fine opportunity. Consequently, once the guests had left the court and the Duke was alone in his household the perfidious barons and their knights, confident of success of their criminal enterprise, donned their haubergeons, girded their swords under their *hoquetons*. All prepared

* The destruction of this fortress, ordered in 1597, was recommended and so completely accomplished, that there is not a vestige of it left. A public place is substituted, serving for the peaceable transactions of commerce instead of the former adventures of war.

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mounted their horses and after a rapid course, reached the castle.

Some of them drew back when the time came for the execution of his infamous deed. Gismoult, the most diabolical of the traitors, even offered to deal with his own hand the duke, the Bastard. "The duke is lost if the Holy Spirit forsake him." But God is watching over him and will punish him in his own way.

At that time at Bayeux, a young boy, Galet by name, who had been a playmate of William's childhood, and who was greatly diverted him. On each of his visits to the duke he added him with gifts of costly clothes and jewels. So much liberality, Galet cherished an unbounded love for his young master. As chance would have it, on the day when he intended crime, Galet, who was returning to the duke's castle after having spent a few days amusing the barons at Bayeux, slept in the stables of the hostel situated near the church of Valogue, where the barons were preparing to execute their iniquitous deed. The poor fellow was asleep, and suddenly awakened by a noise of men and horses coming from the court. He looked out and perceived that all were in arms. Struck with terror and suspecting some evil, he listened: and from what he could overhear, he perceived that they meditated taking William by storm and putting him to death. Trembling for the life of his beloved duke, he rose in the night, arming himself with a long stick which he swung across the courtyard, he set off and soon arrived at the castle. Silence reigned, it being then midnight. All the courtiers had departed, the duke had retired to rest, and William himself was in bed, sleeping. Galet, hearing some remarks naively, "I do not know if he was asleep." When he heard repeated knocks at the gate, Galet made himself heard, and in answer to their questions his replies were so incoherent that he was dismissed. However, he found the means of entrance. He pushed forward before they had time to stop him, and leaping over the wall, he forced his way to the guard chamber, holding his stick over his head, yelling, and striking the walls with his fist like a madman. At last he arrived at the duke's apartment. "Alas, my lord," cried he, "get up and fly, or you will all be

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killed—for they are on the way to do so. Ha ! William thou there ? They will slay thee and thou wilt die if thou escape ! I am sure of it. I have seen thy enemies themselves. Fly quickly, get up, before thou art taken.'

The duke terrified, and without giving himself time to Galet or even to ask the names of the conspirators approach he was thus warned, sprang out of bed, mad of the cross, and stockingless and shoeless, he hastily himself up in a short riding cloak ; then girding himself with sword, he descended to the court and jumped on a strong horse, that was presented to him by a trembling valet, drawbridge lowered, and disappeared.

He had scarcely left the castle when he heard a great cavalry. It was the troop of the traitors who were to assassinate him. "Thus," says the trouvère Benoist, "the king takes under his care those he loves and wishes to protect."

In the meanwhile, the conspirators had entered the castle the sight of their swords had made all the inmates tremble with fright. It would be impossible to describe the terror and the confusion that ensued, the night adding still greater horror to the day. In the confusion, they jostled against each other, screaming trying to escape ; and each one seeing himself threatened with death commended his soul to God. Galet was the only one who did not lose his presence of mind. He went about gesticulating, and worked himself into a frenzy ; he shouted jeeringly : " Too late ! Too late ! You are deceived, and have failed in your enterprise, for the king has escaped." Then, he added in a threatening tone, "The duke is going to bring about a state of affairs that will be to your shame and ruin. You wished to make him pass a bad night, and he will soon make you pass a bad day."

While the jester was thus ridiculing them, and continuing his threats and prophecies, the barons, in a rage, made the most minute searches. The old castle was hunted from one end to the other. But it was all in vain, the duke was not to be found. Galet had spoken truly. William had fled !

Their fury knew no bounds. For William's safety involved their ruin. If they were vanquished in the war that must inevitably follow this unsuccessful attempt, it would entail the loss

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property, exile and even death. They must then at all and overtake the prey that had so far escaped them. At losing more time in useless search, they all roared "To horse! To horse." "Death to the Bastard!" who are valiant rush in pursuit of him and strive to catch s put all our courage and strength to the task, for if once nall never more escape us."

hey remounted their coursers, and set off at full gallop, lle of the night, to commence a furious chase.

hasing of a man has something in it so acutely touching, weird, that one would wish that this account, true t is, had been drawn from the pen of an Edgar Poe, or of the sombre poems of a Goethe.

kily for William, the night was calm, the sky cloudless, and o the soft light of the moon, he could easily get far in e. Leaning forward on his horse's neck, he gallops on, g through woods, cutting across fields, leaping over hedges tches, and all other obstacles which stood in his way. He in the direction of Falaise, his object being to reach the ed castle there of which he was the possessor, and where he d be in a position to defend himself. The question was, Would he le to get there? There were the fords of St. Clement to be ed, that is to say, the numerous watercourses which separated quicksands, and if it happened to be high tide, the waves rising n front of him would prove an insurmountable obstacle.

In his anxiety he breathed a prayer to Almighty God to save . At last the fugitive reached the fords. By a miracle, it was water, and he was able to cross the Vire without any difficulty.

Daybreak began to appear. Behind him could be heard the floping of horsemen, the clinking of arms, and the voices of the rsuers, who, finding that they were on the point of overtaking him, egan talking in scornful terms of the "Bastard."

They were certainly gaining ground, and William had a moment of agonising suspense. Was he going to fall into the hands of his antagonists? It suddenly occurred to him to throw himself behind a very thick hedge that bordered the wayside. He hid himself there, and waited with a beating heart. For the neighing of his

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horse, an involuntary movement on his part, a beating of the heart on the part of others, in fact, the least trifle would lead to discovery.

But the barons, carried away headlong by their fire, passed him quite unconscious of his presence, and continued on their way, the one they still believed to be in front of them. Will was providentially saved ! He came out of his hiding place and entered the Church of St. Clement, to address to Almighty God his thanks and fervent prayer. Then he began reflecting on his situation. Since his father's death fortune had always been against him, no respite, no repose ; evil days following one on another ; unceasing persecution. No sooner had he escaped from one danger than he was assailed on all sides by still greater ones. Would he soon reach the end of his misfortunes ? Would not God take pity on his sufferings ? While thus venting his grief, the young duke was at the same time meditating as to the best route to take. He must at all costs reach Bayeux, where he would easily be recognised. He therefore took a circuitous route, cutting across fields, following the line of the coast at a certain distance from the coast, and this for fifteen leagues.

It was broad daylight when he reached the village of Bretteville. The lord of the manor, Hubert Comte de Ryes, a brave knight, vassal, and man of honour, happened to be at that very time in the door, just starting for mass. The duke, to whom he was not known, approached him and made inquiries about the way. Hubert, at a scrutinising gaze, recognised the horseman and stood aghast, hardly believing his own eyes. William was in such a wretched plight, barefooted, sad, worn-out, and alone ; and with difficulty holding on to a horse, which was bathed in perspiration, from whose sides flowed streams of blood, and that would no longer move in spite of the repeated lashes of his master's whip.

" Sainte Marie ! " exclaimed Hubert, scared, and lifting up his arms. " What ! Mon Seigneur, is it you ? " " Thou knowest me," replied William, " to whom then have I addressed myself ? "

" I am Hubert de Ryes and hold of you this estate, under the name of Comte de Bessin. Sire," he continued in tones of respectful pity, " do not hide anything from me. Why art thou wandering in this way ? Is thy suite behind thee ? Art thou in necessity ? Thy horse is bathed in perspiration. Confide thy secret to me

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a thing ever before been seen ? A prince going about manner ! What a wretched adventure ! Tell me all and ing. I will save thee as I would my own person.” hevalier,” replied the duke, “I conjure thee to be trust-oyal, and sincere, and I will conceal nothing from thee-u not swear fealty to me ? I will, therefore, tell thee about ffair, but briefly, for I am unable to give thee a long account and William, in a few words, made known to Hubert the plot of which he had just missed being made the victim, warned in time, by the half-witted Galet, he had been all ying from the furious barons who were on his track. He his story by saying, “I have not yet escaped, for my s are still pursuing me. If they overtake me I am a dead man-heretofore, greatly in need of thy succour.”

Deus ! Sainte Marie !” ejaculated Hubert. “Never has such been known, such disloyalty ! After this whom can we trust !” e was passing. “Enter, noble Sire,” said Hubert, “enter my g, I will provide thee with a troop to conduct and to guard

Ami de Dieu, cinquents, merci !” cried William warmly. The zeal of his vassal had begun to rive his sinking hopes. He ff his horse that could no longer carry him, and entered the l* where the Seigneur de Ryes bestowed on him all care attention, and himself served him with the repast of which as so much in need. Then leading up his own horse, he gave the bridle, saying : “Have no fear, Sire, he is good and strong, will not fail thee.” Then he called three of his sons, brave, bold *preux* knights, the eldest of whom was named Eudon, and dressed them in these terms : “Beaux ecuyers, behold your lord and ster, whom evil men wish to put to death. Watch over his safety. t no harm come to him with your knowledge. If any great danger ould threaten him, do all in your power to save him ; if necessary, re yourselves up as his hostages, defend him as long as life is in u, do not suffer him to be slain while he is in your hands. God mours and glorifies those who know how to die for their sovereign.”

* Chroniclers speak of the Chateau de Ryes, by the name of hostel or manor t was, therefore, in spite of the fortune of the Comte de Ryes, a very unpretentious Chateau. It is said that the cave where Hubert shut up William's worn-out horse was to be seen till recently, and that the well from which he gave him water to drink is still existing.

EARLY DAYS OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

The young knights replied, bowing, "We will joyfully bidding; we swear that no harm shall come to our du sovereign, as long as we can defend him." "That is well! T best horses, choose thy best lances, and start at once to Duke William to Falaise. Do not leave him till you have se he is in safety in his castle. Be on your guard, and do not er city, town or village, and avoid the high roads." Hubert (then pointed out the by-roads they should take, and traced o journey. Being sure that his commands would be executed, l adieu to the duke, had the gates of the manor opened, and t knights, spurring on their spirited chargers, darted off across c

They were full of ardour and confidence, God helping then would have no difficulty in reaching Falaise. Hubert alon anxious and he had every reason for being so. So many d surrounded his good duke!

God grant that the barons do not arrive at Falaise before Who could tell what route those traitors had taken! Hubert until now had been a sworn enemy of the Bastard, since having him in such a wretched condition, felt inspired with bound devotion for his sovereign. His greatest desire now was to see restored triumphantly to the throne of Normandy. He remain his door like a sentinel, ear and eye alert, searching with anxiet distant horizon; all at once he perceived a troop of cavalry, w horses, though exhausted, were being spurred onwards by their ric They were the barons!

After the passage of the fords of St. Clement, thinking tha all probability William would pass through Ryes in order to a Bayeux, they galloped off in that direction and arrived just a minutes too late! As soon as they saw Hubert they cried out:

"Tell us, on thy faith, hast thou not seen William pass here, above all hide nothing from us?"

"Of what William are you speaking?" asked the cunning Seigneur.

"Of that proud Bastard who calls himself our duke."

"Yes, he is not far off—but why? What is the meaning of this?"

"Come with us and we will tell thee, in the meantime com with us."

illingly, for there is nothing I desire more heartily than to
insolence and pride. Be assured that from me he will
truce, no mercy. I will take the lead, and if we overtake
my faith, you will see that if it is possible, I will deal him
blow."

then mounted his horse and set off.

Nothing, the barons followed him, for they were well
that the Comte de Ryes, vassal of the Comte du Bessin,
the hatred his liege lord bore to William. How could they
the sudden change that had taken place in him, only an
reviously, at the sight of the fugitive prince ?

Of course, Hubert led the barons off on a false scent, made them
scour the fields, and at last said in a disconcerted tone, that
doubt, the Bastard had escaped by another route. The barons,
abashed, took the opposite road towards Bayeux, and the
Comte de Ryes returned to his manor, laughing in his sleeve at the
trick he had played them.

It was then about noon. By this time William and his faithful
barons were a good way on the road to Falaise ; they soon
reached there, having passed by the ford of Foupendant below
the court, between Croisilles and Thiesmenil, at the place now called
Alin de Brix.

Deep was the grief in the town when the danger that William
incurred was made known. Sorrow was painted on the
countenances of all the good people of Falaise. "There were," says
the troubadour Benoist, "five hundred faces bathed in tears."
General sorrow was also felt in Bessin and Cotentin, where the
mourning had been spread, not only of the attempt to assassinate
William but also of his death.

From Valogne to Isigny, from Isigny to Bayeux, the roads were
clogged with peasants, weeping and lamenting, and cursing the
treacherous barons. All hearts were seized with terror. What would
become of the poor serfs deprived of their beloved lord and protector ?
They foresaw that in the future, they would be subject to plunder and
to the unjust oppression of the conspirators who would have become
their masters. These fears were not groundless ; and only too fully
realised !

Normandy was given over to trouble and violence of all kinds. In fact, the barons, seeing that nothing remained for them but the disgrace connected with their detestable plot, declared themselves in open revolt, plunged Bessin and Cotentin in dolour, and so terrified their subjects that they no longer dared to pronounce the name of William, whose possessions were confiscated, and his forfeiture to the crown was proclaimed.

The young duke was now in safety in his good old town of Falaise. Having fortified and left it under the guard of Messire Jean Bellain, he went to Rouen to collect his troops. Then, following the advice of his uncle Mauger, he went to the King of France to ask for assistance. The interview took place at Poissy. William was full of such bitter complaints, and reminded the King with so much eloquence of the services rendered by his late father Robert, that Henry was finally persuaded and promised to aid him. He kept his word and even put himself at the head of the French troops. Shortly after the abominable plot, the victory of Vel des Dunes near d'Argence, between Valmercy and Bulengreville, put an end to the arrogance of the barons and left William in the full possession of power. He was now free to think of distant expeditions. But it was not till nineteen years after, that he was able to embark from S. Valery-sur-Somme for the conquest of England.

After the battle of Val des Dunes where Hamon was killed, the greater number of the nobles submitted. The duke received many into favour, and rendered them their territories, but caused their donjons and fortresses to be demolished. Some of the most obstinate preferred going to Naples to join Robert Guiscard and take part in the conquests of Pouille, Sicily and Calabria. Guy de Bourgogne, being obliged to give himself up and to lose all rights to the Comtes of Brioune and Vernon quitted the Court of Normandy, sought a refuge with the Comte du Mans, and finally regained his estates of Bourgogne.

Néel, his property confiscated, retired to Bretagne; and returned later on with a troop levied at his own expense, to aid William, who was attacked by the Comte d'Anjou.

After this signal service he obtained possession of the Vicomte of Cotentin, or rather of Coutances.

As to Plessis, after daring to reappear at William's Court, his cool impudence so excited the indignation of one of the duke's favourite knights that he called him out in duel.

The night preceding the combat, Guy was found dead on his bed in the prison, where according to custom he had been sent, to await the coming duel.

This sudden death, which could not be imputed to a crime, or suicide, highly impressed the people, who saw in the event, the judgment of God.

L. DE LANGALERIE.

Paris.

AN EVENING ON THE LAGOON.

Withdrawn in silence from the raging sea,
 Behind the dark and waving grove of palm,
 In glorious solitude at even calm
 We glide at water's edge, towards the lea
 Away from busy haunts ; Eternity
 And Love, the burden of our rapturous psalm
 As 'neath the star-lit heaven we breathe the balm
 Of Nature's stillness, lulling you and me
 To dream in soft ethereal realms of bliss
 Where flits no darkening shadow, dwells no care
 And all is sweetness and ecstatic light ;
 The plighted faith renewed with every kiss
 Of fervent gratitude for all our share
 Of blessed weal in life, by day and night.

P. SESHADRI.

Madras.

THE VIVISECTOR.

(Continued from our last number.)

CHAPTER XIX. *(contd.)*

HERE I must touch upon a point where the doctrine of reincarnation is frequently misunderstood by faultily informed persons. They confuse it with the doctrine made known to us chiefly by Pythagoras, and believed to this day by some Chinese and other Orientals—the doctrine of the Transmigration of Souls. The two doctrines are essentially different. One breathes progress, the other retrogression. The doctrine of reincarnation teaches that the life wave proceeds gradually higher and higher. An ego once having inhabited a man, cannot in its next incarnation inhabit an animal, it can never go back, although through sin, its progress may be delayed, and there may be sad punishment. Now the idea predominant in Transmigration, is that the soul of a man can after death enter the body of a fish, a monkey, a dog or even an insect, as the case may be. The idea is an erroneous one. Such retrogression is an impossibility in Nature.

The pious Buddhist refuses to kill a mosquito, not because he imagines that the soul of one of his ancestors is doing penance in its body but because he knows that the life inhabiting the mosquito will, after endless ages, inhabit man, and he does not wish to cut short its development by premature death, or to engender in its limited consciousness any distrust, or malice towards the human race in general.

But I know you are now asking the question "Must I never then on any account take the life of an inferior animal? Shall I allow a serpent to sting me, a tiger to slay me without offering resistance of any sort? The idea is preposterous!"

I must hasten to give you my own views on the subject and I feel sure that the most ardent friend of animals will not disagree with me.

At the present stage of our Evolution I am sorry to say that there are some occasions on which it is impossible to avoid taking the life of

animals. My own feelings lead me to suspect and I am not alone in this idea, since many scientific men uphold me, that at some distant period of the past man by his own folly made enemies of certain animals and their descendants remain so to this day. I find no other theory that will account for the savage hatred which animals such as the Lion, the Tiger, the Panther, bear to the human race. And their hatred is innate. A lion who has never seen the face of man will, if he be brought suddenly face to face with one, show his desire for bloodshed almost immediately. As if to prove that past ill-treatment on the part of man is alone responsible for their savage behaviour let us study for a moment the converse of the subject—namely, the marvellous way in which savage animals respond to persistent kindness and affection on the part of man, and in many cases become wonderfully tame. History abounds with authentic cases in which savage brutes have been trained by kindness, and it is noticeable that all religions lay claim to possessing adherents, who by virtue of their god-like qualities, rendered the fiercest brutes gentle and amenable. Who does not know the story of St. Francis who by his love and goodness tamed the fierce man-eating wolf, and made him a peaceable citizen of Aghobbio, the town, the inhabitants of which he had formerly molested. Although the legends of some of the Saints who are recorded to have wrought such wonders upon the animal world, may not be perfectly true, yet they undeniably have their foundation in some great underlying truth as to man's power over the brute creation. Besides, are we not told in the Scriptures to expect a time when "the wolf shall lie down with the lamb, and the lion shall eat straw like an ox—and a little child shall lead them?"

But to come back to my point, I must say that I consider it perfectly right to slay any animal in self-defence. You would not allow yourself to be ruthlessly killed by one of your fellow men without making a protest or defending yourself. Neither should you if an animal attack you! Only beware lest you yourself have provoked the attack, and if you kill, do it in as painless and speedy a manner as possible.

With regard to provoking attack, I do not pity the man who is clawed to death by a lioness whom he has deprived of her cubs. Believe me the maternal affections are very highly cultivated among the animals. Neither do I pity the man who, having hunted a lion in a merciless and cruel manner, finally meets his death from the teeth of the King of beasts. "How shall you hope for mercy rendering none?" might be said to that man as well as to a Shylock since both alike are clamouring for flesh.

Now we come to consider a yet more important question than the one just dealt with, since it is one which interests a far greater number of people than the question of killing for self-defence. It is—Are we justified in killing animals for our own consumption?

Let us before we deal with this difficult subject, go back in memory to the beginning of things, and see the food which God commanded humanity to eat. In the first Chapter of the Book of Genesis—I cannot now recall the number of the verse, but you will know it when I quote it—it is written “And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth and every tree in which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed, to you it shall be for meat.”

There, that was the food of our antediluvian forefathers, and for them evidently it sufficed. They needed not to slay the lower creation for their daily food. But when did the eating of flesh become an institution in the earth? After the fall, Nay, more. After the wickedness of man had increased so that the world was destroyed by flood, and of the inhabitants Noah, and his relatives alone remained. Then, as they emerged from the ark wherein they had taken refuge, we hear God saying to them that “Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you, even as the green herb have I given you all things.”

And from that time forward the world has been drenched with the blood of victims slain for the use of man. It is a difficult thing to argue upon this subject of killing for food. God, you say, commanded the people to do so, therefore, it must be right. Quite true, yet it was after the people had sinned that the command was given. They were then no longer pure. Perhaps the changed conditions of their lives demanded flesh food. I cannot say. One of the greatest of our Scripture Commentators and one of the most devout says that the permission to eat the flesh of animals was “wrested from God after the flood.” He bases his views upon very solid grounds, and it would take a very much cleverer arguer than I to attempt to gainsay him, even were I inclined to do so. Besides, if you study your Bible carefully, you will discover that there are many occasions upon which the Almighty in his wisdom has allowed men to go very far astray for the purpose of finally teaching the right. May not this be one of them, and out of the horror which arises in the hearts of many animal lovers of to-day, at the thought of the constant sacrifice of animal life, may there not spring up a deep love and devotion to the cause of the animals, which will eternally benefit the lower creation? Unfortunately, the greater portion of the British public of to-day are confirmed meat-eaters. They eat meat because their

fathers did so before them; because they themselves have always been accustomed to do so; because they fear they would not be able to maintain their bodily health without it. These are to them three very sufficient reasons, and they hardly ever feel inclined to question the worth of them. But you and I, who are here for the purpose of upholding the cause of the animals, may be allowed to investigate them thoroughly. The first reason falls away useless at the first touch of criticism. We are fond of priding ourselves upon the fact that we are better and wiser than our fathers were, and in some cases we certainly are. We do not like to consider ourselves old-fashioned, and meat-eating may be classed as old-fashioned, since thousands of the most progressive of our race to-day are ardent vegetarians, far more so than they were fifty, forty, or even ten years ago. Our fathers lived in ill-drained insanitary houses, but we do not choose to do so. We have learned better. Our fathers rode in antiquated stage coaches, but we prefer express trains, or vehicles propelled by electricity. The points upon which we excel our forefathers are endless. Ours is a progressive age. Let us, therefore, progress in the matter of our food, and choose the cleaner, purer, more humane diet of vegetarianism rather than the heavier, more degrading diet of the flesh eaters.

The second reason, that of habit is scarcely a tenable one. A bad habit should if possible be got rid of, and I do not hesitate to say that meat-eating is an exceedingly bad habit. Apart from the lowering of our moral natures, which is inevitable so long as we continue to take our share in the constant slaughter of animals—for the most refined lady who eats her lamb chop in the privacy of her delicately upholstered dining-room, is in no way removed in brutality from the butcher who killed the innocent lamb that provided her meal—since it was for her sake he did it, there is the question of the health of our physical bodies. There is not the smallest doubt, but that half the horrible diseases that in these days Western civilization is heir to are caused either directly, or indirectly, through meat-eating. Let us take as an example one class of diseases alone, a very painful class—those caused by the presence in the system of an over large supply of Uric Acid, Gout, Rheumatism, Bright's disease and many others. Now what is the cause of Uric Acid in the system? I mean of Uric Acid in excess, since a nominal quantity is present in the bodies of all of us—there is only one cause—Meat-eating. Ask any living doctor you may choose, and he will tell you the same. Read any books published on the subject and they will all agree. Believe me, if you suffer from any of these complaints you had better

from this day eat no more meat. You will not fail to notice the difference in your health and spirits in a few days' time. You will tell me that Gout and Rheumatism are aggravated by cold and damp; that you have proved this to be the case.

Involuntarily from his seat just below the speaker Archdeacon Dayford nodded. He was at that moment only too painfully conscious of the fact. His gouty foot never ceased to remind him that rain was imminent. He felt sure in his own very conservative mind that meat-eating was not bad for his gout, though his pet physician Dr. Martin had also told him it was, and urged him to discontinue it. He had not the slightest intention of taking Sir Lyster Knowlson's advice even though he continued to suffer, as he did at times, horribly. But Sir Lyster went on with his speech and after a momentary aberration the Archdeacon followed him.

Have you asked yourselves why this is so? Perhaps not, therefore, will tell you, and you must bear with me if you already know. It is because, in the presence of damp and cold, the Uric Acid congeals and crystallises into hard granules, that cause excessive pain, stiffness, and discomfort, and are only dissolved by the presence of heat. So that you see, it is not the damp that is the first cause of your troubles. The great first cause remains the same, and is, as I have said, meat-eating.

Now the third reason is almost synonymous with the one with which I have just dealt,—the question as to whether bodily health can be maintained without meat. I say unhesitatingly that it can. Chemical Analysis has proved that the constituents necessary for the building up of the human body are present in vegetable products. Of course you must be careful how you choose your vegetarian diet. You must know what you are about, you must choose your foods with care, or otherwise you may suffer by the sudden change of diet, and then you will blame me, and rush back to your meat-eating with more zest than ever. Some of the strongest and healthiest men in the world are vegetarians. Look at the lithe, tall muscular Sikh, the keen-witted, wiry Goorkha, the fatigue-resisting Arab! On what do they build up their marvellous constitutions? On meat? No. They would rather die than touch it, for in the East all animal life is sacred. It is on dates, rice, figs and other fruits and vegetables that they exist, and in their powers of resistance to fatigue and other evils, who can dare deny that they exceed the beef-eating soldiers of England? Before I leave this branch of my subject I will ask you to reflect as to who are the greatest meat-eaters of to-day, and you will see that they are not in every sense the highest and

best in the land. Look at the men of great and high intellect, professors, metaphysicians, men of science. Do they eat much meat? Far from it. Their diet is usually of the simplest, and consists of fruit and vegetables, with sometimes an admixture of fish and eggs, and occasionally meat, very occasionally. If you ask them they will tell you that their brains are clearer, that they can work better on this diet than on a more solid one. The great meat-eaters are almost invariably men of lower intellects, of coarser fibre, the men who glory in their food and eat for pleasure. And what shall we say of the epicures, those who among the ancients fed on larks' tongues or ortolans, and who to-day, regardless of the ghastly brutality necessary in the obtaining of it, feast on pâté-de-foie-gras. Are they men to be particularly admired or emulated?

Lastly, what about the Cannibal who feeds on the flesh of his fellow men. I am certain we should all agree in discountenancing his practices and proclaiming him a brute, and yet are we ourselves so much better? He is ignorant, he is in his evolution millions of years behind us, and he cannot be expected to know as we know! And yet we, who know how to do good, in many cases do it not.

Now let us leave the subject of meat eating, and proceed onwards. You see I am beginning with the more normal crimes towards the animal creation, and proceeding towards the most abnormal, vivisection. But I am not quite come to that yet. I cannot pass over in my lecture that class of brutality commonly known by unthinking people as "Sport." We must consider it, however slightly, on our way.

I confess it is a thing I can scarcely understand, this sport. I have a certain amount of sympathy with flesh-eaters since, in most cases the ancestors and not themselves are to blame, and bad habits are hard to shake off, but in the case of sportsmen I have none. And yet in civilised England the son of every landowner, of every farmer, is brought up to handle a gun from his earliest youth. And for what purpose? Simply for the pleasure of killing, for the joy of depriving our beautiful wild animals of life, and the rarer the animal may be, the greater the achievement if he be shot. Take up a newspaper and occasionally you will read a paragraph to this effect:—

"A splendid specimen of that rare bird the Great Bustard has been seen and killed in Norfolk. The bird was an unusually large one and measured—etc. etc."—when follows a full description of the luckless victim and his beauties. Why was the bird shot? No one could tell you. Simply to gratify the greed of killing, in the heart of the butcher who committed the crime. In England too, we have not the excuse

that our wild animals are dangerous. We have no man-eating tigers on our Island that we must needs slay them. Even the fox, which we hunt with such avidity, and who perhaps has the worst character of all our hunted animals, is not always a thief. It is only a very old and decrepit fox that descends so low as to rob a farm-yard. No, we must needs hunt the defenceless and the weak. The timid beautiful deer, the gentle hare, the golden feathered pheasant, because there is no danger in the doing of it, no risk to our own precious, cowardly lives. I doubt whether there would be many pheasant shooters in this country who would be pleased to change their sport to tiger hunting! Sportsmen are not usually renowned for their bravery.

One of the arguments put forward by sportsmen in favour of their pursuit is that they believe that were there no animals killed we should rapidly be entirely overrun by their increased numbers. I am certain that such is not the case, that animals in captivity breed faster than wild animals is a well-known fact, and for purposes of sport animals are kept to a certain extent, if not in captivity, at any rate within bounds. They are not living in their normal condition. Ask yourself the question. Are there more wild cats than domestic ones? The idea is ludicrous. We have household pussies in super-abundance, while the wild cat is a great rarity. It is the same with almost any other animal you may choose to mention. Of course there are exceptions. The rabbit in Australia is one, and so is the recent plague of rats in France. Under such circumstances I do not hesitate to say that man must defend himself against such overwhelming numbers. Only let him get rid of them in as painless and humane a manner as possible, and not terrify their tiny frightened persons into a state of agony and misery first. But it will not often be necessary for you to take drastic measures on your own account. Mother Nature usually takes measures against her surplus population both human and animal, as the awful famines and plagues of India bear witness. Truly she at times seems cruel and heartless, but doubtless she knows best. Why she produces but to destroy, is one of her own mysteries which she herself best understands.

Having proceeded thus far, I come at last to the real subject of my lecture, the subject for which you have all been attentively waiting, and which this preamble—quite a necessary one I assure you—leads into. I think you will be glad to hear that as the preamble has been so lengthy and exhaustive there will not be a very great deal more discourse for you to listen to. I am always afraid of tiring my hearers, and I hope I shall always be able to bear in mind that however near the heart of a lecturer

subject may be, it may not always prove so intensely interesting to his audience.

(A low murmur of dissent was heard from the particular audience in question. They were evidently for the most part still unwearied and a look of pleasure stole over Sir Lyster's face as he went on to the conclusion of his great speech.) I have thus far given you my views upon the more normal means of animal torture and animal slaughter. Now I come to vivisection, the purely abnormal—for no other word can I apply to this gross and hideous form of cruelty.

All of you who are here this afternoon must have read considerably on the subject, and must be fairly well acquainted with the suffering it entails on the lower creation, but before we proceed to consider the suffering, let us ask ourselves two questions of vital importance. Is Vivisection necessary? Are we justified, even if it be a benefit to mankind, to make such use of our humble brothers?

As you must know, all the leading Scientists, Physicians and Doctors are divided to-day in their opinion as to the utility or the futility of vivisection. Both ranks hold men of high brain-power, of great knowledge and of eminent attainments. But I cannot say that among the ranks of the Vivisectionists I can recall one man noted for his sympathy, his tenderness, his regard, even for human suffering. Their acts are perpetrated for the most part to gain knowledge. Knowledge is their goddess, and she is to them a veritable Moloch. For I must tell you this fact about the Vivisectionist Doctors which perhaps you do not know. It is not alone on animals that they are wont to experiment. They perform some of their investigations upon human beings also. Not upon the rich and influential, I grant you, but upon the poor, the helpless, the unfortunate. There is many a London hospital which the poor would rather die than enter, did they but know what horrors awaited them within its portals. I do not say that human beings are ruthlessly cut about while living, in the same way as their unfortunate lower brothers, but their diseases are suffered to become aggravated for purposes of diagnosis, new and strange medicines are tried upon them who are almost at death's portals, often with agonising results, and experiments on already tortured bodies, too horrible to describe here, are carried out. And all these atrocities are usually perpetrated before an audience of youthful, callous medical students, with what effect one can easily imagine. Now the Doctors who stand as representatives of the Vivisectionist Party will of course tell you that these experiments, both on animals and people, are carried out for the sake of benefiting the human race. They hold that,

if by means of the knowledge gained through vivisection any diseases can be more successfully treated, or any human lives saved, they are fully justified in pursuing it. Now casting aside the question as to whether we are right in attempting to benefit in this way, let us consider whether great benefit does accrue to us from the practice of vivisection.

We will take a few of the most terrible diseases to which the human being is subject, and see whether by experimenting on animals anything can be learned which will enable us to treat the person suffering from them, more successfully. Tuberculosis is one of the diseases most dreaded by man, and it was thought for some time that by inoculation persons might be rendered immune from it, or even in some cases cured. Now listen how Koch, the great German Vivisectionist, declares the futility of such views after numerous experiments. He said when interviewed by a representative of the *Medical Times*, "You saw the dog which was injected with a minimum quantity of tubercle bacilli. The injection was made in the abdominal cavity and produced an exquisite tubercular peritonitis. Nevertheless the dog finally recovered entirely and seemed perfectly well. Then the same dog was used again, and a large number of bacilli were introduced into the abdominal cavity. You will see that the dog is fatally ill. Now, if one attack conferred immunity it ought to have been impossible to produce this second attack. Hence I do not think it possible to prevent the disease in that way nor do I think it necessary to try it."

Sir Lyster paused an instant and laid down the slip of printed paper from which he had read this report, then continued—

Now we will consider the efficacy of the vivisectionist treatment for that dread disease hydrophobia. I imagine that there has been more discussion on the subject on this disease, than on any other, between the Vivisectionist, and Anti-vivisectionist parties. At present M. Pasteur's treatment for Hydrophobia by inoculation is in many cases absolutely useless, and in others it is by no means certain that it is his treatment that has saved the patient.

This is what Dr. Dolan, the well-known author of 'Rabies and Hydrophobia' says in one place on the subject, and his opinion is upheld by hundred of brilliant medical men.

Again Sir Lyster took up a small paper and read:—

"We need not expect M. Pasteur's experiments to form an opinion on the merit of his method; time has solved part of the question. The deaths after his preventive inoculation are the saddest corollaries we could have on the falseness of the basis on which his prophylactic rests."

Listen also to the views of the late Dr. James Constantin, a French man of Science ; on this same subject he says—" As for the inoculation, and especially the intensive inoculation, I confess that it inspires me with a repugnance that nearly amounts to terror. For, in short, supposing myself to be the bitten person, how should I go to have inoculated in my veins torrents of the very same virus that I had taken all possible pains to destroy to the remotest particle by cauterisation. Besides, it seems to me that my imagination would remain continually haunted by the hydrophobia spectre which would perpetually remind me that there was no prescription available against that malady so long as the germ remained."

Sir Lyster laid down the last scrap of paper and again surveyed his audience.

Those (he said) are but a few testimonies from thousands as to the frequent inefficacy of those remedies procurable at awful cost from the animal world. I dare not linger longer over that portion of our subject. Let us come now to the consideration of the value of surgical experiments on animals for purposes of learning more about the human frame. I consider that the differences between human anatomy and that of all animals, even of the ape, are so considerable that after experiments upon animals, a surgeon is likely to fall into grave errors when he performs operation upon persons. Sir Frederick Treves, our foremost London surgeon, speaks very emphatically on this point. He declares that the innumerable experiments performed by him, when a student, upon dogs actually impeded him and confused him, when he came to perform similar operations upon human beings.

With regard to the actions of poisons upon various animals and upon man, the same may be said. Their effect is so dissimilar in many cases as to render experiments in this way positively useless. For example a rabbit can eat as much belladonna as would poison a large number of men and yet it will be in no way affected by it

But laying aside all questions of experiments made for the benefit of man what about wanton repetition of the same experiments for sheer amusement? What about such experiments as driving nails into a guinea-pig's feet to observe the effect on its nervous system? Cutting off a dog's head and restoring animation to the brain of it so that the eyes moved, by means of pumping fresh blood into the severed veins? Are these experiments excusable? I ask you in the name of common justice do you see the use of these devilish practices?

And yet in the face of these horrors you will find people living in

the world who will tell you that the vivisected animals do not suffer pain, that they are quite happy to be experimented upon! Truly they are deluded to an extent which seems well-nigh incredible. We must look upon such people as either hopelessly ignorant and indifferent, or else grossly callous. In the majority of cases I believe honestly that ignorance is to blame. I do not care to credit my fellow beings with such astounding lack of feeling.

Of course, in some of the experiments anæsthetics are used, so that at the time the victim feels nothing. But no anæsthetic can prevent the agony present on returning consciousness, or for days after, as any of you who have undergone any surgical operation will testify. But what about the thousands of operations in vivisection carried on without anæsthetics! How would you like your tender bodies to be cut, and torn, and hacked by the surgeon's knife while you yourself were bound and helpless or under the influence of that ghastly drug curare, which makes of its victims a corpse in everything but power to feel, taking from it the capacity to move or retaliate, but leaving to the full the capacity for feeling pain. Yes, you, shudder and well you may, but shuddering will not relieve the animals. You must be up and doing and fighting, until there is left in this world of ours not one Vivisectionist to darken the face of it, not one laboratory to cry shame on a so-called Christian land!"

Sir Lyster's voice had risen; his tone seemed to command, to impel allegiance to the views he uttered and in all that room there was probably only one who in his heart disagreed with him, and that man was Keynsham. He sat with an air of calm indifference with his arms crossed, moodily regarding Anne, not Sir Lyster. She, not he, was the object of his attraction in that room. But Sir Lyster knew not of his antagonist and proceeded eloquently to finish his lecture.

I told you (he said) when I started on the subject of vivisection that there were two questions to be considered under that head. The first "Is Vivisection Necessary?" we have already dealt with. The second "Are we justified in ill-treating the animals even if for our own benefit?" is yet to be dealt with.

Yes, even if without vivisection our illnesses, our diseases, our pains were to be increased tenfold (which certainly they would not be, as we have already seen) should we be justified in putting the animals over which we have so much power to such terrible uses? I say no, a thousand times no. If my nearest and best loved friend were lying at death's door, and I believed that he could be saved at the cost of some

horrible agony to one of the brute creation. Do you think that I would take advantage of this last resource and save him? No! though the grief and suffering that my friend's death entailed, might sap my life, and render my existence well nigh unbearable I would not have his life saved at such terrible cost (even provided it were possible to do so).

And why you may ask. Do I not love my friend more than animals? Do I not consider his life more valuable than theirs? Certainly I do. But, where comes the crucial points—why does my friend suffer? Why is he ill? Why do all the dread and horrible diseases that we are liable to hold such sway upon the earth? Because of Sin. There is no other reason. Because of mortal sin there is disease and pain upon the earth, and is it just that we should shift the burden of our own misdoings upon the backs of the innocent? If we attempt to do so, we must remember, that Nature is just, and that someday in the hereafter she will give us back our cast-off burdens that we refused to carry, and they will be heavier far than they were before and doubly irksome. If you look around you, and think of some of the many sad cases of disease with which you are acquainted, without going very deep into the heart of things you will be able to follow my meaning. A rich landlord, who is also a miser, refuses to have the drains of the cottages on his estate set in order. Result, diphtheria, or typhoid, or scarlet fever breaks out and many suffer in consequence. The sin of avarice is here to blame. "But," you will say, "in this case the innocent suffer, and this is unfair, unjust." Yes, at first sight so it may appear, but now let us go down to the root of things and we shall see that it is both fair and just. Do you believe in reincarnation? I trust so, otherwise I fear that most of this lecture will be lost upon you. My friends, there is no doubt of the fact that the circumstances of our present lives are determined by the actions of our previous one. I say no doubt, and any student of the subject will tell you the same. It is generally held also that physical pain is the final outcome of sin, in which case we should be glad when pain overtakes us, and rejoice, knowing that some past misdeed has worked itself out to the full. Do you remember the words of Christ to the man sick of the palsy who was brought to Him? He said "Thy sins be forgiven thee," these sins which had caused the dread disease were gone finally, and so he could be healed. Then after the sins were gone Christ spoke the words of healing, "Arise, take up thy bed and walk," and the man was healed from that moment. But some sins bring their complement of pain here in this present incarnation, and very quickly. Take the case of a delicate young girl who persistently disregards the warnings of her elders, and

does foolish things which lead to chills and finally consumption. Has she anyone to thank but herself for the quandary in which she finds herself?

Or take the man who through riotous and dissipated living breaks down his constitution, and so lays it open to attacks from any disease that may be rife. Are you to waste your sympathy upon him?

No, there is no way to be free from disease, free from pain until we shall have learned the lesson that pain teaches, and have come to realise that to live apart from God, and contrary to His laws means death physical as well as moral. Then and then only shall we realise that love, and gentleness, and compassion are our only means of healing and shall cease to entertain even for an instant such an idea as that by cruelty to anything in creation we can ever hope to benefit.

Until then, let us never cease to strive towards that blessed time, and let us ever realise that the way to bring it nearer, is to regard ourselves always at one with everything in Life, and to consider Self as merely a portion, and the smallest portion, of the whole. Then we shall begin to know that which benefits the part benefits the whole, and we shall not be far from the time when all Creation shall be again joined to the Divinity which gave it birth.

(To be continued)

MARGARITA YATES.

London.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

International Law.—By T. Baty, D.C.L., LL.D., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. John Murray.

There is no branch of Law so full of deep and absorbing interest as that which is loosely known as International Law. We say "loosely," for ever since Austin laid down his conception of law as a command with a higher, compelling sanction, the nomenclature has admitted of some doubt as well as dispute. The "law of nations," the "law of war and peace," the "*jus gentium*,"—these were some of the expressions that have been in vogue since the days of the Romans, until Bentham first used the present and now almost standardised expression. There are, however, eminent jurists who say that International Law is no law at all; it marks the vanishing point of jurisprudence, and is said to be only a name given to the system of customary and conventional rules which regulate the conduct and intercourse of civilised states and are accepted by them as binding *inter se*. These rules do not carry with them a sense of legal obligation, nor are they counsels of perfection. They are rules of strict justice which cannot be disregarded by a civilised state without its incurring the general obloquy of the rest. As such their study is of the highest importance to all those who take an interest in political affairs, and we welcome Dr. Baty's book as a small but valuable contribution to the literature of the subject. The learned Doctor begins his preface by saying that "since the Hague Conference of 1907, it has become increasingly evident that the nineteenth century conceptions of International Law must be revised. Independence is rivalled by Interdependence." This is quite true. The history of the development of ideas of International Law is as instructive as it is interesting. With the close of the Thirty Years' War and the Peace of Westphalia in 1648, Europe assumed more or less its present divisions. This Peace was the first great international settlement by treaty which laid the foundation of that community of nations and that balancing of their power which has remained down to our own times a principle in the common polity of Europe. Since then the gradual expansion of the principles of International Law have, from time to time, received a stimulus from epoch-making events in the history of the world, and as a result the last century was a century of the Declaration of Paris and the Conferences of Geneva, of Brussels, of Berlin, and the Hague. It is in the light of changes wrought by these Conferences that Dr. Baty

has written his present book. It does not pretend to be a large treatise on the subject at all; for a more exhaustive treatment we must turn to the great works of Sir Robert Phillimore and Dr. Westlake. We should rather have styled the book, "Short Studies in International Law," and this is clearly shewn by the chapter headings given to the subjects treated. As to portions of the wide field brought under survey, there must of course be differences of view, especially in the last two chapters, but that will not detract from the value of the work. Each topic in its turn receives a careful discussion, in the light of the most recent events as also of the controversies of the day, and the two chapters entitled "Illustration" contain copious references to decided cases and incidents in the practice and intercourse of nations. The treatment of the subject of International Arbitration, on which much sentimental rhetoric is generally expended, is on the whole temperate and sane. "A far greater hope of lasting success in promoting the triumph of peace," says the author, "lies in the gradual formation of a public conscience trained to consider war a crime and arbitration a necessity." We agree, but we cannot help noting that in the delicate relationship of States, occasions do arise when political questions are not so well suited to arbitration as legal questions are. The chapters on "Penetration" deal with the most pressing problem of international law, *viz.*, the claim of the subjects of a foreign country to settle in, and acquire the rights and privileges of the subjects of, the country "penetrated," and from the point of view of England, the home of freedom, they are the most interesting chapters in the book. "By far the greatest bulwark against the march of the pacific penetrator is a sound national sentiment," says Dr. Baty, and whilst on this point he incidentally discusses the economic relations of England and India, with special reference to the *Swadeshi* movement, which he commends. He even goes further and says: "It is indeed difficult to understand the objections brought against the *Swadeshi* principle of the boycott. That persons who strongly disapprove of the character and acts of another should band themselves to have no intercourse with him, and to unite others with them in that course, seems the most natural thing in the world." Theoretically Dr. Baty may be right, and he also refers to the Chinese boycott of the United States and the recent Turkish boycott of Austria in support of his contention; but no one who knows India as it is can ignore the practical side of the question, for "boycott" implies a hostile attitude to the Government which is bound to recoil on the heads of those who wield that weapon, and it also implies a cessation of that healthy co-operation between the rulers and the ruled, without which progress would be impossible. The chapter on "Territorialism" deals with the absurd and unjustifiable institution known as the "pacific" blockade, and the few pages on "Stratification," in which the writer maintains that all over the world society is organising itself by strata, make very interesting reading. "Nationality as a limiting force," we are told, "is breaking down before cosmopolitanism. In directing its forces into an international channel socialism will have no difficulty whatever, except with the ignorant devotion of Muscovy, the caste system of India, and the individual self-consciousness of Japan." But even the

rigid castè-system of India must break down some day, and the social equality of all classes will be the rallying cry of all those who are bound to be discontented with the régime of a Brahmin autocracy. The last two chapters are meant to indicate tentatively the lines on which the change in ideas of international relationship is gradually proceeding. There is much to be said about the principle of *Federation* as opposed to particularism, for *Federation* is meant to ensure peace as well as liberty. But it involves a certain loss of more or less independence to which it may take some time before all States, strong as well as weak, can become definitely reconciled. Altogether, the book contains some very instructive studies in the subject, and we warmly recommend it to our readers for its fine literary execution as well as for its accurate marshalling of arguments, which bear ample testimony to the reputation of the modest author who has "the appreciated honour of being one of the Honorary General Secretaries of the International Law Association."

"The Eagle and the Captive Sun, a Study in Comparative Mythology."*

Under this title we have received a remarkable volume for review. A hurried perusal has given us great pleasure, and we think it will be regarded by many as a valuable contribution to the science of comparative mythology and religion. Since the establishment of this science we have received, from eminent scholars, striking and learned interpretations of Aryan myths based mainly on philology, ethnology and history, but it is perhaps for the first time here that one finds a most intricate myth subjected to the scrutiny of mathematics and made to yield striking results in confirmation of the new theory of the Arctic Home of the Aryan race. With rare acuteness Mr. Majumdar has succeeded in working out mathematically the latitude of the region where the all-Aryan legend of the Eagle was a reality. He has, moreover, ransacked the Hindu, Greek, Norse, Irish and Iranian mythologies, to prove the essential uniformity of the character of the Eagle in all of them. His interpretation of the Vedic story of the conquest of Soma by the Syena is not only highly interesting, but also instructive. He has given evidence of no ordinary learning and analytical power in tracing the gradual development of this story to the one we find so elaborately related in the Mahabharata. Indeed, the entire Soma sacrifice, the head of all Vedic ceremonies, has received a new interpretation at the hands of Mr. Majumdar. But as we have said, Mr. Majumdar's enquiry is not confined to the sacred books of the Hindus alone. He has given kindred interpretations of the stories of the Eagle of Zeus, of Ganymedes and Hebe, and of the ill-fated Tityos; of the world-tree Yggdrasil and of the one-eye of Odin; of the charming goddess Ardivi Sura-Anahita and other deities of Iranian mythology. The range of Mr. Majumdar's enquiry is too extensive to be dealt with fully in a cursory notice. We hardly know of a second ancient myth which has received such an elaborate and comprehensive treatment by a mythologist as has the legend of the Eagle by Mr.

* Published by the Indian Research Society. Agents: Bhattacharyya & Sons, 65, College Street, Calcutta; Kegan, Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., Paternoster House, Charing Cross Road, London. Price, Rs. 3.

Majumdar. We cannot lay too much stress on the point that he seems to be the first student of mythology who has dissected and analysed a myth with the aid of that most exact of sciences, namely, mathematics.

Science et Methode, by H. Poincaré. This book by the famous French scientist, is in itself a treasure of leading thoughts within the sphere of scientific investigation. In Book I., "Le Savant et la Science," it is rightly maintained that mathematics must be studied for its own sake, otherwise if called upon in aid of physical and other sciences, it will find itself unprepared and dishonoured. Moreover, if the learned men of the 18th century had neglected electricity because in their eyes it was but curiosity without practical utility, the 20th century would have been without telegraphy, electro-chemistry and electro technics; also the elegance of methods and results in mathematics, far from being dilettantism, is by its harmony, symmetry and balance an economy of thought and leads up to the discovery of universal laws. Similar pearls of thought as in Book I., chapter the second are found in chapters headed "L'invention mathématique," and "Le hasard," and indeed throughout the whole work. Without dwelling on Book III., "La mécanique nouvelle," and Book IV., "La science astronomique" both easy and highly attractive reading, as well as on Book II., "Le raisonnement mathématique," which exhibits a display of thoughts of a more arid and partly controversial nature, it must be said that the learned author has proved his thesis and well explained how the scientist has to select from innumerable facts that offer themselves to his curiosity, in order to ascend to the discovery of new laws. "Thus it was," says the author, "that an experiment by Kaufmann on the rays of radium has revolutionised mechanics, optics, astronomy." But we have said enough to show that *Science et Methode* is a book which ought to be studied, not only by mathematicians but by all intelligent people who can appraise the science of mathematics at its true worth. The general public is apt to ignore books by mathematicians, thinking them merely technical; this is, however, a book not on the technicalities of mathematics but on general method. And we gladly seize this opportunity of introducing this remarkable volume to the students of mathematics in India as a fair example of the direction which the highest thought on method in Europe is sure to take.

French Vignettes. A Series of Dramatic Episodes, 1787-1871.—By M. Betham-Edwards. London, Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ net.

All books of modern French history are interesting—this one is fascinating. There is something so intensely individualistic in the French character that the barest records are full of human interest. A Frenchman being assassinated by a bravo in an obscure corner for no very important reason still seems to feel the world's eye upon him and seldom fails to make the most effective ejaculation in his moment of agony. About half of Miss Betham-Edwards' characters are drawn from the great epoch of the Revolution, when men seemed to spring above their normal stature whether for good or evil. One of the finest of the Vignettes is the great life-story—which was in the best sense of the world also a great love-story—of Madame Roland and Buzot. While

telling the story of their life in the most effective manner, Miss Betham-Edwards also conveys to the reader a finely dispassionate estimate of their characters. Beginning at the same period, but finding its final tragedy under the Bonaparte tyranny, the Duc d'Enghien's love-story is another tale of more moving interest than could be found in fiction, while the ill-fated Duke's attachment was as romantic and elevating as any in history. It is a pleasure to see among the Vignettes the true story of Dr. Guillotin—a character whom most histories dismiss with the remark that it is not true that he died by his own invention. The truth was that he did not even invent the instrument which bears his name, but what he did do was to agitate successfully for a law conferring on all condemned the privilege of beheading instead of the barbarous mediæval forms of judicial murder till then in vogue, while it was a brother physician, equally inspired by humane motives, who invented an improvement on the headsman's axe. An interesting character-study is that of Philarète Chasles, a great and far-reaching influence, "a pioneer of the *Entente Cordiale*," as Miss Betham-Edwards calls him, but one whose victories for peace are somehow less renowned than more warlike achievements in his own country. He was a great educationist and an intense admirer of England—without, however, being an Anglo-maniac. "He sowed harvests that he was not destined to reap," but one is glad that among his pupils was a young English girl who has, now that a new generation has arisen unknowing of their obligations to him, preserved his name in an appreciative memoir. The longest (or perhaps we should say the largest) of the Vignettes is a brief history of the Second Empire, "by a victim of the 2 Décembre." It was a rather inglorious period, this empire of a sham Napoleon, and the "Victim" is somewhat scathing in her criticism of the events of the time, which she witnessed as a contemporary, not only studied as a historian. The English have generally been disposed to look rather kindly on Napoleon III.—this story will alter a good many opinions. The last Emperor of the French was, indeed, but a sort of fraudulent company-promoter, without real ability, and bound to come to a disastrous end, staving off the evil day by every unscrupulous device he could think of. The style in which he carried it all off, and which has won him some of the regard which is the due of every debonaire scoundrel, was but a part of his stock-in-trade. The ten Vignettes in Miss Betham-Edwards' book are a most interesting collection and a real contribution to our appreciation of the history of a friendly country.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

“ Although already old, I have resolved to give the reader true information as to what passed there in my time ”—so wrote Niccolao Manucci, the Venetian adventurer, in introducing his voluminous *Story of Mogul India* to the people of Europe. He was not an eye-witness of all the contemporary events that he relates, and in the account given by him of Mogul rule before his time he must have been misled now and then even to a larger extent than in what he had heard of the occurrences of his own time. Yet he could not have been led away by the same motive as native historians in exaggerating the virtues of the men in power or in concealing unpleasant truths that might offend influential readers. Neither he nor any other chronicler could have known with accuracy the court secrets and the real springs of action that might have been at the bottom of much that passed in his time. But his record was influenced by no considerations of fear or favour, though he must have had his prejudices, as most historians and sojourners in a foreign land do have. Mr. William Irvine, therefore, did not spend ten years of research in vain in elucidating all facts that could be known about the interesting and somewhat neglected and depreciated book, and in translating it particularly for Indian readers. Most of the facts of the “ drum and trumpet ” kind of history of Manucci’s time are already well known : it is not for their verification that his “ gossip ” possesses any special value. The interest of the volumes lies in the foreigner’s impressions of the life of the people and the manners of courts. Of literature of this kind we cannot have too much. The Great Mogul has passed away, and if interested or cautious chroniclers could not tell the whole truth, posterity, in the absence of explicit evidence to the contrary, is inclined to be lenient in its judgment of

things past and to whitewash personages who do no harm to succeeding generations from their graves. The inclination is rather to disparage our own times and to affect a hope that the bad old state of things might have improved if allowed to continue. A corrective to that frame of mind, which is somewhat too common to-day, is supplied by narratives like Manucci's, making ample allowance for the errors of opinion or of fact into which he might have fallen.

Manucci, even when he was a boy, had a "passionate desire to see the world." But as his father would not allow him to leave his native city, he absconded at the age of fourteen, and hid himself on board a vessel which was bound for Smyrna. Lord Bellomont, an Englishman then on his way to Persia and India as an ambassador, heard the story of the lad, was much pleased with him, and took him into his service. The ambassador died suddenly near Hodal, between Mathura and Delhi, and Manucci was thrown on his own resources. He entered the service of the ill-fated prince Dara as an artilleryman, but had to leave it in a short time when his employer's fortune broke. He stuck to a similar career for some time longer under other employers, and gradually became a physician. It is unnecessary to follow his career minutely : suffice it to say that at times he rose into the prominence of an intermediary between princes and chiefs, but he did not achieve much success in the diplomatic line ; and after a chequered career he settled down in Southern India, and died an octogenarian somewhere about the year 1717. One of the first things that attracted his attention on landing at Surat was that "almost everybody was spitting something red as blood." An English lady explained to him that it was *pan*. He ate some himself to see what it was like, and it seems his head swam to such an extent that he feared he was dying. A little salt was put into his mouth and he recovered. He adds that the women of India, "whose principal business it is to tell stories and eat betel, are unable to remain many minutes without chewing it." This incident, and the language in which it is narrated, give a fair idea of the personal vein in which the book is written. As a traveller he writes appreciatively of the *saraes*, which the Moguls had established on every route. They were fortified places, most of them built of stone or of brick, and each could hold from 800 to 1,000 persons, or

more, with their horses, camels and carriages. In every *sarai* was an official, who closed the gates at sunset and warned every traveller to look after his belongings and to picket his horses. At six o'clock in the morning a watchman went round crying out that if any one missed anything, information should be given at once. If a traveller missed any property, the gates were not opened until it was found out. If a thief was caught, he was strung up opposite the *sarai*. It was an effective means of preventing theft—cheap, without lawyers' fees and law's delays.

Summary methods were a characteristic of Mogul, as of all oriental, administration. Much is sometimes made of the prohibition of the sale of liquor in the cities of Poona and Ahmednagar by the Peishwas, and their action in the enforcement of temperance is sometimes contrasted with the policy of our Abkari Department. The puritanic Aurangzeb before them was no less zealous than the Peishwas. Muhammadans are by their religion forbidden to drink, and liquors were banished from their capitals and camps by pious Moguls. Manucci says that Akbar was the first to give leave to Christians to prepare and drink wine. Licence began, it seems, in the time of Jehangir, who was addicted to wine. In the days of Shahjahan the Muhammadan nobles drank with full liberty, and Dara's example appears to have produced a disastrous effect on the abstemiousness of the Muhammadan gentry. Aurangzeb ordered all Christians to leave the capital and to remove to a distance of a league therefrom, where they might prepare and drink, but not sell spirits. Next he prohibited all Muhammadans and Hindus from preparing or drinking liquor in the city. The Kotwal was to cut off a hand and a foot of any one who dared to disobey the order, and though himself a toper, the magistrate, says Manucci, proved his loyalty and efficiency by mutilating half a dozen Muhammadans and as many Hindus. A similar order was promulgated for the suppression of the habit of drinking *bhang*. Aurangzeb next turned his attention to dancing women and to music. If Manucci's stories may be believed Shahjahan's court was steeped in vice. Hundreds of dancers attended the court, and they were sometimes married by princes and nobles. Aurangzeb ordered them either to marry or to leave the city. The suppression of music meant the starvation of many. A thousand professional musicians, on a Friday afternoon, when the Empero

was going to the mosque to say his prayers, arranged a procession of biers, followed by a large number of mourners who cried and beat their breasts to excite his compassion. Aurangazeb inquired into the cause of the lamentation and was told that His Majesty's orders had killed Music, and the mourners were carrying the victim to the grave. The puritan calmly replied that they should also pray to the soul of Music and see that she was thoroughly well buried. Manucci, however, did not believe that the effect of these rigorous measures was lasting. He says that the nobles continued to distil spirits secretly, and drink *bhang* without the notice of the Muhtasib: they listened to music on the sly, and to smuggle dancers into a house could not have been very difficult. The excise policy of the British Government has many critics. But they have not yet advocated Aurangazeb's methods of enforcing temperance.

Notwithstanding Aurangazeb's puritanism, his seraglio, including queens, concubines, matrons, musicians, and slaves, seems to have contained some two thousand women. While he would have no dancing women in the city to corrupt men's morals, he had a decent number of them in his seraglio to amuse the female members of his household. What is more, he was attended upon by female servants when he did much of his business privately, as male officers attended upon him in the audience hall. "Just as the king has his officers outside," writes Manucci, "he has the same among the fair sex within the Mahal. It is by the mouth of these illustrious persons, when the king does not come forth, that the officials outside receive the orders sent them from within. All the persons employed in these offices are carefully selected; they have much wit and judgment, and know all that is passing in the Empire." This is not surprising, for when the public or secret news-writers of the Empire sent in their weekly reports, they were read out in the king's presence generally by the women of the Mahal at about nine o'clock at night. Aurangazeb sat up till midnight, listening to these reports that used to pour in from all parts of the empire. In his old age he slept only three hours, and "during sleep he was guarded by women slaves, very brave, and highly skilled in the management of the bow and other arms." Of course there must have been male guards outside, and the safety of the seraglio must have depended upon them. But among two thousand women one could not be quite sure that there would be no enemy or

a hireling ready for a consideration or from some personal motive to attempt the life of the monarch. Manucci mentions the names of 27 queens and princesses, 9 concubines, 15 matrons, more than 30 superintendents of dancers, and over 50 principal slaves. The dancers and slaves had apprentices, about 10 each. The author of this interesting story of the Moguls was a physician consulted by the ladies, and he gives minute particulars about their ornaments and dress. These must all have been costly and curious, including fine shawls "so thin that they could be passed through a small finger-ring." The allowances and salaries of the women must have swallowed up a huge sum of money. The ladies had no cares or anxieties, says Manucci, and they occupied themselves "with nothing beyond displaying great show and magnificence, an imposing and majestic bearing, or making themselves attractive, getting talked about in the world, and pleasing the king." If they fell ill, they were attended to in a separate house. If a favourite, the king saw the patient at the beginning of her illness, but afterwards sent a slave to inquire after her health.

"The Government of the Mogul Empire is nothing but one vast disorder," writes Manucci. Aurangzeb in his old age complained in his letters that his orders were not always obeyed by officers at a distance from the court, and notwithstanding the severe and summary methods of punishing disobedience that prevailed under the personal rule of the oriental monarchs, Manucci's criticism is corroborated by the best possible evidence. System and discipline are nowhere more essentially required than in the army, but they were conspicuously lacking in the military organisation of the Moguls. "Being at a distance from the court," writes the Italian historian "the officials do not acquit themselves of their duty as loyal subjects ought to. They are negligent by reason of the presents given them to that intent by the persons interested. Those who ought to keep fifty horses, more or less, very frequently have no more than six to eight, and entertain no soldiers, although there are men ready to enlist with branded horses." The system of payment was rotten, and the tenure of office was uncertain. The inevitable result was that the officials tried to make as much hay as they could while the sun shone. Embezzlement and disobedience were not without their risks, but these were by no means the most certain of the risks. Historians of the present day

would give anything for a fairly accurate estimate of the revenue of the Mogul Emperors and for trustworthy materials to verify the estimate. Manucci must have written largely from hearsay, and Mr. Irvine gives reasons for holding that his statements are "inflated." The author of the "*Storia*" calculates the revenue drawn from the various provinces, and charged on "grain and other products necessary to life" at 387,194,000 rupees. Besides the land revenue, as this may be called, there were receipts from the tribute paid by the Hindus, a customs duty upon goods brought by Hindu merchants, and from Muhammadan merchants at a lower rate, sums paid by Hindus for bathing at sacred places, the royalty levied at the diamond mines of Gulkandah, the revenue from the Coromandal coast and ports on the Ganges, presents from princes, zamindars, and others, and last, but not least, escheats. Manucci thinks that the receipts from all these sources must have totalled up to a figure nearly the same as the land revenue. The entire estimate, therefore, is fairly staggering and must be almost certainly inflated. Manucci spares us the pain and the shock that would have been caused by a vivid description of the condition of the toiling millions from whom so huge a revenue must have been ultimately wrung. His description of the state to which the Dakhin was reduced by a protracted war with the Mahrattas, aggravated by famine and pestilence during certain years, is vivid enough, and it makes one heartily glad that the régime under which such misery and suffering could exist has passed away.

The philosophy of history was not known in the East when Manucci wrote : it could have birth only in Greece and Rome, and Manucci was not a scholar. And if he had been a scholar, he would have found very little to philosophise about in a country where so much in government depended upon the caprice of the men in power—caprice which could be reduced to no laws and generalisations. Many Anglo-Indians seem to feel that the subordination of the personal element in their own administration is inexpedient in the East, and no one can doubt that they should come into closer contact with the people than they perhaps at present do. But if personal government means a relaxation of law and greater freedom to caprice, an account of the Mogul government, such as Manucci has supplied, ought to warn us against the consequences of thrusting

into the background what the people of India admire most in the British Government. Its chief glory is its wonderful genius for organisation, and the confidence and sense of security which it inspires. The mysterious working of the impersonal something which holds the whole fabric together fills the imagination of the simple oriental with wonder and awe. The hands that direct must indeed be visible but the respect commanded by the Government will vary inversely with the amount of caprice which people detect in its operations. The contrary statement is sometimes made by those who have grown impatient with the "system," which predominates everywhere. But history teaches in the most unmistakable manner that if caprice inspired fear, it also compelled evasion and fraud. It forfeited the willing co-operation of the people, on which the success of every Government must ultimately depend. If Manucci lacked scholarship, he was blessed with an abundance of shrewdness. It is, for example, a profound remark that he makes, when he attributes the establishment of Mogul rule in India to the inveterate habit of the Rajputs to quarrel among themselves. The Hindus, he says, outnumber the Muhammadans, and he thinks that their fighting qualities are not inferior. But they cannot be happy without fighting among themselves. To the writer of fiction Manucci's book would be most suggestive and helpful. The descriptions that he gives of court etiquette, of royal hunts, of the dress and the manners and customs of the people, the anecdotes with which he enriches his narratives—all these not only make his book charming, but must provide a vast quantity of material to writers of fiction.

CURRENT EVENTS.

His Excellency the Viceroy tours through the land in very happy circumstances. At every place he visits he is reminded that when he came to this country he found the atmosphere charged with electricity and the talk everywhere was about growing unrest. By his generous and far-seeing statesmanship he has entirely changed the situation, and the country is generally full of praise and gratitude. This is the burden of every address presented to him, and every complimentary speech made in his honour. The anxiety, which the rapid developments of the early part of his Viceroyalty caused him, must have been rather deep, and it required no small amount of coolness and patience to face the situation and to steer the boat on the surging waters. Not only was anarchical agitation increasing in some parts, but his own personal safety was threatened, and it is believed that stones were thrown at his motor car more than once. The deportees and their friends are even now sore, and His Excellency, in acknowledging the compliment paid to him by a Native Chief, said that the cause for anxiety had not entirely passed away. We are not, perhaps, out of the wood yet, and the history of a country is not passing out of a single wood. But for the time being at least the atmosphere has changed, and no statesman could achieve more.



The causes of the unrest that is now quieting down have long been discussed. They form a chain, and political developments of the kind we have been witnessing during the last few years are seldom of sudden and abrupt origin. But as His Excellency himself said at Alwar, they received a stronger impetus from the remarkable events in the Far East—which were so very full of promise and inspiration to Asiatics—than from any other single cause. Whether there was any soreness of feeling among any of the Native Princes, will never be publicly known. Some such probability has been hinted at, and there might have been attempts made here and there to hustle Native Durbars along the path of reform and improved administration. But such State secrets do not reach the Press, and whatever dissatisfaction might have been caused by isolated acts of the

representatives of the Paramount Power, the Native Princes have not denied their sympathy to the Imperial Government during the period of anxiety through which it was passing. Conspiracies against the British Government have been hunted down in some of the Native States, and in one leading State a press law has been passed which is much more rigorous than the law of British India, H. E. the Viceroy has satisfied the curiosity of the public as to what his policy towards the Native States has been.



The relations between the Paramount Power and the Feudatories are based generally upon treaties. In the days of the Company apprehensions now and then arose as to the probability of zealous Viceroys and Political Officers encroaching upon the measure of independence promised to the Native Durbars. The Queen's Proclamation of 1858, on the direct assumption of the Government of India by the Crown, set at rest all the doubts and fears, and since then the general attitude of the Native Princes towards the Paramount Power has been one of trust and cordiality. In individual cases the lapses, suspected or demonstrated, of misguided rulers, have provoked interference and even punishment by the Imperial Government, but such cases have been very few. The tendency among the Feudatories has been not only to improve their own administration, but to take a keen interest in Imperial affairs and to co-operate with the Paramount Power in schemes for the defence of the Empire. Satisfactory as the attitude of the Princes has been, the responsibility which the British Government has undertaken for soundness of administration in the Native States, as a condition of protecting them from internal commotion, may necessitate occasional interference in their internal affairs, and friction may arise.



H. E. Lord Minto explained at Udaipur that his own policy had been characterised by two features—the utmost possible abstention from issuing general instructions, and the preference given to other considerations over administrative efficiency. The existence of a department generally leads to the issue of general instructions manufactured in the Secretariat. The officials are accustomed to them in other departments, and they import the habit into the Political Department also. There may be matters in which general instructions may anticipate and obviate future complications or discussions. But when instructions are received without reference to anything that has happened in the State which receives them, the disposition of a sensitive Chief would be to resent the intrusion as an attempt to treat Feudatories as if they were heads of departments in British India. His Excellency's policy, therefore, must have given the greatest satisfaction to Native Durbars. The

British Government is not concerned in improving the "administrative efficiency" in Native States, where the lack of efficiency does not endanger the public peace or strain the loyalty of the subjects. Interference merely for the sake of raising an administration to the level of the British standard would be a breach of the understanding between the Feudatories and the Paramount Power.

While there is general rejoicing in Congress circles in consequence of the concessions made to educated opinion, dissatisfaction has been caused by the extension of the principle of separate electorates. For this innovation the Government is not entirely responsible; it was sought by Muhammadans as a safeguard against the possible and probable Hindu domination. Some leaders of the Congress have, indeed, asserted that the separatism countenanced by Government has neutralised the impetus given to national consolidation by the constitutional reforms. The general disposition, however, is to overlook the impediment cast in the way of the Congress ideals, and to make the best of the privileges which the Government has been induced to confer. In a province like the Panjab, where the Hindus are in a minority, they have gone further than merely criticising the principle of separate electorates: they have started a movement on the lines of the All-India Moslem League. Their programme, however, is more ambitious. The first Hindu Conference, referred to in our notes last month, urged, upon all Hindus the desirability of strengthening the sense of common nationality, "in order to occupy a proper place in the galaxy of nations, to contribute to the general advance of humanity, to protect and safeguard their communal interest, and to spread and propagate from generation to generation and for the benefit of mankind the culture and civilisation handed down to them by the researches, sagacity, and wisdom of their ancestors." To most of the grievances of a tangible nature discussed by the Conference, the Government of India has already given a sympathetic and straightforward reply, as they had been submitted to Government in a previous memorial.

Whatever may be the temporary effect of separate electorates on the social structure of the country, nothing can permanently arrest that evolution of a "united India" under the British Government, which has hitherto advanced with unexpectedly rapid strides. A movement is already on foot to provide a common vernacular and a common script for the whole of India. The vernacular recommended is Hindi, and the script Devanagari. A resolution to that effect was passed by an influential gathering at Baroda. It will not be an easy task to persuade the non-Hindi speakers to take the trouble of learning one more language in addition to those which they cannot help learning. But the movement is characteristic.

EAST & WEST.

VOL. VIII.

DECEMBER, 1909.

NO. 98.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

"For surely are you one with the white host,
Spirits, whose memory in our vital air
Through the great love of Earth they had lo, these
Like beams that throw the path on tossing seas,
Can bid us feel we keep them in the ghost,
Partakers of a strife they joyed to share "

—From a Sonnet of George Meredith 'To a Friend Lost.'

WITH what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." We see the truth of these words proved in all sorts of ways. A good lover is loved heartily; a good hater is cordially detested. Intensity of feeling calls forth responsive intensity.

George Meredith was a good lover and a good hater. The Celtic blood in his veins may have had something to do with this characteristic. He was of Welsh and Irish descent. But whatever he inherited that helped to form his character, he made those traits his own. There were no blurred outlines in his moral or literary features; no hazy expression, no vague gestures or indeterminate movements.

He himself knew what he meant to say, and he said it. The crow his adversaries have to pluck with him is that he gave them trouble by his manner of saying to find out what his meaning was. Hence Meredith's readers fall into two classes, lovers and haters. He has no lukewarm admirers. His lovers are friends prepared to defend him through the thick of criticism of his faults and along the thin edge of ridicule of his peculiarities. His haters are so much annoyed by his characteristics that they feel personally offended by them and may be ranked as his foes.

Few of us "suffer fools gladly," fewer still gladly suffer ourselves to be considered fools. And we feel that we are regarded as fools when we fail to understand an author by the select few who can interpret

his meaning easily. That is why a style peculiarly his own makes a man exasperating to us, if, for us, it is not lucid. We feel inclined to say "he does it on purpose," as we used to say in our nursery days when arrangements interfered with our games and small convenience. We accuse our offending author of literary arrogance. He invites us to dinner, and instead of sitting down to a conventional table, we are regaled with dishes as mysterious as the weird fungi that the late Frank Buckland used to put before his guests. Some of us, indeed, go so far as to say the entertainment consisted in a handful of hard nuts with a "crack them if you can" injunction, and that our host has invited us merely to amuse himself by testing the strength of our teeth, the quality of our appetite and the power of our digestion.

We believe that it is this imputation of arrogance that keeps many readers back from Meredithian literature, who would enjoy it if they entered upon it with unprejudiced minds. Nobody devoid of poetic instinct can be expected to like or understand George Meredith's poems; but do his novels bristle with difficulties? The admirer, fresh from an invigorating feast upon his favourite books, will feel impelled to answer: "Only for the lazy-minded among novel readers."

But this would not be a quite fair statement. Fiction attracts many classes of readers. The lazy-minded devourers of novels and busy workers who indulge in fiction only when they are too tired to think, or are recovering from a physical breakdown, agree on one point. A novel ought to be written solely for the amusement of the reader. The last thing it should call forth is any effort of brain.

Clearly, Meredith's novels are not for those who have no brains worth speaking of; but if the busy worker would bring his brains to work on *Richard Feverel*, *Beauchamp's Career*, *The Egoist*, *Diana of the Crossways* and the rest, before cerebral exhaustion set in, he would feel stimulated to do better and nobler work by his contact with a mind in sympathy with his own. The workers are strenuous. So is Meredith.

Life is for them a great reality. So it is for Meredith. That the range of the human mind, the capacity of the human heart for joy and for suffering, is as vast as the realm of Nature, they have learned by experience. This is what Meredith's books tell them that he has learned.

Greatness lies within our reach, but the smallest details in life and Nature ought not to escape our notice. These are articles in their creed and in that of Meredith.

We cannot read a page of George Meredith's prose and not feel his strong vigorous pulse beating through it. He is alive. He is willingly alive. Life is interesting to him in its development and potential in its possibilities. His grip on humanity is as firm as that of Robert Browning, his eyes are as eager as Browning's to catch the glory of light and colour in nature.

He is a student and a critic of civilised life ; but civilisation does not hold him within stone walls and fenced cities. He flies to the mountains and bathes in the sea. His wings carry him to the gates of Dawn and the very birth of Colour. He can reach positions which give him long ranges of vision and comprehensive views of the world of man and the realm of Nature, but he is keen to notice small details. As he himself says :—

My world I note ere fancy comes,
Minutest hushed observe ;
What busy bits of motioned wits
Through antlered mosswork strive.
But now so low the stillness hums
My springs of seeing swerve
For half a wink to thrill and think
The woods with nymphs alive.
I neighbour the invisible
So close that my consent
Is only asked for spirits masked
To leap from trees and flowers.
And this because with them I dwell
In thought, while calmly bent
To read the lines dear Earth designs
Shall speak her life in ours.

We quote from this poem "Outer and Inner," because in it George Meredith reveals a great deal of himself and his purpose, if indeed we need distinguish between the two. He threw himself so entirely into his work that he and his purpose became identified with each other. It is worth anyone's while to read this poem ; poets will revel in its beauty, honest seekers for a key to the perplexities

of his style will learn from it much that is explicative of his treatment of subjects, something of his point of view. It teaches us that while he is insistent that the various sounds that make up Nature's orchestra and life's music form one vast harmony, he is at the same time keenly alive to the individuality of every sound, even the minutest vibration. He weaves as subtle a web as the spider himself. Judge if it be not so.

From twig to twig the spider weaves
 At noon his webbing fine.
 So near to mute the zephyrs flute
 That only leaflets dance.
 The sun draws out of hazel leaves
 A smell of woodland wine.
 I make a swarm to sudden storm
 At any step's advance.
 Along my path is bugloss blue,
 The star with fruit in moss,
 The foxgloves drop from throat to top
 A daily lesser bell.
 The blackest shadow, nurse of dew,
 Has orange skeins across;
 And keenly red is one thin thread
 That flashing seems to swell.

Anyone who has walked through English woods and woodland lanes with senses alert can testify to the accurate description contained in the two verses just quoted. To us they are a literal translation of a bit of Nature's poetry. We have already copied verses three and four. We now add the fifth and last verse.

"Accept, she says: it is not hard
 In woods; but she in towns
 Repeats, "accept," and have we wept,
 And have we quailed with fears,
 Or shrunk with horrors, sure reward
 We have whom knowledge crowns,
 Who see in mould the rose unfold,
 The soul through blood and tears."

As we follow Meredith, observing the outer and the inner life he points out to us in his own peculiar way, we dismiss the suspicion of his arrogance, just as we dismiss the suggestion that

Robert Browning is arrogant. The two men are alike in taking such interest in humanity and Nature that they imagine every one else, with brains to think with, must take interest too. What they see and what thoughts the things they see awaken in them they put forth, claiming attention for worthy objects. If forgetfulness of our small existence, as their followers and listeners in their absorption in these subjects, strikes us as arrogance, the fact proves *our* egoism rather than theirs. They are careless of what we think of them in their care to awaken our interest in certain traits of life and Nature. If we are not interested, the loss is ours, not theirs. They pass on their way. Neither Robert Browning nor George Meredith stoops down to pat us and coax our understanding. If a thing is worth comprehension, thinks Meredith, it is worth trouble to grasp it. To those who are in sympathy with him, to those who learn "to dare to tread the Woods of Westermain" with him, he will teach something of his own regality.

" You of any well that springs
May unfold the heaven of things ;
Have it homely and within
And thereof its likeness win."

He will cease to be an erratic guide and an eccentric interpreter. Lovers of his poems will not care whether he be erratic or not. They will joyfully follow him whithersoever he leads. But to the majority of readers, who eschew poetry and choose prose that is no trouble to read, Meredith will always be more or less exasperating. Many readers of novels are like listeners to music, who say, " Don't give me classical music ; we like a tune with variations !" These readers want a story, a plot, a well-finished ending ; the characters are merely the necessary adjuncts of the narrative. George Meredith wrote his novels in order that he might develop the characters whose personality would help to reveal life as he saw it. He looked at humanity as a whole, a dual whole, but one in duality, not two halves badly joined together, unequal in size and ill-matched in texture. He regarded men and women as equal sharers of humanity's portion in the scheme of Creation. He believed women to have been created to live beautiful lives as well as to develop beauty of face and form. He may be ranked as a knight-errant in literature, for he missed no opportunity of rescuing

a damsel from the distressed position of being accounted a fool if she had good looks, brainless if she were beautiful, and an insufferable prig if she were intellectual. Perhaps no man has ever given clearer proof of understanding woman's nature by his presentation of it, in fiction, than Meredith; and he seems to have achieved his success less by study of women as individuals than by close observation of humanity as a whole. Men and women are essentially alike, characteristically different; hence their likeness and their differences make a perfect whole. Hence the necessity for intellectual and physical development in women and as well as men, if true progress is to be made. No one has recognised this more clearly than Meredith, and at the same time with more sanity and balance of judgment. It would have been criminal, in his opinion, to stunt a woman's intellect and hedge her in with restriction from a mistaken fear that development of brain and recognition of her rightful position would lead to her usurpation of man's prerogative. He knew that development would convince women, capable of the largest development, of the excellence of their diversity from man, while it assured them of a basal unity between their intellect and man's. Every large-brained woman is encouraged by being told that she has a man's way of looking at things, or something of a man's intellectual grasp. But no woman of any true "manliness" of intellect will so lose her balance as to assume the habits and ape the manners of a man. A mannish woman loses her rights at once, wronging herself by clamouring for a position she has no constitutional power to hold. A woman of intellect cannot fail to see this, though a clever fool may be blind to everything but the importance of self, so large does self loom in limited vision.

Meredith has no fondness for fools, clever or otherwise. We feel that Mrs. Lovell's intellectual poise and worldly wisdom make her likeable to him, though he spares not her worldliness and greed for attention. Here is a characteristic bit from *Rhoda Fleming*, a description of Mrs. Lovell: "She was golden and white like an autumned birch tree, a brilliant horsewoman and a most distinguished sitter in a drawing-room chair."

Perhaps the seductive widow claims the more attention from the reader because she is the only woman in the book of the class best

known to Meredith. Rhoda and Dahlia Fleming approach more nearly the heroines of melodrama than any other of Meredith's women characters, in spite of their mother's resolution about their upbringing: "Good bread, good beef, and enough of both make good blood, and my children shall be stout."

We confess to finding the book wearisome. Rhoda's perversity as regards poor Dahlia's marriage is as exasperating as her father's obstinacy, and, though it is an eloquent illustration of hereditary prejudice and the tendency of steadfastness to harden into obstinacy when unsoftened by culture, we venture to think that, for once, Meredith has failed to know a woman's instinct. No woman, pure of heart as was Rhoda Fleming, would have failed to detect the falseness and coarseness of Sedgett. Another weak point in the book is Edward Blancove's sudden *volte face*, shorn of any premonitions of repentance; but the inherent selfishness of the man, even in his purified stage, is finely and delicately touched on. "Wasted though she was, he was ready to make her his own, if only for the sake of making amends to this dear, fair soul, first as a response to the world's wonderment at his sacrifice of himself, and next by degrees as an absolute, visible fleshly fact. . . he wanted a rose of womanhood like that he had parted with and to recover which he had endured every earthly mortification even to absolute abasement. The frail bent lily seemed a stranger to him." We forgive much that is wearisome in a book that gives us such a quaint embodiment of money worship as is Anthony Hackbut, and of a "servant of the soil"—an extinct race in the twentieth century—as is Master Gammon, "with the cast of eye of an antediluvian lizard."

We avoid touching upon the novels that represent George Meredith's genius to the reading world. Abler pens are busy with *Richard Feverel*, *The Egoist*, *Diana of the Crossways* and *Beauchamp's Career*; but we cannot refrain from a tender glance at the *Adventure of Harry Richmond*. The power that gives us Roy Richmond, without gloss for his faults or idealisation of his virtues, has scarcely been surpassed even by Roy's creator. We never cease to sympathise with Squire Beltham, and yet could we have forgiven Harry if he had not felt his rascally father's full charm? His audacity was as colossal as the statue he tried to gratify the princely whim at Sarkeld by giving life to; there was nothing mean about it.

His roguery was on a large scale. If his golden visions meant tinsel crowns, the coronets were for the brows of others. There is an artistic fitness in his end as well as a righteous reward. He opens the book, so to speak, by hammering at the doors of Beltham Hall, awakening the Squire to alarm that the house was on fire. The book closes on the ashes of the old mansion. Roy Richmond had had every room, every corridor, lighted up, every window illuminated to make brilliant the welcome given to Harry and his bride. But Roy was a broken man, broken in physique and intellect. He may easily have set fire to some drapery. Fire did break out. Harry and Janet came home to a house in ruins. Where was Mr. Richmond? He had gone to seek Miss Beltham—Dorothea, his faithful benefactress. She was not there. She was in safety, but Roy Richmond was never seen again.

Two other figures besides Harry, the hero of the book, stand out finely—Janet Ilchester and Princess Ottilia. A more delicate realisation of the subtle strength of a woman's mind has seldom been made. Meredith's Ottilia might be put side by side with Browning's Pompilia as proof of a man's sureness and delicacy of touch in laying bare the springs of a high-souled woman's conduct. What a fascinating little creature Ottilia was when she sat, a slender little creature of twelve or thirteen years old, on her pony, whip and reins in hand, slips of golden hair straying on her forehead! How deliciously she talked to the two boys, Harry and Temple: "And you, if you please, will talk slow. For I say of you, English gentlemen, silk you spin from your lips."

We must not linger over alluring recollections, for we want to indulge for a few minutes in a sip of the dew of Meredith's poems, a breath of the air they exhale, an inspiration from their fervour and subtlety. Can we find fresher dew than this from "Love in the Valley"?

Happy, happy time, when the white star hovers
 Low over dim fields fresh with bloomy dew,
 Near the face of dawn, that draws athwart the darkness
 Threading it with colour like yewberries the yew.
 Thicker crowd the shades as the grave East deepens,
 Glowing, and with crimson a long cloud swells.
 Maiden still the morn is; and strange she is and secret,
 Strange her eyes; her cheeks are cold as cold sea-shells.

Can we inhale more exhilarating air if we are sound enough in wind and limb to sally forth on a "Night of Frost in May"?

With splendour of a silver day,
A frosted night had opened May;
And on that plumed and armoured night,
As one close temple hove our wood,
Its border leafage virgin white.
Remote down air an owl hallooed.
The black twig dropped without a twirl;
The bud in jewelled grass was nipped;
The brown leaf cracked a scorching curl;
A crystal off the green leaf slipped.
Across the tracks of rimey tan,
Some busy thread at whiles would shoot;
A lurching minnow-rillet ran,
To hang upon an icy foot.

So far we have had a feast for our eyes. Now our ears are regaled.

In this shrill hush of quietude
The ear conceived a severing cry.
Almost it let the sound elude.
When chuckles three, a warble shy.
From hazels of the garden came. . . .
Then soon was heard, not sooner heard
Than answered, doubled, trebled, more,
Voice of an Eden in the bird
Renewing with his pipe of four
The sob: a troubled Eden, rich
In throb of heart; unnumbered throats
Flung upward at a fountain's pitch,
The favour of the four long notes,
That on the fountain's pool subside,
Exult and ruffle and upspring;
Endless the crossing multiplied
Of silver and of golden string.
There chimed a bubbled underbrew
The witch-wild spray of vocal dew.

It is hard to refrain from quoting the whole poem. Every line is jewelled with a phrase, clear-cut by the hand of a master of

expression. Let us take a few at random just to flash them into the light as if they were a string of brilliants.

Keen-brilliant . . .
While drips steely the rillet clinked

The low throb of expectancy ;
How the white mother-muteness pressed
On leaf and meadow herb, how shook,
. . . the sparkle crest
Seen spinning on the bracken-crook."

Perhaps no poem of Meredith's is more melodious than the one on a melodious theme, "The Lark Ascending." Even a lark might be arrested in his flight if he heard this description of his song sung in fitting cadences,

The silver chain of sound,
Of many links without a break
In chirrup, whistle, stur and shake,

.
So fleet they scarce are more than one,
Yet changingly the trills repeat
And linger, ringing while they fleet,
Sweet to the quick o' the ear and dear
To her beyond the handmaid ear,
Who sits beside our inner springs
Too often dry for this he brings.

Would not our dear lark appreciate being described as a "song of light"—"So thirsty of his voice" ?

Then his song,

Rapt, ringing, on the jet sustained
Without a break, without a fall,
Sweet silvery, sheer lyrical,
Perennial, quavering up the chord,
Like myriad dews of sunny sward
That trembling into fulness shine
And sparkle, dropping argentine.

Then how our hearts thrill an assent when the poet identifies the bird with his song, the song with that which excites his rapture.

Our valley is his golden cup
And he the wine which overflows.

He sings the sap, the quickened veins,
The wedding song of sun and rains.
He is the dance of children, thanks
Of sowers, shout of primrose banks,
And eye of violets while they breathe ;
All these the circling song will wreath.

In subtlety of thought as well as grace and delicacy of diction, no short poem of Meredith's is, for us, comparable with "A Hymn to Colour." It is subtle to elusiveness. We think we have caught the meaning and find we may as well expect to hold the fragrance of sun-warmed pansies between thumb and finger, a visible, tangible object, as grasp it. But our finger and thumb retain the sweetness of contact with the warm soft petals, and we have the bloom before our eyes and the marking of the petals to dilate upon at any rate,

With Life and Death I walked when Love appeared,
And made them on each side a shadow seem.
Through wooded vales the land of dawn we neared,
Where down smooth rapids whirls the helmless dream
To fall on daylight ; and night puts away
Her darker veil for grey.

We must pass over the verses that intervene between the first and the sixth, begging our readers to read them for themselves.

Look now where Colour, the soul's bridegroom, makes
The house of heaven splendid for the bride.
To him as leaps a fountain she awakes,
In knotting arms, yet boundless, him beside,
She holds the flower to heaven, and by his power
Brings heaven to the flower,

He gives her homeliness in desert air,
And sovereignty in spaciousness : he leads
Through widening chambers of surprise to where
Throbs rapture near an end that aye recedes,
Because his touch is infinite and lends
A yonder to all ends.

The past ten years of Irish history have seen a revival which warrants the greatest optimism for the future. During the same period, the student of politics might have noticed, the political movement has been singularly barren in results. The fact is, and it is a consideration worthy of the attention of Young India, that political agitation has been tried and found wanting. A people obsessed by politics live in a state of detachment from other more important interests. Social progress becomes impossible when the politician occupies all the stage, all the time. Literature, art and industry find no support from a people under the influence of the mesmerism of politics. Such was the position of affairs in Ireland when in the pause that ensued on the death of Parnell, ideas long submerged found an opportunity of coming to the surface.

The prophets of our day are wise only after the event, and not always even then. When a sudden social or political upheaval throws current theories off their balance, the doctrinaire, regardless of the fact that the revolution is not the change but only the manifestation of a change long in progress, enlarges upon it with the discursiveness born of a profound ignorance. This cult of the sensational, and the unwillingness to look beyond the obvious, is responsible for much of the misunderstanding that exists in international relations. To this also is due the inability to understand the Irish Question. In every town and village hamlet in Ireland history is being made and the world outside knows nothing of it.

Before entering on a description of the present revival in Ireland, it will be necessary to glance briefly at the history of Ireland in the last century. All movements are the product of their times and must be studied in connection with the circumstances that produce them. For six hundred years, in spite of wars and devastation of all kinds, the attempt to anglicise Ireland had been an absolute failure, and although the development of the ancient civilisation had been arrested, and there was a complete absence of social and political cohesion, yet the seed of national life remained, ready under favourable conditions to burst into a healthy life. The history of what is known as Grattan's Parliament illustrates to what an extent the latent energy of the nation was capable of being developed. With the passing of the Act of Union, however, national development was suspended and the history of Ireland assumed a new phase.

The history of the hundred years that succeeded the Union has proved this measure to have been a political blunder of the first magnitude and has justified (if justification were needed) the bitter resistance offered to it by the patriot party whose fears for the future have been but too fully realised. Some apologists for the measure maintain, however, that had Ireland accepted the Union as a *fait accompli* and shaped its policy in accordance with such recognition, her progress would have kept pace with that of Great Britain and she would have been spared the many misfortunes which have made her the Cinderella among the nations. As a theory, this is not without interest : as an apology, it is ludicrous ; for the essentials of statesmanship lie in the exact estimation and the just disposition of all the factors, and the temperament of the people, the most important element, was totally misconstrued.

The effects of the Union were almost at once apparent in the decline of Dublin. It sank from the position of one of the principal capitals of Europe to the level of a petty provincial city ; its magnificent Parliament house became a temple for the money changers ; its mansions, once the abode of the wit and beauty which made the Dublin of the period famous, were abandoned by their owners and were either turned into public offices or met a more ignoble fate in the hands of the tenement holders ; and finally, art and literature, deprived of the nation's encouragement, fled to London whither their patrons had gone. Ireland as a nation seemed but a memory, anglicisation had begun to make strides, West Britain was coming into being. To those who regard a healthy state of the exports and imports as the great desideratum of human endeavour, it will appear that a prosperous province is to be preferred to a poverty-stricken nation, and if material well-being were the only standard of comparison this opinion could not be controverted ; but, however important the industrial status of a people may be, "man does not live by bread alone," and the nation stands on a spiritual plane to which the province cannot aspire. A province is but a geographical entity, it possesses no individual life, no distinctive culture, it is therefore as such but a negligible factor in the sum of the world's progress. The personality, the individuality of the nation, on the other hand, gives expression to every phase of its many-sided life ; eliminate the nation and you deprive the world of a

literature, an art, a language, a social system which, whatever their intrinsic worth, are of inestimable value in that they are the products of a distinct mode of thought. They who would destroy a nation are guilty of an unpardonable crime against humanity, the inexpressible sin that cries to heaven and earth for vengeance.

When the representatives of the Great Powers arranged the boundaries of the European States by the Treaty of Berlin, they acted as if the period from 1780 to 1815 had never been. They altogether ignored the fact that it was the spirit of nationalism which had made impossible the idea of an empire such as that planned by Napoleon. It is not therefore surprising, when the "gods" thus erred, that the Irish people should have but a hazy notion of that which constitutes the basic principle of nationality, and that while they struggled for repeal of the Union and Home Rule, the making of the nation became ever more difficult. Though the political movements have undoubtedly obtained many material benefits for Ireland, it has been at too great a price, for the predominance of the politician has contributed more than any other cause to the decay of the national life. While the attention of the people was focussed on the efforts made by their representatives in Parliament to obtain redress of grievances, anglicisation proceeded apace. Only one of the many parties which have reflected Irish opinion in the past century perceived the evil and made attempts to cope with it, and that was the much misunderstood, much maligned Young Ireland party. It was at once their strength and their weakness to have identified themselves with the movement for Repeal and to have accepted the leadership of O'Connell. By this they gained an audience for their ideas, which were solely educational, but in this too, they found one cause for their failure. When no longer able to subscribe to the O'Connellite policy, they were opposed by the whole weight of the influence of the great Tribune. Their movement is important in this, that it has had an abiding influence on the thought of the people since their time, and while the renown of many who filled the stage in the past has grown dim with time, time has but enhanced the fame of Davis and the brilliant band that gathered round him. For it must not be forgotten that the Young Irelanders aimed exclusively at national regeneration through the medium of education, and that though their movement ended in an

abortive revolution, the latter was but the result of circumstances with which their real policy had no concern. To the teaching of Davis is mainly due the new departure in Ireland—a fact which its leaders gratefully acknowledge.

Many factors individually of more or less importance go to make valid a claim for distinctive nationality, and of these the most potent is a separate language. It was with the language, therefore, that the pioneers of the Irish revival began. During the whole of the nineteenth century the Irish language was dying. Banished from press and platform, from pulpit and school, its extinction seemed but a question of years, and when the Gaelic League was founded in the last decade of the century, the language was spoken only by the peasants on the Atlantic seaboard. To bring back a language from the brink of the grave was in itself a task to test the courage of the bravest, but when to this is added that the whole of what then constituted public opinion was bitterly opposed to it and that a revolution in the thought of the people had to be effected before there was a possibility of success for the new movement, it must be conceded that the first revivalists were of the stuff that produces heroes. Had the Gaelic League been a purely academic movement, it would have received toleration on all sides and would have lived a peaceful life, to eventually die of anæmia, leaving nothing accomplished; but because it was more than this, and because in being more than this it found the reason for existence, it had in the beginning to encounter an opposition under which any movement less virile would have succumbed. It may seem strange that the attempt to revive the ancient language should have met with such determined opposition, but the explanation is simple. To maintain their influence, and to ensure the success of their respective aims, the political leaders in Ireland had concentrated the minds of the people on the party struggle in Westminster. While the "Nationalists" sought Home Rule and the "Unionists" the maintenance of the *status quo*, both sections were alike in their determination to brook no interference from anybody within their spheres of influence. They were therefore at one in their condemnation of this new association which, claiming to be the only national organisation, asserted its right to demand allegiance from both parties, which, regardless of party, of creed, of social position, held the open door to all Irishmen who

wished to do something to restore the nation. Every possible effort was made by the politicians to crush the Gaelic League in the beginning. In the Home Rule press it was denounced on the ground that it was brought into existence solely for the purpose of "drawing a red herring across the path" of Home Rule: the Unionist organs called for its suppression as a society aiming at the subversion of British rule. Ridicule, misrepresentation, abuse were in turn employed; nothing was left undone to make the language movement impossible—but in vain. The Gaelic League had come to stay, and its enemies soon discovered that their well-meant efforts at elimination had but served to give the society a much-needed advertisement. The faith that moves mountains inspired the pioneers of the language movement and made them impervious to assault.

It was feared that, on account of the intensity of religious and political feelings in Ireland, the Gaelic League could never succeed as a non-political, non-sectarian association. This apprehension showed a want of appreciation of the principle of the movement. Essentially national, it was intended for all Irishmen without distinction. Its creed was the creed of Davis—

"Start not, Irish-born man,
If you're to Ireland true,
We heed not race nor creed nor clan,
We've hearts and hands for you,"

and by a rigid adherence to its principles it has earned it not the support of all, certainly their respect.

It would be impossible within the limits of this article to describe in detail the progress of the Gaelic League; a brief outline must suffice. Started by a few young men without wealth or influence in a back room of a bye-street in Dublin, it has spread throughout the country with phenomenal success. The single branch has grown to hundreds, the membership is counted in thousands. Nor is its influence confined to Ireland, for wherever throughout the civilised world a community of Irishmen exist, there will be found a branch of the Gaelic League. But the growth of branches and of membership does not always spell progress, and the language movement has more tangible results to prove its worth. Irish is now taught in the great majority of the schools in Ireland; it is a subject for all professional examinations, for the banks and

the railways. Chairs of Irish have been established in the Universities of Liverpool and Manchester and the new National University has made provision for complete courses of Irish studies. Under the auspices of the Gaelic League training colleges and summer schools have sprung up in all the Irish-speaking districts, and as a result of the attention bestowed on the teaching of Irish, modern language-teaching in Ireland can compare very favourably with the best continental systems. Finally, besides the impetus it has given to the study of ancient manuscripts and their publication, the language movement has succeeded in creating the nucleus of a modern Irish literature and drama, and its latest expression is a most successful Irish opera. Besides all this, the lighter arts have not been neglected, and the popularisation of the native instrumental music, singing and dancing has brought back some of the old brightness into Irish provincial life, which had grown abnormally dull.

But, as has been mentioned before, the Gaelic League was not a purely academic movement; it claimed the support of the people on the ground that it inaugurated a national movement, and to those critics who opposed it on the plea that it was not practical, that the revival of a language would not provide bread and butter for the people, its founders replied that even the production of bread and butter would not be uninfluenced by the spread of the organisation. They preached that the turning of the nation's thoughts inwards, the immediate result of the study of the language and history, would touch every spring of the nation's life that industry, art, literature, the very character of the people would be benefited by a movement which taught them to be self-reliant, to take pride in their language and history, and to use for the benefit of their country whatever gifts God had given them; and though the critics sneered and called them theorists, time has nobly vindicated the soundness of the theories and discomfited the critics.

The native genius and originality of the Irish people had long been crushed under a system of education imposed on them by the narrowness of the British mind. On the principle of *lucus a non lucendo* it was called national, but it would have been more suitable to New Zealand than to Ireland. Those who

imposed it probably meant well, but these well-meaning people have been responsible for more disasters than the greatest tyrant of whom history speaks, and it was criminally foolish to think that a system of education suitable to England would equally benefit Ireland. With the advent of the Revival movement the awakening began, the educational boards could not but perceive that they were maintaining an anachronism, that they who ought to have brought life were scattering the seeds of death; and though, fettered as they are with the inertia of officialism, it has been difficult to move them, they are yet proving not quite impervious to light, and are slowly adapting themselves to the changed conditions. The impetus of the Revival is driving the thought of the people into suitable channels and the workers are heartened by a great hope.

Three years after the founding of the Gaelic League, the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society was established. As the name implies, its object was the organisation of agricultural effort so as to put it in the way of competing on terms of equality with its continental rivals, to eliminate the middleman by means of co-operation, and the gommeen man by the institution of agricultural banks, and incidentally to engender actual self-respect and self-reliance. Its remarkable success is, as its inception, due primarily to the new spirit, and its organisers gratefully acknowledge that in whatever district they found a branch of the Gaelic League, there they were sure of willing and earnest assistance in their propaganda.

To meet the arguments of the "bread and butter" school of critics, the language movement was compelled to devote some attention to the industrial question. This it did by establishing exhibitions of local industries in connection with its "Feisanna" or festivals organised by the several branches of the Gaelic League, and by encouraging a preference for native manufactures. It will be interesting to Indians to note that this preferential treatment was voluntary, it was "Swadeshi" without boycott. The national movement in Ireland stands for progress, it preaches no negations, The starting of the Industrial Development Association left the Gaelic League free for its own particular work and enabled the development of industries to be specialised. The society has an immense field to compass, but the energy and devotion of the workers promises a great future for their efforts. Already some new industries have

been started, many old ones revived, and a trade mark patented to protect Irish manufactures. The following note from the *Manchester Guardian*, written some years ago, on an industrial exhibition in connection with the "Oireachtas," the principal festival of the Irish language movement, held in Dublin, is illuminating :—

"As in all movements that touch the springs of the ideal in national character, the utilitarians have speedily received the answer to their scepticism in the greater earnestness with which all the problems of national life and culture are attacked by reason of the appeal thus made. From this point of view the Art and Industries Exhibition was very interesting. Crowded into a room all too small for the exhibits, it was at first sight a strange medley. The dim half-light pictures of 'A. E.' with their other-world suggestiveness, overhung the advertising photographs of Welsh Council Offices built of Irish granite. The imperfect embroideries and rough homespuns of the congested districts faced the tapestries, types and bindings of the Dun Emer looms and presses. Miss Purser's stained-glass windows and panels, with their reminiscences of Botticelli Angelico and mediæval tapestry, were faced by Belfast pocket handkerchiefs, and flanked by pillars of soap and pyramids of plate polish. But the unifying idea was there, the idea of Irish self-help. It was their sympathy with this that brought the Irish poets and artists to exhibit their work side by side with the products of fingers as yet half conscious or quite unconscious of the importance of the design and the bearing of art upon industry. And, whether good or bad, the work was all earnest work, live work, whatever its worth. Obviously, too, the business instinct is growing in the makers of these wares, but a business instinct quite undivorced from the spirit that has evoked it, and the growing public sympathy that rewards it. Altogether, this very practical development of the Oireachtas was most hopeful." Since this appreciation was written, two years have brought much progress, and though the modern commercial city with its hive of factories, a blot on the landscape, and a forcing ground for moral and physical disease, has happily no place in the ideals of the Irish industrialist, it is hoped that the country will become prosperous without sacrificing beauty to Mammon

In a recent issue of the *Illustrated Times of India*, the dramatic critic devoted his article to an appreciation of the Irish Theatre then appearing in London. Some years ago Mr. Walkley writing in the Paris *Le Temps* expressed his admiration for the same company and concluded his article thus :—

“Certainement la beauté de ces représentations irlandaises est étrange, étrange et fraîche, étrange et troublante. C'est une chose étonnante que de voir l'art antique, épuisé du théâtre se renouveler ou plutôt renaître à nouveau dans le cœur de ce petit peuple irlandais.”

The Irish theatre, of which the company so much admired by these critics is but a part, and perhaps not the most important part, is also a product of the Irish Revival. An equally satisfactory progress is evident in what may be called Anglo-Irish literature, that is, Irish literature expressed through the medium of English. More genuine literary work has been produced in Ireland during the past decade than in any similar period.

All the chords of national life have been sounded by the breath of the new spirit. A few of the more obvious effects have been touched upon, but the Revival has exercised a still more beneficial influence on the character and social customs of the people, the manifestations of which are not so evident now, but will without doubt shape the future. The following extract from the *Irish Times* is interesting from the fact that this paper, the principal organ of Unionism, has been a formidable and consistent opponent of the language movement :—

“Whatever we may think of the objects of the Gaelic League, we must admire the energy and insistence with which it prosecutes them. Ten years ago the Irish language was the undisturbed possession of a few scholars and a few thousand Western and Southern peasants ; to-day it intrudes itself into every department of Irish life, it has seized the imagination of a very vigorous and very pugnacious body of Irishmen, and they have raised it to the position of a National problem. We recognise gladly that by means of its effective work in the cause of temperance, its literary and musical activities, and its general amelioration of the conditions of our rural life, the Gaelic League has done a great deal to deserve the thanks of thoughtful Irishmen.”

It would have been impossible for the political movement to have remained unaffected by the national awakening. The origin of the Revival was due to some extent to a revolt against the predominance of the politician, and it has had a two-fold influence on politics. The immediate effect of opening new spheres of work for the talents and activities of the people was to arouse a living interest in the problems of their everyday life, and as a consequence to diminish their concern for the party struggle, and to lessen the influence of the party leaders. Moreover, the agitation for Home Rule came to be examined in the same light which had been thrown upon the other national issues, and by men who were inclined rather to reject than to accept the old formulæ, and the result was the rise of a new political party. It calls itself "Sinn Fein," an Irish expression meaning "Ourselves," to accentuate its independence towards British politics, and it completely breaks away from the policy that has hitherto obtained by affirming the uselessness of representation in Westminster and demanding the recall of the Irish members. It would be impossible to forecast its future. It is only in its infancy and may never emerge from its present crudity, but its very existence is a proof of its virility, since its struggle into light was opposed by the whole energy of the machinery controlled by the Parliamentary party, strengthened by the support of the higher ecclesiastical authorities, who fear that "Sinn Fein" is tainted with the "liberalism" of the continent. Sydney Brooks in a series of articles in the *North American Review* on the New Ireland, examines the Sinn Fein policy and pronounces it to be the most formidable because the most practical and most logical movement that has ever appeared in Ireland. But while the term formidable is somewhat of a misnomer when applied to a policy which aims at adjusting and regulating the political and financial relations between Ireland and Great Britain within the law, and which, being essentially constructive and national, gives no encouragement to feelings of hatred, of its practicability there can be no doubt, since it affords common grounds of agreement and opportunities for united action to men of political opinions the most opposed. Should its principles gain general acceptance, British statesmen will be confronted with quite a new set of factors for solution. Its policy, however, can best be learned from the leading article in the first issue of a new daily

paper started under its auspices :—" We pledge ourselves to-day to support every man and every party, however divergent their opinions may be from ours on other points, in any work to the credit and honour of our common nation ; to defend the right of the man who disagrees with us on one point to be heard on the other nine. Ireland again a nation has been the dream of generations, it will never be a fact until we all, whether our party colour be orange, blue or green, realise that we are Irishmen before we are party men."

In this article only the principal movements which mark the Renaissance in Modern Ireland have been touched upon ; there are others which, though not of less importance, have yet to establish themselves. They are all the materialisation of the same process of thought appealing to different sympathies and producing different effects as colours are produced by light. They are independent of one another but move on parallel lines. To some they seem to converge and to be gradually blending into one great organisation, the Nation, but most of the workers are content to leave the future to Providence, for whatever the end, the work is in itself good. They are clearing away the refuse accumulated through centuries of chaotic strife, of oppression and repression, and where the clearing is made they discover the foundations laid long ago by those whose labours gave Ireland the proud title of "*Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum* ;" on these they build, and their work can be beautiful since the inspiration is truly beautiful ; and the new, the Irish Ireland, can learn from the present to shun as a plague the sordid greed of wealth and power, the gross selfishness and materialism that are the bane of modern life, and to the past she can hark back to the highest and noblest form of civilisation. Ireland was once a light shining amid the darkness of European barbarism, and to the little Western isle scholars flocked and found mental and spiritual nourishment ; she sent forth her children to teach ; and in remote villages amid the Alpine hills, from the snows of Norway to the vineclad slopes of southern Europe, you may still come upon traces of those Irish missionaries who spent their lives to uplift their fellow-men. Providence has tried her, tried her bitterly ; she has seen her plains ravaged with fire and sword, with famine and pestilence, has had to endure the anguish of beholding her children fly from her as from a

charnel house, and yet she has not despaired, nor bought prosperity with dishonour ; as an Irish poet puts it :—

“ O Dear Dark Head,* let not the waiting daunt thee,
The future, if thou wilt, can be thine.
The past can summon up no shade to haunt thee
Of perjured faith or desecrated shrine.”

The future of civilisation rests with the small nations. On them will depend the evolution of a higher and nobler type, and for this work Ireland is fitting herself, and to it will bring the broad sympathy, the generous idealism and the steadfast courage which have ever characterised the race.

“ One man with a dream, at pleasure
Shall go forth and conquer a crown,
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample a kingdom down.”

L. MACDERMOTT.

Naini Tal.

* A poetical name for Ireland.

THE INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT OF THE INDIAN MAHOMEDAN KINGS.

ESPIONAGE.

"He told me that he had so good spies that he hath had the keys taken out of De Witt's pocket when he was a-bed, and his closet opened, and papers brought to him and left in his hands for an hour, and carried back and laid in the place again and keys put into De Witt's pocket again."—*Pepys' Diary*, IV., 72.

THE Intelligence Department is an important institution for a kingdom. Kings and monarchs of old had always, more or less, employed means to gain information regarding those over whom they ruled. The ancients knew the system of espionage, but it did not exist in an organised form. The spy in war had always been a useful auxiliary in ascertaining the state of the enemy's affairs, but he was not used as a regular informer of the doings and movements of all around him before the Mahomedan ascendancy. Spies have been used in all wars from the time when Moses sent Joshua on his errand to the present day. That this office involves some degree of treachery in it cannot be gainsaid, yet under the pressure of circumstances, and in keeping with the old adage, "All is fair in love and war," no moral guilt can be attached to it. Alfred the Great's visit to the Danish camp in the guise of a bard to ascertain the strength of the enemy has never been condemned by the preachers of copy-book moralities. Lest the word spy be misunderstood, it should be made clear at the very outset, that during the Mahomedan rule in India, this functionary was the same as the detective of the present day. War-spies had not been uncommon at that time, but they had been chiefly employed for purposes of bringing intelligence, and the present article proposes to deal with only the Intelligence Department of the Indian Mahomedan Kings.

Islam, even in its very infancy, gave a new colour and new spirit to everything. As the wave of the Mahomedan conquest rolled on from Arabia to the Great Wall of China, everywhere there was a

change in life, modes, customs and manners, not excepting the art of government. The Mahomedans had their own way of governing a country, and whatever the world may say of their deeds, their reformative mission, and their insatiable desire to better the condition of their fellow-beings in all the departments of civilisation, should be preserved in the long story of the world's history. They had been great innovators, and as such they clearly saw that the stability of a Government rested essentially on getting the latest information concerning the country and its people. That their organisation was perfect, there is no room for doubt, but society began to be saturated with a spirit of reaction against the austere authority of the courtiers in after-days, and bad as such rigidity is, the rebellion against it is always worse and works greater havoc. The keen observation of the intelligencers, better known as spies, giving the minutest details of all events and indirectly checking the zeal of the officials, is a partial set-off against their mischievous influence over the general public.

At what time the system of espionage was introduced into India during the Mahomedan régime it is difficult to ascertain, but it can be said with safety that the system was in vogue when the Moguls were firmly established in the land. It was in the beginning of the 13th century that India had a Mahomedan King of its own, ruling not from an outside capital but in India itself, and this marks the epoch of the Mussalman settlement in Hindustan. Whether the Slave Kings had an organised intelligence department or not, one cannot be sure, but so far as the pages of history help us Allaiddin Khalji seems to be the introducer of the system in his conquered territory. The famous historical work of "Ferishta," who was a contemporary of Akbar, touches slightly on this subject, after describing the suppression of the conspiracy of Haji Mowla, the son of a slave of the celebrated Fokhruddin, Kotwal of Delhi. He writes: "Allaiddin, after the late occurrences, becoming apprehensive of conspiracies against his person, summoned his nobles and commanded them to give their opinion without reserve, what should be done to avert these evils. Allaiddin approved of many of the remarks of his counsellors. He first applied himself to a strict enquiry into the administration of justice, to redress grievances and to examine narrowly into the private, as well as public, characters of all men in office. He procured intelligence of the most secret discourses of families of note in the city, as well as of every transaction of moment in the most distant provinces."

No doubt the innovation must have taken time to assume an organised form, yet even in its very beginning it could not have been without its good results. A newly conquered country, with many elements of hostility in it, required a strong hand and a careful look-out, but the object of the introduction of the system was to keep an eye over the officials in remote and distant provinces, rather than to watch the movements of the conquered Hindus. There being no systematic means of communication, the Governors of these provinces were never in close touch with the central Government, and the King had to depend on the information sent by them. But this innovation acted as a check on their unwarranted advices. When the Taghluks came in possession of the imperial throne, the organisation of the Intelligence Department became more systematic. The name of every new comer in the country was registered along with his occupation, bearing, distinguishing marks, etc., and the papers were submitted to the Governors, who sent them to the King in return. Ibn Batuta, the famous Moslem traveller of the 14th century, has left a prolix account of his sojourns in India, China, etc. He says: "It was the 1st of the month of Moharum-ul-Haram 734, A. H., that we reached the river Sindh. From this river the territory of Sultan Mahomed Taghlak Shah, the King of Hind and Sindh, begins. When we reached this river the Akhbar-i-Navees (news-writers) of the King came to us and reported our arrival to Qutub-ul-Mulk, the Governor of Multan." He had been to Egypt, Arabia, Syria and Persia, but there, it seems, no such arrangements were in existence and it struck him as something new, for he adds, "The news-writers give a detailed account of every traveller, as to how are his features, what is his dress, how many servants, companions and cattle are with him, and what are his movements." Those who had an opportunity of putting up in a "Serai" or a hotel would verify the above statement when a policeman comes to them to jot down such details, and it seems to me that the present system has been borrowed from the Mahomedans, and has been followed with even greater diligence and promptitude. The same author has given another method of collecting information when describing the conspiracy of Ain-ul-Mulk, and maintains that, but for the existence of these intelligencers, the conspirators would have succeeded. Ain-ul-Mulk was the Governor of Oudh and he had been given strict orders by the King, Mahomed Taghlak, to provide fodder for his cattle, horses and elephants when he encamped himself with his army on the western side of the Ganges during the spread of the famine. The brothers of Ain-ul-Mulk conspired to steal away all the horses and elephants

of the King and to raise their brother on the imperial dais. Ain-ul-Mulk himself escaped under cover of night and everything seemed to be in his favour. "The conspirators would have succeeded," writes the famous traveller, "but the Indian monarchs have a detective of their own in the house of all nobles, who regularly informs him of their doings and movements. In the same way the King has women-servants, who report all that they hear and see to female scavengers (Bhangin), who in return convey the message to the officer of the detectives, and finally the report is sent to the King. Mahomed Taghlak had a detective of his own in the house of Ain-ul-Mulk, named Malik Shah, who informed him of his master's flight." The scavengers go twice a day to clean every house, and they are, even to-day, regarded as garrulous and talkative. Thus we see that reports of all sorts, from events of moment down to idle gossip and the worst scandal, were submitted to the King.

The Syeds and Lodis came in power in turn after the Taghlaks, but the country was not in an ordered state, being a constant hot-bed of quarrel and strife. Besides, we are not in possession of a detailed account of the state of affairs then prevailing, and no historical records enlighten us on our present subject, for the introduction of new and useful measures is only possible when the country is in a settled state.

The first battle of Paniput in 1526 gave a new ruler to the country, when Baber, the founder of the Mogul Empire in India, gave a crushing defeat to Ibrahim Lodi. But he was all the while engaged in consolidating his power, and he did not long enjoy the fruits of his labour, being on the throne for only four years. Humayun came next, but he could not withstand the dominating forces of Sher Shah Sur and had to leave India for a time. Thus we see that in all these successive reigns, there was little possibility of adopting good and useful measures. Akbar then succeeded to the heritage of his father in 1556, and enjoyed a reign unexampled in the annals of India for peace, prosperity and power. In his time there was a permanent establishment of the Intelligence Department and all sorts of reports were submitted to it. The "Ayeen-i-Akbari" which commemorates the reign of the Great Monarch to posterity, and is more lasting than mausolea and palaces, will ever remain the great historical monument raised by Abul-Fazal. In it we have a reference to the office of the Wakyab-navees. "This is an admirable institution and absolutely necessary for the well-conducting of the affairs of an empire," writes the author. "Although the name of the office

existed in former reigns, yet it was never applied to any useful purpose till His Majesty's accession to the throne. For executing the offices of this department, there are appointed fourteen able Tepuckchees, ten of whom do duty daily in rotation. Some others are also added as supernumeraries, one of whom attends every day; and if it happens that one of the fourteen first mentioned is absent upon a matter of necessity, this additional person officiates in his place. These supernumeraries are called Kowtel. It is the business of the Wakyab-navees to take in writing an account of the following occurrences: Whatever His Majesty does himself, and the orders that he issues the arrival, introduction or departure of any person of consequence, what battles are fought, when peace is concluded, and the death of any person of rank. The account of the occurrences being read to His Majesty and approved by him, the Darogha puts his seal upon it, after which it is carried to the Porwanchee and the Meer Arz for their respective seals. The paper when thus authenticated is called a Yaddasht. Then a person who writes a clear style and fair character, takes the Yaddasht and makes an abridgment of it, and having put his seal to it, gives it in exchange for the Yaddasht. To this abridgment are added the seals of Wakyab-navees, the Meer Arz and the Darogha of this department." This gives us a clear idea how the business was conducted and how well organised was the department. All reports were first submitted to the officers and thence an account was sent to the King. Meer Arz was the functionary whose duty it was to present all the papers before His Majesty, and it is often that we see his name mentioned in books when suddenly he submitted an "arzi" and the King retired to his private chamber to consult his privy counsellors on some matter of moment. The department was complete in itself. Besides the intelligencers who were directly connected with the office, there was the "Cootwal" who was in charge of the city and who was required to acquaint himself with the latest occurrences. The office of the "Cootwal" was quite separate from that of the Wakyab-navees, but both of them had some common duty. The Cootwal had to keep a register of all the houses and frequented roads, and he had to divide the city into mahals or quarters and nominate a proper person to the superintendence thereof, under whose seal he used to receive a journal of whatever came in or went out of that quarter. He also appointed spies over the conduct of Meer Mahal, who kept reports in writing. Travellers whose individualities were not known were caused to alight at a separate serai and intelligencers were employed to discover who they were.* He was

* Vide Ayeen-i-Akbari.

the chief executive officer of the town and a responsible servant of the State. Akbar did his best to administer justice to his subjects, which he could not have done with exactness without the Intelligence Department.

I have already stated that the arrival of every new-comer was reported to the King through the intelligencers. Sir John Hawkins, the famous Elizabethan adventurer, on his way to the East Indies, stopped at Surat, and, there being maltreated by Mocarrub Khan, proceeded to Agra. As he had no intention of disclosing his identity, he was secretly trying for a house in the city when he reached the place. But the news of his arrival soon spread, and he writes: "Being in the citie (Agra, April 16th, 1609) and seeking out for an house in a very secret manner, notice was given to the king (Jehangir) that I was come, but not to bee found. He presently charged both Horsemen and Footmen in many troupes, not to leave before I was found, commanding his Knight-marshal to accompany mee with great state to the court, as an Embassador of a King ought to bee." His whereabouts were discovered and he was brought before the King. After having a short confabulation on England and its Queen, Jehangir retired to his private chamber, and Hawkins had no opportunity to put his complaints before him. "Perceiving I had the Turkish Tongue," adds the famous voyager, "which hee himself well understood, hee commanded mee to follow him unto his Chamber of Presence, being then risen from that place of open Audience, desiring to have further conference with mee in which place I stayed some two hours, till the King came forth from his women. Then calling mee unto him the first thing that he spake was that he understood that Mocreb-chan had not dealt well with mee, bidding mee bee of good cheer, for he would remedie all. It should seem that Mocreb-chan's enemies has acquainted the king with all his proceedings: for indeed the king hath spies upon every Nobleman." * Undoubtedly Hawkins must have been taken aback on hearing what he himself was going to say from the royal lips. But such instances were, then, not uncommon. The Governors were independent and acted despotically to a large extent, but there were the secret news-writers to render an account of their doings and this was a check on their high-handedness, though sometimes they remained unpunished. This was, however, due to political partiality.

Aurangzeb, the last of the great Moguls, whose every action is regarded in a pessimistic light, was very particular about these secret

* Hawkins' Letters, pp. 400-1.

informations, and he took greater pains to ascertain the true state of things than any of his predecessors had done.

Manucci, who was for forty-five years at the Mogul Court of Shah Jahan and Aurangzeb, has left his memoirs in Portuguese, which has been translated into English by Mr. Irvine, late of the Indian Civil Service. He has expatiated with great warmth of eulogium on the creditable services of the king's intelligencers, and maintains that "throughout his reign Aurangzeb had such good spies that they knew (if it may be so said) even men's very thoughts." * And with truth it may be said that the Mogul country was behind none other in having that kind of person from whom might be learnt all that passed in the land. "In this way," he adds, "he learnt one night that the wife of Allahwardi Khan, the man who made Shah Shuja get down from his elephant at the battle of Khajwah, had left her house. Without any delay he ordered the husband to take her back again. Through such spies he also learnt one night of the fall of an arch at a shop in the main street, under the ruins of which three faqirs were buried. At early dawn Aurangzeb rode out on his way to hunt, and seeing the fallen shop, stopped his elephant, and ordered them to dig out the buried faqirs. The nobles of the Court were much astonished at such an order, not knowing that underneath the ruins were some dead bodies. The order was carried out, and the dead faqirs having been reached, were pulled out. They were buried according to the king's orders and he remained on the spot until the corpses were recovered. He handed over some money to pay for the funeral. From this incident they began to talk of Aurangzeb as a saint, while all the people shouted with a loud voice: 'Long live our saintly King!'" The incident which he has recorded might appear novel to some, but a student of history will find many similar to this. In the time of Akbar it was the duty of Meer Arz to submit all sorts of reports, but Aurangzeb seems to have brought about some change in this direction. All the "news-letters" that were addressed to the King used to be read before him by the Begums during the night, and under such circumstances these Begums were often more expert in political matters than the ministers themselves, directly connected with the business. Instances are not wanting in Indian history where the wives of responsible officials conducted the affairs of state with shrewdness and sagacity, sometimes using their husbands as a cat's paw for gaining their own ends and satisfying their own ambitions. "There are, in addition, spies, who are also obliged to send in reports weekly about other important

* *Storia Do Mogor*, p. 18.

business, chiefly what the princes are doing, and this duty they perform through written statements." * The words "spy" and "Khufia Navees," if translated, would imply the same office, but here the author makes a distinction between them. Why spies were engaged in the presence of the latter functionary is not quite clear. But it may be said as an explanation that the Khufia Navees was directly connected with the Intelligence Department, while additional spies were in direct correspondence with the King. "It is true," says Bernier, "that the Great Mogul sends a Vakea Navis to the various provinces, that is, persons whose business it is to communicate every event that takes place, but there is generally a disgraceful collusion between these officers and the governor, so that their presence seldom restrains the tyranny exercised over the unhappy people." Here Bernier makes a very sweeping remark, and Manucci's statements that "the best means that kings possess for the good regulation of their kingdom is through trusty spies," and that "they know even men's very thoughts" are here apparently repudiated. But with such evidences before us, to believe in the genuineness of Bernier's remarks would be unwise.

What was the number of the employees in the Intelligence Department during the Mogul period, cannot be said with certainty, nor has any attempt been made by the historians towards ascertaining it; but Danishmund Khan, afterwards Naimat Khan Ali, gives some information regarding it. W. Irvine, in "The Army of the Indian Moguls," remarks: "The Intelligence Department was in active operation, both in peace and war. Reports of all sorts, descending even to idle gossip and scandal, were always welcome. Danishmund Khan (entry of 11th Ramzan 1120. A. H.) tells us that there were in all four thousand spies (Harkarah) in the imperial service scattered throughout the kingdom. There was a head spy (darogha-i-harkarah) who was a man of influence and much feared, his establishment formed a branch of the postal department, managed by a high court official called Darogha-i-Dak or Superintendent of the Post. When in the field, these spies were sent out in all directions." Here the writer is darkly allusive, for the term "Harkaran" even to-day has got no connection whatsoever with the word "spy." He has simply to convey the mail from one town to another and is an employee of the Postal Department. That the establishment of Darogha-i-harkara formed a branch of the above department, is quite true, but that these Harkaras also acted as spies is not at all clear. Since they had to pass through villages and towns with their mail-bags, they might have been

entrusted with the duty of collecting information of the latest events and of reporting the occurrences to the head-office—that can be the only explanation of their dual duty.

The Taghlaks had employed female scavengers to watch the movements of the nobles, and this system was followed even by the Moguls. These Halalkharnis were under obligation to go twice a day to clean every house, and to tell the Kotwal all that passed in the house, who then used to render an account to the king of what he had heard had happened. Though the king took great pains in watching the movements of the princes, there are instances in which he has been deceived. If the author of “*Storia Do Mogor*” is to be trusted, Shah Alam once hoodwinked and duped his father Aurangzeb quite artistically. The King kept a vigilant eye upon the princes, and it was for this reason that formerly, besides the spies he kept to report all that was passing, he used at night to go in person *incognito* into the house of Shah Alam to see what was going on there. The prince, on the other hand, detected the movements and devices of his father, and set his own wits to work. He had clever spies to inform him of all the plans of Aurangzeb. One night it happened, when there was very bright moonlight, and the prince was enjoying himself with some ladies, they came and warned him that the King, his father, was coming to visit him. As soon as he heard this news, he promptly rose, and having hidden the ladies in different places, he went into a room and set to work reading the Koran aloud, as was the custom. Aurangzeb came in, and finding Shah Alam thus occupied, said to him that what he was engaged in did not suit the season, which invited rather to delectation than the reading of the Koran. Shah Alam replied that what he read appeared to him more lovely than the moon, and afforded him more delight than the light of the sun. The father was charmed at this answer, and as a mark of satisfaction thereat he augmented the prince’s allowance, and gave him more frequent tokens of the esteem in which he held such virtue.

No doubt in certain cases, the King received false information through untrustworthy intelligencers and consequently he was entangled in troubles and difficulties, but such cases were rare. Fryer partly attributed Aurangzeb’s non-success in the Deccan, although he had large armies there, to the false reports sent by his news-writers, stating:—“Nowithstanding all these formidable numbers, while the generals and Vocanovices consent to deceive the Emperor, on whom he depends for a true state of things, it can never be otherwise but that they

must be misrepresented, when the judgment he makes must be by a false perspective."

Whatever posterity may hold of the failings of the Moguls in administration, it must be said in fairness to them that they were great rulers, trying their best to redress grievances and doing justice to all. Their Intelligence Department was perfect in itself and it facilitated the conducting of the affairs of State to a very large extent. "History is nothing but a fable agreed upon," says Napoleon, and in the story of Mahomedan rule in Hindustan, one and all do agree that they infused the spirit of civilisation among the inhabitants of the land and instructed them in the arts of refinement and culture. Their power and position would be simply a fable with a tragic end for the generations to come, reminding them of the vicissitudes of human greatness, and I trust it will be, no less, a lesson, at once guiding and instructive, for the powers that be.

M. ZAHIRUDDIN.

Aligarh.

THE APOSTLE OF THE INDIES.

(Concluded from our last number.)

WHILST he was thus happily employed in Travancore, Xavier was also endeavouring to prepare the way for further triumphs by sending converts to outlying districts, amongst others to the island of Manaar on the North of Ceylon, then part of the dominions of the ruler of Jaffna on the mainland. The man chosen for this difficult mission appears to have been a true kindred spirit of the devoted missionary, for in the course of a few months he had won hundreds to the true faith who, when the time of trial came, remained steadfast to the end. Hearing what was going on in Manaar, the King of Jaffna, who hated the followers of Christ, resolved at once to stamp out what he looked upon as a rebellion against his authority, and he lost no time in sending over a body of troops under an officer whose orders were to put to the sword without distinction of age or sex all who refused to renounce their belief. That amongst the newly baptised—who, be it remembered, were the converts not of Xavier himself but of his deputy—there should not have been one apostate is indeed a striking proof of the strong hold Christianity had upon them, and the story of the heroism of the victims is one of the most touching connected with the preaching of the Gospel in the Indies. Six hundred, including many quite little children, were ruthlessly massacred, and when the news of their steadfast courage reached the man who had instigated the cruel deed, he vowed that he would mete out death to every one who should dare even to give shelter to a Christian. His surprise and rage were naturally extreme when his eldest son, who was standing by, suddenly declared that he too had been baptised, on which his father is said to have slain him with his own hand and to have ordered his body to be flung out of the city there to be devoured by wild beasts. A younger brother and

his cousin, who had also embraced the faith, however, managed to escape to Travancore, where they joined Xavier, who took them to his heart at once and promised to try to interest the Portuguese Government on their behalf, and that of their fellow-converts. With this end in view Francis now went to Cambaya, to see the Viceroy, who agreed to send an expedition against the King of Jaffna ; but though it started in due course, it never reached its destination, those in command having, it was rumoured, been bribed by certain of their fellow-countrymen, who feared the vengeance of the redoubtable monarch.

Nothing daunted by this disappointment Xavier, who looked upon every *contretemps* as discipline sent direct from Heaven, resolved before deciding where next to plant the Cross to visit first the field of martyrdom in Manaar, and then the traditional resting place at Meliapor, on the coast of Malabar, of his great predecessor St. Thomas, hoping by that means to obtain celestial guidance for his future career. He found the survivors in the devastated island suffering from famine and pestilence, and as he knelt upon the bloodstained sod he was besieged by hundreds of the stricken, who entreated the good father, as they lovingly called him, to have mercy upon them. Greatly touched by their sad condition and their confidence in him Xavier determined to remain amongst them till the plague was stayed, and not until he had worked many miracles of healing and converted fresh hundreds to the faith did he resume his voyage, leaving fresh hope and courage behind him.

Arrived at last at Meliapor, after making the journey of one hundred and fifty miles from the coast alone and on foot, Xavier first visited the mountain cave in which the Apostle is said often to have taken refuge from his persecutors, on the wall of which could still be seen cut in the living rock the cross at the foot of which he was wont to pray, and from beneath which gushed forth a spring of healing water. Then, refreshed by a draught from the stream and strengthened by the thought of all that had been achieved by the great Apostle, Francis climbed up to the little chapel on a neighbouring height, marking the spot where India's first missionary is supposed to have met his terrible fate, there to commune for seven days and nights with the Master so earnestly loved by both. In that long and silent vigil no food passed the lips of the enthusiast, no human voice broke the

solemn stillness around, but over his prostrate figure, as he firmly believed, was waged an awful conflict, the powers of Heaven and of Hell wrestling for the possession of his soul. Now one and now another terrible temptation assailed him, each subtly calculated to appeal to his peculiar temperament, only to be repelled in a strength not his own, until at last came peace with a distinct revelation of the will of God concerning him. Malacca was to be the next scene of his activity, and for Malacca therefore he started without a day's delay.

Now a British settlement, Malacca was, when Xavier arrived after going through many vicissitudes by the way, one of the great emporiums of Indo-China, and although the Portuguese Governor and inhabitants were nominally Christians, the settlement was famed far and near for its sinful luxury and indifference to religion. With a worldly wisdom that did him credit, the missionary began his labours by himself assuming the character of a light-hearted pleasure-seeker, laying aside his monastic garb for gay apparel, and winning all hearts by his merry sallies. Not until he felt that his influence was secure did he throw off his disguise, but once laid aside, it was never again resumed. The warning bell that had drawn such crowds elsewhere now sounded in the streets of Malacca, and the church of Our Lady del Monte was daily crowded with the penitents who came to listen to the preaching of the holy man and confess their sins to him. Rapid and apparently complete as was the change, however, Xavier scarcely dared to rejoice in it, his prophetic insight, all too soon justified, leading him to fear that it would not be permanent. Finally, after much searching self-examination, he came to the conclusion that he was not free from blame in pandering to the love of excitement and novelty that were evidently at the root of his popularity with his fickle fellow-countrymen, and he resolved to try on them the effect of absence. Once more the place he was to go to was indicated by direct revelation from on high, and in spite of all the opposition of his friends, he set sail for the island of Amboyna, the melancholy news reaching him soon after he landed there that his worst fears were realised, the people of Malacca having reverted to their evil ways directly his restraining presence was removed.

Xavier had scarcely begun his ministrations in Amboyna before the island was besieged by a pirate fleet, causing the greatest terror amongst the people, but Heaven itself is said to have interfered on

their behalf at the very last moment, for just as the enemy was about to land, a terrible plague broke out in the ships, paralysing officers and sailors alike. Hearing of the sufferings of those on board, Xavier saw his opportunity, and determined to go to their aid, hoping by relieving their bodily distress to win them to listen to his teaching. So successful was he that all idea of a hostile descent was abandoned, and when the pestilence was stayed the pirate vessels sailed peacefully away, bearing with them many new converts to the true religion. The result of this extraordinary victory, in which not a blow was struck or a single drop of blood shed, was to make the people of Amboyna look upon Xavier as more than human, indeed as a direct emissary from heaven, and he presently found himself compelled to withdraw to escape from the honours that were heaped upon him. He determined, after exhorting the Portuguese and the natives to remain steadfast in the faith to which they had been restored or won by him, to go forth to evangelise the other islands of the Archipelago, where he at first met with such serious opposition that the crown of martyrdom seemed almost within sight. But again and again the tide turned at the very moment when the waves of misfortune seemed about to overwhelm him and the little band of followers he had gathered about him. In Moro, the natives of which enjoyed the unenviable reputation of being the most cruel and faithless race on earth, dead to all human affection, he achieved one of his greatest triumphs, for with no weapon but the Crucifix upheld above his head, he would calmly await the onslaught of those thirsting for his life, confident that his Master's strength would be made perfect in his weakness. Never once was he disappointed ; no hostile hand was ever laid upon him, a magic change coming over the fiercest savage so soon as he came within reach of the devoted missionary, who met every look of hatred with one of love and replied to insults with a winning smile. More than once nature herself intervened to save him from a violent death when all hope seemed gone, a timely earthquake dispersing his foes, whilst he himself remained uninjured amidst the ruins around him. Island after island fell under the extraordinary spell he exercised over all who came into personal touch with him, and after appointing a number of deputies to carry on the work he had thus triumphantly inaugurated, he returned to Malacca just in

time to avert from that city the doom of falling a prey to a Saracen host even then approaching its walls.

The story of how Xavier effected the defeat of the enemy is very variously told, some claiming that it was by means of a series of miracles, others that it was merely the result of his inspiring the defenders with fresh courage, but all agree that it was indeed due to him that surrender was averted. Xavier was celebrating mass in the Church of Our Lady del Monte already associated with so many thrilling memories, when a summons reached him to attend a Council of War, and as soon as the service was over he hastened to obey. On his arrival in the Council Chamber he found the greatest consternation reigning : a letter that had been brought by some poor fishermen whose noses and ears had been cut off by the barbarians, having been received from the infidel leader, no less a person than the notorious Bajaja Soora, whose courage and ferocity were alike proverbial, challenging the Governor, Don Francisco de Melo, to mortal combat.

On the appearance of Xavier the letter was at once put into his hands and he was told that on him should rest the decision as to the answer to be given. Without a moment's hesitation—for the penniless monk was still a Spanish nobleman at heart, with all the intolerance of insult of his fellow-countrymen—he declared that the challenge must be accepted so as to teach the insolent sender that the King of Heaven was more powerful than he. When the Governor, who seems to have been a man of little character or determination, pointed out to his adviser that he had no seaworthy ships in which to go forth to meet the foe, Xavier replied that it mattered not, for was not God Himself on their side ? For all that, however, he lost not a moment in turning human means to account, but hastened at once to the dockyards, where he quickly inspired all connected with them with his own enthusiasm, so that very soon a small but efficient fleet was equipped and ready to set forth. That it was not immediately victorious was attributed by the believers in Xavier's supernatural powers to the fact that he was not allowed to go forth with it, but was left behind to pray for its success, and when the news of the sinking of the Portuguese admiral's vessel before it left the harbour reached the citadel, the populace was disposed to wreak its vengeance on the man who had given what was now looked upon as pernicious

advice. The doors of Our Lady del Monte were besieged by yelling crowds, on whom a sudden silence fell when they came within sight of the missionary prostrate before the altar. Taking no notice of the intruders, and apparently unmoved alike by the tumult and its abrupt cessation, Xavier completed his devotions and then, rising slowly, he faced the expectant people with uplifted Crucifix, upbraiding them for their want of faith and bidding them have patience for a little while, declaring that at that very moment a conflict was raging in which the Portuguese would certainly be successful.

A breathless pause of more than half an hour ensued : the saint, for such he was already considered, gazing the while into space with a rapt expression as if his eyes could actually see the shock of the opposing forces and he could hear the shouts of the combatants, with the groans of the wounded and dying. Presently, the voice of Xavier was heard again, appealing to Christ by the merits of His Passion not to forsake His own, and a tremor of fresh fear passed through the expectant multitude, to be succeeded by a relief beyond expression, for suddenly lifting up his head the priest cried aloud, in a ringing voice, " My brethren, Christ has conquered for us ! Even as I speak the victory is ours ! "

When a few days later it was known that this was indeed the truth, the excitement knew no bounds. The man who had barely escaped a violent death at their hands became at once the idol of the people, and as was his wont he took the first opportunity of escaping from the adulation that met him on every side, returning once more to Goa, where, however, the fame of his wondrous deeds had preceded him so that he found himself in much the same position as he had been in at Malacca.

Now it so happened that amongst those who had heard of the exploits of Xavier, who, wherever he went, exercised an extraordinary influence over rich and poor, ministering alike to their material and spiritual needs, was a wealthy Japanese named Auger, who had been guilty of many crimes and yearned with exceeding longing to escape from the remorse that poisoned his whole life. Perhaps, he thought, this holy man who had brought peace to so many troubled souls might help even him, and he therefore followed Xavier from place to place, missing him everywhere by some unlucky chance, but at last receiving a message for him bidding him go to the Jesuit College at

Goa there to await his coming. Auger at once obeyed, and there Xavier found him and his two servants, all three having profited so much by the teaching they had received that they were already convinced of the truth of the Christian religion. The master, it is true, was still sorely oppressed by thoughts of the past, but after the first interview with Xavier, all his doubts of forgiveness being possible were removed. He and his attendants were baptised by the missionary's own hands and a little later received into the Jesuit Order.

The meeting with Auger was a turning-point in the career of Xavier as well as of the convert, for it was his intercourse with the Japanese that fired the Apostle of the Indies with the desire to evangelise their country. He therefore resolved to go to Japan with them, seeing in their devotion to him an earnest of success. In the long voyage that was made on a pirate ship and during which great hardships were endured, the holy man had plenty of opportunities of confirming the faith of his converts as well as of proving of what mettle he himself was made. His sufferings and strange experiences at sea were, however, nothing compared to those he went through in his long wanderings on land in the Island Empire, that extended over two years and were attended by extraordinary results. Driven forth with ignominy from one place he did but hasten to another, adapting himself with wonderful versatility to the greatly differing needs of the people in various districts at Macheo and Fucheo, for instance, where he made thousands of converts, wearing gorgeous apparel and resuming the manners of a grandee of Spain because he found that his mean monastic attire brought contempt on the cause he had at heart, and disputing at the Court of Bungo with the famous Dr. Fucarandono, Chief of all the Bonzes, in his own language, narrowly escaping martyrdom at his suggestion, for though the King of Bungo espoused the cause of Xavier, the doctor roused the people against him and he was only rescued at the last moment.

In November, 1551, the missionary felt that his own work in Japan was done, and that he could leave others to carry on the evangelisation of the country. He had long since conceived the idea of a voyage to China and determined to go back to Goa, in the hope of being able to organise an expedition there. The vessel in which he sailed was the "Holy Cross" and on the voyage to India he was

fortunate enough to win over to his cause the commander, a noble-hearted Portuguese named Pereyra, who agreed to join him in his new enterprise. After a stay of some months at Goa the two started with a few fellow-enthusiasts, their hearts full of eager determination, buoyed up with the hope that to them would be given the glory of introducing the Gospel in the great Empire which, as they well knew, was exceptionally hostile to the intrusion of foreigners. Unfortunately, however, for all concerned, the party halted at Malacca, where Xavier had already done so much, to find a terrible pestilence raging and the Christian converts reduced to the greatest straits. What would have led ordinary travellers to give the city a wide berth and hasten on their way had, of course, the very opposite effect upon the tender-hearted missionary. Never had the cry of those in need been unheeded by him and he at once resolved to remain at Malacca to nurse the sufferers. There is little doubt that in his ministrations to them were sown the seeds of the disease that was ere long to cut short his noble career, and when, exhausted with his labours, he was at last ready to resume his voyage, difficulties unfortunately arose between Don Alvarez, the Governor of Malacca, and Pereyra, the former declaring that nothing would induce him to consent to the voyage to China. Though avarice was his besetting sin he actually refused a bribe of 30,000 crowns offered to him by Pereyra, and it really seemed as if he would succeed in his purpose when he was electrified by a most unexpected revelation. Xavier, who all through his terrible experiences had had in addition to his faith in God a secret source of strength in the fact that before he left Portugal he had been appointed by the Pope Apostolic Nuncio in the East, felt that the time had at last come to claim the powers conferred on him. That he should have been able to keep silence even to his most intimate friends on a matter of such vital importance is truly one of the most remarkable incidents of his remarkable career, and even at this most critical moment he appears to have hesitated to turn his strengthened position to really good account. True, in the presence of the Governor and his adherents he drew forth his credentials from the Head of the Church from his tattered robes, expecting, of course, that the sight of them would at once put an end to all opposition, and when he found that such was not the case, he apparently accepted the situation without a murmur. Although he was no doubt alarmed

at the way he had been treating a favoured envoy of the Pope, Don Alvarez flew into a terrible rage and confiscated the Golden Cross, repeating with many an oath his determination that neither Xavier nor Pereyra should leave Malacca. In this emergency the latter appealed to the Vicar-General, who promptly excommunicated Alvarez, but even after this awful punishment the Governor remained obdurate. It was not until much valuable time had been lost that he at last allowed the mission ship to leave, but under the charge of his own officers, who had instructions to go no further than the island of Sancian, off the coast of China, where the Portuguese were allowed to land for trade but not to reside.

It was eminently characteristic of Xavier that, instead of asserting his authority as Nuncio and himself taking possession in the name of the Pope of a vessel in which to continue his voyage to China, he should have contented himself with securing a berth on the "Holy Cross" as a mere passenger, hoping to be able to make his way from Sancian to the mainland. No doubt he might have won the help of his many friends in Malacca in securing a ship and crew, and in acting as he did he certainly played into the hands of his enemy, who at once fell in with his suggestion, but gave private instructions to the Captain of the "Holy Cross" to leave the missionary on the island, where death at the hands of the natives would probably soon put an end to his career.

After spending the whole night before the start was made in prayer in Our Lady del Monte, the heroic missionary went down in the early morning to the beach to embark, followed by hundreds of mourning friends, to whom he addressed an eloquent appeal to stand fast in the faith, after which, it is related, his human nature for once asserting itself, he suddenly took off his shoes and striking them together he flung them from him as if to shake off the very dust of the town whose ruler had shown such bitter animosity against him. Then, turning to the astonished multitude, he burst forth into an imprecation such as might have proceeded from the lips of a prophet of old, but that sounded strange from those of the gentle teacher, calling down the wrath of Heaven upon Alvarez and all who like him were wilfully deaf to the true religion.

It was, of course, a bitter disappointment to Xavier when he discovered the plot that had been laid against him and realised that

he could get no further than Sancian, but although he was already greatly enfeebled by illness, his spirit was still undaunted, and hearing that an expedition was about to be sent to China by the King of Siam a year later, he resolved to ask permission to join it. It was readily granted, for the fame of the wonders wrought by this man of God had already reached the ears of the monarch and Xavier appears to have had no doubt that he would be able to induce the Captain of the "Holy Cross" to take him to the starting point of the Mission. In this, however, he was mistaken, for Alvarez had provided against any such contingency and the missionary was seeking about for some other means of obtaining his heart's desire, when he was taken so seriously ill that he felt his last hour had come. He entreated the sailors of the "Holy Cross," whose affections he had long since won, to take him back to Sancian that he might not be disturbed in communing with God by the rocking of the vessel. Tenderly and sorrowfully they obeyed, laying him by his own request upon a sandy hillock and leaving him to meet his fate alone. As they turned to take one more farewell look at the dying saint, whose courage filled them with admiration, they noted that he had raised the Crucifix in both hands and was gazing at the image of his Redeemer with an expression of rapturous joy. On their way back to their boat they met the Portuguese merchant who had been instrumental in bringing the Japanese Auger under the influence of Xavier, and a Chinese convert, who had heard of the approaching death of the master, and they were hastening to seek him in the hope of finding him still alive and ministering to him in his suffering. Directed to the spot on which he lay, they found him already nearly unconscious, but as they bent over him they caught the words *Deus meus et omnia*. With reverent care the two, aided by an Indian servant who had joined them, carried the sufferer to a little hut of interlaced branches, and there on December 2nd, 1552, after several days of acute pain borne with heroic courage, the pure spirit of Francis Xavier passed away. His last words were *In te Domine, speravi—non confundar in æternum*, and as he uttered them his wan features were lit up with a light that was not of earth, whilst the whole hut seemed to be filled with celestial radiance.

The body of the holy man was temporarily buried beneath a cross on the beach of Sancian, and later taken by way of

Malacca to Goa, where it still rests in an ornate mausoleum in the Church in which, whilst still on earth, the young missionary had so often wrestled in prayer. Seventy years after his death he was admitted to the hierarchy of the saints, the Bull announcing his canonisation, comparing him to Abraham in that he was the spiritual father of many nations, his children in the Lord numbering more than the stars of Heaven and the sands of the sea. It needed not, however, this public recognition to convince the whole Christian world that the Apostle of the Indies—who had been cut off at the early age of forty-six, mainly, it must be admitted, through his own neglect of the laws of health—was indeed one of God's elect, even those whose opinions differ most widely from his, being unable to withhold their admiration from the man who literally gave up everything for the love of the Master he served. Neither physical nor mental suffering, hostile criticism nor ridicule ever found a vulnerable spot in his spiritual armour or checked his onward course on his heavenly road. Impelled by an irresistible force to press onward to the goal, his faith in his own mission enabled him, if not actually to remove mountains, to perform even greater miracles, for in one brief decade he traversed hundreds of miles on foot penetrating into districts where the name of Christ had never been heard before, preaching, baptising and founding Churches with unremitting zeal, and, what is even more remarkable, bringing his own nature into such close union with the divine that his personality seemed to radiate forth an influence almost as potent as that of the Lord Himself. Even without the miracles attributed to him by Roman Catholics, he stands forth pre-eminent amongst the men of his time, clothed in a sanctity that was adamant to the assaults of temptation, yet beneath which throbbed a heart ever ready to respond to an appeal for help even from the most degraded. St. Francis Xavier interpreted literally the teaching of Jesus, seeing in the poor and lowly with whom he loved to dwell a reflection, often faint but unmistakable, of the image of their Creator, and by his death the Founder of the Order of the Jesuits lost a follower who remained even more faithful than himself to the original principles of that great organisation.

NANCY BELL.

London.

LANGUAGE AND RACE.

WE are all in the habit of attributing, somewhat recklessly perhaps, certain intellectual and moral characteristics to the various races of men. We are all aware, too, that the languages spoken by the different tribes of men have characteristics not less marked than those which we attribute to the people who speak them. Hence we are tempted to believe that there is some connection between the national character and the national language, and, since the human mind craves for explanations, we are apt to imagine that this connection is of the nature of a relation of cause and effect. It is tempting, for instance, to hold that the universally recognised clarity of the French language is due to some superior logical faculty in the French mind, while the vagueness and allusiveness of Germanic dialects appear to be caused by the sentimental tendencies of the Teutonic temperament. The explanation has the merit—and demerit—of being simple. It would be an exhaustive explanation if we could be sure that the seeming cause is really a cause, and has really produced the seeming effect. In Europe there is but little that need give the theoriser pause. Most of the European languages are closely akin to one another, and it is difficult not to believe that the characteristics of any given speech do not roughly correspond to the mentality of its speakers. Even in the case of individuals we may have the same impression. Shakespeare, for example, was not merely the greatest of dramatic authors; he was also a great linguist—in his native tongue. He used with consummate mastery a larger vocabulary than any other English writer, and his syntax was as fluent and expressive as that of any conscious innovator. On the other hand, we are all aware that a rude and uneducated rustic has a poor supply of words, and especially of the abstract words which enable us to think out, or, at all events, to express, a continuous train of reasoning. His speech

is proportioned to his intelligence. We naturally think that his vocabulary is scanty because his intellect is rudimentary or uncultivated; not that his power of thinking is limited because he has few words. *Primâ facie*, therefore, we are tempted to hold that if a race or an individual has a poor supply of words, that race or individual has not many ideas to express, and also (a more debatable point), that the deficiency of thought causes the exiguity of language. Professors of style not infrequently tell their pupils that the first and chief thing is to have something to say, some information to convey, some emotion to express. The words and phrases will "come of themselves."

Yet, even in individuals, we are aware of exceptions to this plausible contention. The highest and deepest emotions can scarce be put into words at all. The most passionate lyrical poetry finds fittest and most moving expression in the simplest phrases, which are charged with vague association and reminiscence, or otherwise give play to the imagination of the hearer and the reader. Often a deep thinker is singularly inarticulate and expresses his thoughts with infinite difficulty, while we all have an instinctive distrust of the facile rhetorician who clothes shallow or borrowed ideas with a rich and often agreeable garment of many and various words.

But it is the student of Indian languages who has most reason to doubt whether national intellect is the cause of a rich, varied and flexible national speech. In some cases, he may even believe that if the two things are related as cause and effect at all, it is the possession of an expressive language that causes an expansion of national thought and imagination. Some of the primitive languages of India are of an extremely simple type. They possess few words and those mostly fitted to express only concrete and separate facts. Let it be granted that the semi-savage tribes that speak such languages have usually puerile and defective intellects. Yet among them are often found men of superior ingenuity and intelligence, who struggle with the linguistic impediments that bind them. They are like clever and precocious children, whose powers of speculation and observation have gone beyond their acquisition of vocabulary. They have vaguely "nebulous ideas" which they would fain put into adequate words. But the words fail them. The speculations of such men, naturally enough, are usually in what we call the religious sphere, and their conceptions

of the universe, of its causes, of moral and ethical ideas, would probably be very suggestive and ingenious—if they could be put into speech. The social and economical advance of such backward races, and especially in North-Eastern India, is usually accompanied by a change of religion, by an absorption into the extraordinary receptive and tolerant fold of Hinduism. But the change of faith is almost always accompanied by the adoption of one or other of the Hinduised languages. Among the many tribes in Assam and Eastern and Northern Bengal which have within comparatively recent years become Hinduised, almost the one race which retains its old Indo-Chinese speech is that of the Meithei or Manipuri, who still speak a tongue akin to that of their Naga and Lushei neighbours. Indeed, the change of language almost always, if not always, precedes the change of religious belief. It may almost be said that anyone who speaks Bengali or Assamese correctly, freely and like a native, is a Hindu, if only of one of the humbler castes that are reserved for such new converts. Whatever may be the case for the race, for the individual the possession of a language derived from Sanskrit seems to be the necessary condition for holding and expressing ideas which are recognisably of the Hindu type. If you teach a primitive mind a Sanskritic language, you implant in it, *pari passu*, Hindu beliefs and conceptions. Even the simplest literature in such languages is so charged with Hindu imagery and Hindu associations that when one of them becomes a man's vernacular, his thoughts inevitably acquire a Hindu tinge. I do not know how it may be in Western India, but I should suppose, subject to correction, that the fact that Parsis speak Gujarati must give them a comprehension of Hindu conceptions of life and conduct such as few Europeans can ever hope to obtain. But certain it is that when a Mech has made Bengali, or a Kachari has made Assamese his sole vernacular, he is invariably, or almost invariably, recognised as a Hindu of an incipient and elementary type. He has not, of course, the full and instructive comprehension of a Brahmin or a Kayastha, the inheritor of many generations of Hindu culture. But he has not, on the other hand, the full command of the literary speech, the inspiration and vocabulary of which are essentially Hindu.

Take, again, the case of the Mussalmans of Northern India. In the Hindi-speaking tracts, we have actually Urdu, a Mussalman

dialect, rich in Arabic and Persian words, fitted to give expression to Islamic ideas, and possessed of a Mussalman literature of its own. In Eastern Bengal, however, 75 per cent. of the people or thereabouts are Mussalmans and nevertheless speak the Sanskritic Bengali. This, at first sight, seems an exception to the rule that people who use a language derived from Sanskrit are usually Hindu. The exception, in this case, literally "proves" the rule. The Mussalmans of Eastern Bengal have Bengali, it is true, for their vernacular, for the everyday purposes of trade and commerce and social communication. But the Bengalis, as is well known, are among the most literary of Indian races, and possess a literature rich in all the forms of the art of writing. Eastern Bengal has its own novelists, poets, dramatists, journalists. But, with practically no exceptions, Bengali writers are all Hindus. Books in Bengali are, of course, written by Mussalmans, but few of these can claim to form part of the recognised literature of Bengal. The style of a Bengali Mussalman writing his native language is singularly arid, stiff and lacking in atmosphere and suggestiveness. The connotation, the allusiveness of Bengali words is derived almost wholly from the Hindu literature written in Sanskrit. Some of Bankim's historical novels deal almost entirely with Mahomedan characters. But they are, nevertheless, unmistakably the work of a Hindu. Hence we have the curious fact that 75 per cent. of the ingenious and intelligent population of Eastern Bengal is practically deprived of the means of literary expression, although their Hindu fellow-countrymen use their common language to admirable literary effect. Here, surely, the language governs the mentality of its speakers, who, in the case of Mussalmans, are unable to mould it to their needs of expression, and must display their emotions and thoughts in Urdu or Persian, a feat only possible for rare scholars in these languages.

The Indian mind, we have often been told, is essentially contemplative, philosophical and religious. Indian languages are charged with words and phrases which carry with them religious reminiscences and associations. Even if it be granted that the language has adapted itself to or is the outcome of the national temperament and method of thought, we must remember that a language so moulded may be handed down to a generation whose views of life and conduct differ widely from those of their fathers.

Belief and practice probably alter more rapidly than language, and language may have a tendency to bring back thought and action to the hereditary type. In some cases, a change of religious belief, as in the case of the Mussalmans of Eastern Bengal, may produce literary sterility until the language has adapted itself to the altered ideals and aspirations of its speakers. Conceivably, the change might be effected at a leap by some writer of genius. A Mussalman Shakespeare might put Hindu phrases at the service of Islam, as our own Shakespeare used Biblical English for innumerable secular purposes. But, usually, the conversion of a language to new ways of thinking must be slow, and probably attended, from sheer *vis inertiae*, by frequent relapses. We inherit the words of our fathers, but not always their ideas, social, moral and political. The words and phrases have a tendency, a valuable tendency, to prevent us from going too fast and straying too far from racial ideals and principles. When a race borrows a language, there must be a slow adaptation of thought to the inherited ideas of those whose hereditary tongue it is.

There remains to be considered the interesting case of those who are truly bilingual, as are most educated Indians at the present day. English is not only the language of administration. It is also the chosen speech of Indian politics, and of the cosmopolitan society whose ideals are pan-Indian. English is no longer merely the means of communicating with Europeans and of reading English books and newspapers. It is the medium employed by educated men of different nationalities for communicating with one another. For the Indians who use it, it differs from all vernaculars in the fact that it is a purely secular language. To a native of Great Britain it is still almost as religious a language as is a Hindu or Mussalman language to its speaker. Its literature, for British speakers, is charged with scriptural association and imagery. Its use implies the assumption of various religious, moral, social and political ideas. Its expressiveness, its beauty, largely depend on the instinctive or artistic use of such associations. To the educated Indian it often seems to be little more than an Esperanto or a Volapuk, however skilfully and even artistically he may use it. It does not carry with it the implication of British ideas of conduct and religion. Its Indian speakers probably think in their respective vernaculars. Hence we have the phenomenon, which has astonished some Western students of Indian

life, that the spread of the English language has not weakened, but, in many cases, has strengthened the force of Hindu ideals. The mother-tongue remains Hindu or Mussalman, and the mentality, almost of necessity, retains its hereditary Hindu or Mussalman tinge. We are tempted to attribute this to some hereditary quality in the brain or the temperament. May it not largely be due simply to the associations of language, to the difficulty of thinking borrowed thoughts in one's own vernacular?

Everyone who is truly bilingual must have noticed the fact that certain ideas are more easily and clearly expressed in one language, while others seem to find their more appropriate garb in the other. The best and highest ideas of a race are those which can be made into what we call a national literature. When the Roman Empire had reached its apogee, the Latin literature was largely the work of foreigners, of Gauls, Spaniards and Africans. The Latin works of the decadence were not quite as the literature written by native Romans, but they had their own unmistakable charm and merit, and such poems as the *Pervigilium Veneris* have for us moderns a haunting music not always audible to our ears in the austerer and more rhetorical verse of earlier days. It is just possible that English may become so established in India that we may yet have Indians composing works which may take their place in English literature beside the achievements of native poets. But that time has not yet arrived, and English is still a second, a supplementary, and a secular speech, used only for purposes of commerce, of business and of politics.

It is impossible not to admire the achievements of Indians who write books and leading articles in this second, this secular speech. Among such linguistic feats, I would like to call the attention of readers outside Bengal to Mr. R. R. Sen's admirable and most interesting translation of Pandit Hara Prasad Shastri's "Triumph of Valmiki." * The translation is a *tour de force* such as few Englishmen could have achieved, in the success with which it suggests rather than renders the Hindu atmosphere in which the writer's imagination is steeped. I believe that it will give intense pleasure to Hindus not acquainted with the Bengali language. But it must be admitted

* "The Triumph of Valmiki," from the Bengali of H. P. Shastri, M.A., by R. R. Sen, B. L., Pleader and Law Lecturer, Chittagong College. Sonaton Press Chittagong. 1909.

that it presents difficulties, sentimental and other, to English readers unversed in the trend of Hindu thought. As in all works of the imagination, much of the charm of its style, whether in the original or in the very able and sympathetic English version, is due to its allusiveness, and this hardly exists for the reader who is not acquainted with India, or accustomed to Indian methods of thought. Even to an English reader, if he reads without prepossessions and with an open mind, the book is full of suggestion and interest, especially as the Pandit has contrived to mingle some Christian imagery with purely indigenous modes of expression. But it is plain that his eloquent work cannot mean the same thing to a European and to an Indian reader.

In conclusion, may I, very diffidently, suggest a practical deduction from these rather random and hastily jotted considerations? Much of what is now written in India in the English language is read by men who are not acquainted with the niceties of our subtle and elusive idiom. Often the writers themselves are thinking in the vernacular, and translate as they go along. It may be that they sometimes say more or less than they mean, and that allowances should be made for them. In one's own language, as the writer of this hastily written essay is only too aware, one fails to give complete expression to one's thought, and is dependent on the intelligence, the humour, the good-will of his reader. He may seem more dogmatic, more "cock-sure," more positive than it is his wish to appear. He may wish merely to suggest a topic for harmless discussion, and may have the appearance of laying down the law on subjects with which he has no pretension to be intimately acquainted. In the present instance, all that the writer desires to suggest is that the speech and writings of bilingual speakers and writers in the less familiar of their two tongues should be composed with more than ordinary care, and should be read with a due sense that they are, after all, performances of an extraordinarily difficult task. Many Englishmen read French frequently and with ease, and can talk it so as to be understood. How many of them could write even a letter in French, much less a newspaper article or a book? To do that is to acquire not merely word, and phrase, and idiom, but something of the foreign mode of thought, of the foreign ideals of life and conduct. Language and

ethics are subtly bound together, and the Hindu who expresses his thoughts in Christian speech runs a risk such as he perhaps hardly comprehends.

R. S.

THE CHAMPAK TREE.

Long are thy leaves and deeply green,
 Thy form of graceful mould ;
 Lone in thy nook, thou stand'st a queen,
 Crowned like the queens of old,
 With flowers white, of fragrance sweet,
 Laying their tribute at thy feet.

None care to see thy glory now,
 Unnoticed hast thou grown ;
 No happy maidens round thee bow
 Gathering what thou hast strewn ;
 Neglected do thy blossoms lie,
 Oft trodden by the passers-by.

Oh, where are those who round thee played
 And sang their songs of mirth,
 Who, with thy loveliness arrayed,
 Too lovely for the earth
 Appeared : engulfed by Time's dark waves
 Lie mould'ring in their lonely graves.

The winter comes and thou dost bloom,
 In spring thy flowers appear ;
 And with their delicate perfume
 Some lonesome life they cheer.
 Forsaken, still thou dost not cease
 To freely scatter thine increase.

Take lesson, Heart, and never grow
 Weary of doing good :
 The fragrance of thy life bestow,
 Tho' scorned, misunderstood :
 What though the world cast thee aside,
 Art thou not still the Master's pride ?

D. A. YARDI.

Nagpur.

DEPENDENT CASTES.

THERE are certain organisms, called parasites, that depend all their life or during a part of it for their whole or partial sustenance on some other organism. Parasites either move from host to host or are permanently attached to some one host; some are attached to the external part of the body of their host; some burrow into it; others are content to apply a muscular surface to the body-wall of the host and develop a sucker or a hook so as to prevent separation from their host.

This mode of life is prompted by a desire to avoid the keen struggle for existence and is adopted sometimes for mutual help and in certain cases to revenge oneself on a stronger foe. A thriving colony of parasites in the throat of the fowl is felt as "gapes" by the fowl. A numerous population of parasites at the same table with the host starve it. Other parasites suck its blood; others, again, poison it by their waste products.

On the other hand the nemesis that awaits such criminal neglect of self-help causes the nearly complete extinction of the parasite. When the host sees for the parasite, its eyes become a superfluity. When the parasite moves by the host's legs or by its wings, its own legs are a burden. Nature loses no time in removing them. When it takes its food from the host by absorption, the alimentary canal is closed "Last scene of all, that ends this strange eventful history, is second childishness and mere oblivion, sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything." This free supply of the essentials of well-being entails the heavy penalty of total self-effacement to the party benefited. But Dame Nature, far from being red in tooth and claw, abounds in the milk of human kindness and blesses these featureless creatures with the gift of astounding fecundity to insure them against the risks of a parasitic life.

In this country—and I shall confine myself to the Telugu-speaking part of it—there are several castes whose members look to other castes

for sustenance. They do no manner of service at all or very little service to their supporters. The "Mondes" or "Bandas" sit in front of every door and shop, and by dint of sitting and dunning, get some rice or a few pice. They sometimes make themselves disgusting by spitting on themselves, drawing blood from their bodies, burying their faces in the earth, and by striking their heads with iron rods.

The vow of mendicancy is adopted by certain castes. The Andi, who wears a coloured cloth and sings the songs of the great Tamil saints and philosophers; the Satani, follower of Chaitanya, who paints his face and body red and white, who strikes a gong and sings songs in praise of Hari; the Jangam, who smears even the eyebrows with the sacred ash and sounds his conch and rings his bell, calling out the name of "Mahadeva, Sambho;" the Sadhu of the North, who ejaculates some indistinct monosyllable or two; the Brahman Sannyasi, who teaches Vedanta or repairs temples and waits to be solicited for dinner; the Brahman Bhagavata, whose upper cloth tied round the head hangs down the back so as to touch the ground, and from whose shoulder hangs by a string a capacious copper vessel, filled by fair hands slowly but surely with rice from day to day, and who sings alone and sometimes in company sweet songs from the Gita Govinda; and the disciples of Vira Brahman, a saint of Kurnool district—all these are of this order.

These last command eager listeners in crowds in any Telugu village. The Guru's grave is visited year after year by crowds of pilgrims and disciples, Hindu and Mahommedan; the latter have bilingual songs which name in one breath Allah and the dark little lad who strolled on the banks of the Jumna.

The songs of Tayumanavar and Pattanattu Pillai and of Brahman Garu have brought and will no doubt bring peace to many a troubled soul. To the Sannyasins philosophical literature owes an imperishable debt. The Sadhu here and there keeps the traditions of the order unstained, and did at one time help to rouse the sense of nationality. But are not the lapses from rectitude and high aims now become the rule rather than the exception? India, where life is sustained as much by ideas as by daily bread, will not willingly forego the help to her higher life from the chance greeting on the road, by the message of peace from beggars. Even from her own point of view how greatly have the professors of wisdom fallen from their high estate! Systems are in vogue in almost every town and village which provide for collecting by mechanical regularity so much per bag of rice sold and holding to the credit of the town heavy sums of money to be dispensed

to Sadhus. In Guntur not less than 3 to 4 thousand rupees is collected every year, and in other places the right of collection is auctioned. It is well known that the Natukotta Chettis, who have the go-ahead instincts of the Parsi, if not his enlightenment, set apart for charity a pie of every rupee they gain.

Another species of religious dependents is known in the Telugu country. Dozens of idle, fat, ill-behaved Brahman youths start as from a hive early in the morning, visit house after house and collect their chouth of rice. These collections are euphemistically called gleanings (*Unchavritti*) or *Madhukara's* or bee's gatherings, though by no means musically asked, or so ungrudgingly yielded. These men hold a calendar in their hands and read the day of the week, the day of the fortnight, the star of the day, and two other incomprehensible items. Early in the morning, the ears of the yet not altogether awake Hindu population are greeted in certain months of the year by endless predictions of prosperity in a most assertive and high-pitched tone accompanied by the rattling of a handy wooden drum. Predictions of prosperity, of the son that will soon greet the long praying parents, of the ray of joy that will scare the cloud that lowers over the house, are eagerly drunk in, and the beggar that feasts the fancy is sure of his food.

There is even less excuse for another set of beggars who lead a bull from house to house and appeal to the charity of the simple village folk in the name of the vehicle of Siva. The entertainment afforded by the animal is not worth the dole of rice or the copper pice with which the trainers are rewarded, and they are essentially a class of beggars.

To a more intelligent class belong the Jangam reciters of the tales of the Palnad heroes, of the Mahratta heroes of Gingi and of the Bobbili fight. These are tales that "hold children from play and old men from the chimney corner." The Mahrattas' heroic defence for ten years of the Fort of Gingi is the subject of one of the soul-stirring songs. The warlike march of the thrilling words recited by one and repeated by two others to the tune of tambur and cymbals quickens the pulse of the rapt listener. The chief reciter dances in fine frenzy and uses rapidity and variety of movement, and the music of the jangling little bells tied to his legs, to surprising advantage. His dress consists of a quaint old coat without buttons and his tambur has the shape of the serpent's hood at the end, and the hood is hung with pieces of cloth of all colours. He alone could use this kind of tambur. The Mala devotee and his Madiga brother also sing

instructive stories, but only with a sitar. The mistake of society is that it does not hold their useful function as high as it deserves.

There are "parasites" with a predilection for certain special castes. The motive to entertain these guests is said to be grateful memory for past services—services far in the past. The Brahman has the Vipravinodi or the juggler; the Velama has the Bhattaraju; the Komati has the Viramushti and the Mailarlu; the Sakali have the Patan folk. The relations of host and guest in the above cases embalm respectively the memories of the keen struggle for supremacy between the Brahman and the Jain, of the origin of the Velama, of the heroic sacrifice of Vasavamma, the Komati maiden, and of the persecution of Basava, the great Sivite reformer.

There ruled in olden times a Chola king at Amaravati, on the banks of the Kistna. The pundits in his court were all Jains. All learning in the land was in the hands of the Jains. The king happened to go to Benares on a pilgrimage and brought with him, on return, a number of Brahmans distinguished for learning. To them the king gave positions of honour and emolument in the State. They ere long became an eyesore to the Jains and neither the Jains nor the Brahmans had an easy time of it. Rather than be preyed upon by smouldering jealousy, Jains and Brahmans agreed to submit to a trial of their abilities and to leave the country, if found wanting. The king's sympathies were with the Benares Brahmans from the first; besides, they had come on his invitation. He, however, had considerable misgivings as to the result of a trial.

On consultation with the Brahmans and the wise men of the State, he arranged that a mud pot full of mohurs should be buried deep beneath the throne on which he sat. This was accomplished with the utmost expedition and absolute secrecy at dead of night. The court assembled as usual the morning after, and the king challenged the Jain Pundits to tell what was beneath the throne he sat upon. All were on the tiptoe of expectation. Not many minutes passed before the chief Jain Pundit rose and declared the a mud pot full of mohurs lay buried beneath the throne. The answer spread dismay in the ranks of the Benares Brahmans. They knew not what to do and in their distress appealed to their guardian god, Vishveshvara. Their prayers were heard, and so two lads presented themselves before the Brahmans, eagerly asking what they wanted and promising rescue from danger, however great. The Brahmans were not slow to recognise in the lads heaven-sent helpmates in their hour of trouble,

and told them the cause of their sorrow. The lads advised the Brahmans to challenge their opponents to show the pot and the mohurs ; and they themselves undertook by their more than human skill to show a cobra in the pot instead of the mohurs foretold by the Jains. The challenge was made and the Jains confidently closed with the proposal. The ground under the Royal seat was dug and the pot was reached. The lid was removed therefrom and a cobra issued, hissing with fury. Thus the skilful astrologer was circumvented by the juggler. This ruse decided the fate of the Jains and they turned their backs upon the city in a body, never more to return. The two lads became the progenitors of the juggler caste. In return for these memorable services the Brahmans pledged themselves to see that the lads and their descendants should never want. Even now their yearly calls upon remote villages are cheerfully responded to, and the families of the caste have parcelled the country into districts. The jugglers, on the other hand, feel equally grateful to the Brahmans. They call themselves "Vipravinodi" *i. e.*, "delighters of Brahmans," and would not perform their feats before spectators of whom one at least was not a Brahman. In memory of the event of bygone days, it is said, they keep a knotted piece of cloth representing their old Jain foes, and exercise their idle hands on the head of their fallen enemy by giving a knock now and then in the midst of their pastimes. So unerring, they say, is the Vipravinodi's traditional information about the genuine Brahman, that the Brahman households which they avoid during their tour fall under the suspicion of a temporary relapse to Jainism. The members of this caste wear the thread and would only eat at Brahmans' houses, and of late at the Komatis' also, and at no other. Their talk is noticeable for its profusion of Sanskrit words.

Bhattarajus are a literary class of Telugu Sudras, originally attached to the courts of Zamindars, and their ordinary avocation was to flatter patrons. Some of them have obtained celebrity as authors ; many learn Sanskrit. They are noted for their ability to make verses offhand. Bhattamurti is their greatest poet. They boast that their imprecatory verses have brought ruin on principalities. They enjoy more than usual regard at the hands of Velamas. They are given precedence in the dinner hall, enjoy certain emoluments at marriages in the Velama household and claim to have given the Velamas their present status. According to them, they were Niyogi Brahmans who at the command of Prataparudra, the famous king of Warangal, ate their dinner with the king's children by a lowlier alliance, these being the Velamas and Kammas. The Bhattarajus have found their flattery

much less in requisition now and taken to other means of living. Many have inams which their more eloquent ancestors earned from credulous patrons.

King Vishnuvardhana of Rajahmundry coveted the hand of the fair maid of Penugunda, Vasavamma of the Vaishya caste; and the maiden, rather than pollute herself by such a degrading alliance, burnt herself. She has ever since become the guardian goddess of the Vaishya caste. Many suffered with her and the fire was miraculously quenched. Mailarlu removed home the clothes of those that returned from the fire. Ambakavillu were others that bore pots of water from the Ganges with the heroines on their return from Benares. Viramushtis were beggars attached to the temple of Penugunda. Mailarlu were besides the village watchers. Mailarlu or Viramushtis wear quaint plates and articles of brass on their head, chest and hand, and a tom-tom is carried by the men on their shoulders. They are now being employed as peons in summoning parties to caste tribunals in caste disputes. They invariably attend marriages, accompany the wedded pair in procession with Prabhas (a miniature Gopura made of bamboos and cloth). The Viramushtis seem to have traditions of representing Virabhadra, and men of the same name and similar external paraphernalia march before the god in processions in South Indian temples. When the linga or stone which a Sivite is daily worshipping and wearing on his arm is lost, elaborate ceremonies must be gone through. The Viramushtis then officiate, and keep their 21 days' fast. The Mailarlu and Viramushti are at the bidding of the caste Guru of the Komatis, a Brahman whose official name is Bhaskaracharyulu. They get 2 annas for every man and wife, 8 pies for every house, and one rupee for every marriage. Lastly, in the 11th century Bijjala, the Jain king of Kalyan, persecuted Basava, the Sivite reformer, and Madigula, a washerman, refused to serve the king. The lowly devotee with divine aid defeated and slew the king. The widowed queen beseeching the washerman to revive her dead husband, he granted her prayer. The washerman claimed to have been born of the sweat of Virabhadra.

The Patan folk carry a copper plate of inscriptions about them, praise Madigula, wear knee-bells, and waist-bells, a square plank on the chest, anklets of brass or bell-metal, a wash pot on the back, and a red cloth on the head. They arm themselves with knives, run needles through their tongues, and tread fire. They visit every washerman's house once every two or three years and get 4 or 8 annas.

The Gangikutis wash the clothes of washermen at marriages; they take the rice poured on the heads of the wedded couple, and the gold

circlet off the neck of widowed women. The Samayakavis, the Pichikuntas and the Dokkalas, who are the heralds or custodians of the traditions of the weaver, the Reddi and the chuckler respectively, do not intermarry with the castes which they depend on and are looked down upon as distinctly inferior to the patron castes. In the case of the Dokkalas, their touch is pollution to the chuckler. They are the pariahs of pariahs. This treatment of the custodians of caste chronicles puts us in mind of the nemesis that overtakes the worshipper of the gods in temples. He is called Gurukkal—the preceptor—but other Brahmans would not dine with him but leave him severely alone with his divine master.

The Panasas, who beg of the Kamsalis, make a clan by themselves. They have a copper plate with an inscription, in which words are arranged first in the form of a triangle and lower down they resemble a perpendicular column on a broad bottom. It is in both prose and verse, Telugu and Sanskrit, and purports to be a grant in favour of the Panasas to beg of the Kamsalis.

Certain Kamsalis in power during the reign of Mallik Ibrahim Padshah came to the rescue of Ummadichetti Vira Raghava, who was found unable to pay the revenue that he stood responsible for. Why their good offices should have made the beneficiaries so abject as to beg of their patrons themselves and their descendants for ever is explained by the following story. One morning the architects that went to build the Masjid at the Sultan's command found their fellow-townsmen Vira Raghava taken in custody to the king to be tried on a charge of having embezzled public money. One of the architects spat the betel leaf in his mouth and Vira Raghava swallowed the spittle. This act moved the Kamsalis, and they straightway made up the deficit and rescued the poor man. Hence the man's vow to beg of the Kamsalis for ever.

The Runchas are another dependent class who beg from the goldsmiths. "Runcha" is a drum made of copper and closed on one side with deer skin. It is about 3 ft. high and is struck with two sticks and gives an agreeable sound. Visvakarma killed an Asura and made of the trunk of his body a musical instrument for use during Siva's worship. It only remains to add that Visvakarma is the patron saint of the goldsmiths. The Runcha these men bear is said to represent the Asura's trunk.

Beggars have been described by Charles Lamb as sights that cannot be spared. It is even more true in this country. The endless variety of dress which poverty uses, the amazing diversity of paraphernalia which the pauper by profession adopts, would be much missed, and would

make life in India distinctly less picturesque. Peacock feathers, deer-skins, miniature Gopuras, and different instruments of music or mere noise add an interest of their own to the life of the poor. These beggars are "the freest men in the universe" and the sign of broken fortunes is a lesson; the poor have been aptly called "books for children." They are even more than books for mere children. They are itinerant libraries of the national philosophy and ballads in this country. By them is philosophy brought down from the skies and the balm of contentment is dispensed from door to door. Charles Lamb prescribes the salutary rule "give and ask no questions." The commandment of the Vedas is "give with fear, give with shame." The blessing asked by the Hindu of the fathers from year to year is, "may there be much to give, many to beg." Good men have felt that rather than tap the springs of charity once or twice in great volumes, they would do well to tap them unceasingly, though in dribblets. But when all is said that can be, the country cannot be congratulated which has for its standing army of beggars less by necessity than by choice so large a percentage of the population.

A. SRINIVASAN

Madras.

GOETHE'S "FAUST"

The Brocken crowds with wraiths of mist which loom
 More white and dreadful in the day that lags,
 From smouldering craters gallop hordes of hags
 In wild procession, each upon her broom,—
 A rout of clouds they flare across the gloom.
 Insatiable imagination drags
 The clouds, the shrouded wilderness of crags
 Beneath the imperious sceptre of its doom.
 It makes the sky a witches' holocaust
 To lure and sear the tortured soul of Faust:
 It hears in mists that pass with vacant feet
 The agonising sobs of Marguerite,—
 And borne on shrieking winds, the cry accurst,
 The Devil's muttered, "She is not the first."

ETHEL ROLT WHEELER.

England.

THE NON-SPIRITUALITY OF WOMAN.

THE East denies woman a soul, the West will not permit her an intellect." Such was the dictum of an observer a generation ago, when European womanhood was deprived of intellectual advantages somewhat more than is now the case. Though that period is now past, it still remains true that when woman's capability for public life is discussed, it is her brains, not her ethics, that are held to be the hindrance. Such at least is the opinion of the modern West. The East tends to reverse the dictum, granting her equal wit but less morale.

Is it possible that in this respect, as in so many others, the East is fundamentally right? It is interesting to observe that this was the idea even of the West up to quite recent times. Thus, while the modern mind advances woman's assumed excess of spirituality as an argument against enfranchisement, the mediæval mind considered her deficiency in that attribute as the chief obstacle. John Knox fulminated against the monstrous regimen of woman not on account of intellectual, but moral and ethical inferiority.

From this idea, however, the West now shrinks with some antipathy and looks on eastern notions in this respect with wonder and contempt. Given the western notion, however, it is difficult to account for woman's inferior position throughout the ages, and her world failure to take even an equal place with man. We see this problem more clearly during the more primitive days of the earth's history. It is the general mistake to refer to those times as the days of Physical Force, and it is assumed that woman's lower position at such periods was due to deficiency in muscular power. As a matter of sociological fact, however, there has never been any period in the world's history when brute strength has been supreme, indeed, it has possessed not greater but less power during the times that are loosely referred to as the days of Physical Force. Little as this truth is generally recognised, these times were more dominated by Spiritual Force than the "advanced" periods that followed. Showing itself crudely enough through the mandate of medicine man, obei, tohunga, none the less was it the rule of mind over muscle, of spiritual over bodily power. If an African "witch man" could make or mar a war as the Archbishop of Canterbury cannot do now, then that age less than our own merits to be

called the Age of Physical Force, psychic power being supreme. Whence arises the query, why Woman, if spiritually superior, did not then take her true place, handing down to the really materialistic ages the legend of authority which she should then have acquired.

Why, indeed, woman, by virtue of her sex, should never have formed a priesthood of her own is a problem not easily to be solved. She possessed many of the attributes deemed necessary in simple and even in complex ages, a capability for celibacy when required, while her superior position as guardian of the young should also have had weight in the days when offspring purely as offspring were more valued. Spite of these and similar advantages, however, certain it is that not only has she never succeeded in creating a faith of her own, but that she has been continually relegated to a subordinate position in the creeds created by men, shut out from the inner circle of the Jewish Temple as from the secret mysteries of the Australian black. From these facts we may gather that the East in general and our own mediæval ages in particular were right, our own modern West wrong. Not Woman, but Man, is the spiritual sex.

Man's spasmodic attempts in times past and present to believe otherwise are one of the most interesting facts of sociological history. It is the more interesting, perhaps, for the reason that, save perhaps in the early days of Germany, he has never succeeded in recognising her alleged spiritual superiority as a whole but only as it were as regards certain types of the sex, the reverence given to one type coinciding with a certain degradation placed upon all women outside it. Thus, at the commencement of certain religions, including Christianity, the maiden was held in signal honour, her fabled lion-subduing power being but emblematic of her spiritual superiority in general. As a consequence witchhood tended to become lowered, the plain-spoken observations of mediæval prelacy leaving no doubt on this point. That later development of our faith, Protestantism, however, helped to reverse the dictum, so that in place of the maxim which held the "nun to be the free person, the married woman to be the slave," we have the assumption of Luther, Bullinger, Bacon and others that only the bearer of children deserved to take any rank whatever. Pagan ages, again, have shown us something of this alternation, sometimes maid, sometimes matron, coming to the fore, while occasionally, as in Greece, we even notice the anomaly commented upon by Mahaffy by which homage, essentially spiritual, was for a time actually paid to the *hetaira*, bringing the more conventional forms of female life into genuine though but half acknowledged disrepute ! The strangeness of this social phenomenon lies,

not merely in the fact that woman could be revered under one aspect only, but that in each case her exaltation under that aspect was accompanied by her extreme abasement when considered under any other. Only in the early Germanic times already mentioned did Woman ever succeed in arousing reverence by her womanhood alone, wifehood and maidenhood being equally venerated. The sentiment, however, was evidently too non-natural to withstand the shock of a new religion, even a faith not antagonistic to it like Christianity, and so the belief died away. In this Germanic age alone had woman formed a priesthood by virtue of her sex, being accorded by those rough virile tribes a sanctity and an assumed nearness to the mysteries of Heaven. What a woman thought of religion must be of more significance than what a Man thought; to her came celestial inspiration, and from her lips was spoken the divine message to which her brother and husband must bow! Such was the position to which woman all the world over might have aspired, if in addition to her many advantages she had possessed in reality, instead of merely in seeming, the advantage of a greater spirituality. Not possessing this superiority, her reign was both short and narrow.

Woman's virtues, indeed, lie not in superior ethical and spiritual qualities, but in other attributes which may seem less worthy. It is in a sense on the earthlier side that she is greater than Man, in her stronger courage for life, her hopefulness and her practical common sense in managing that life to advantage. Deprived of her, men would not perhaps be as much "brutes" as the poets make out, as unhopeful, and with lesser hold on existence. Woman absent, it is dubious if there would be less spirituality or religion in the world than at present, for we must remember how all the great religious fervours that history has recorded have, from Zoroaster onwards, have been undergone by men, and that men alone have created and preserved the great faiths that still exist. Woman, indeed, attaches Man to earth rather than to Heaven, and her peculiar virtues have to do rather with the material than with the celestial side of life. Had she possessed that superiority in spiritual force with which the western world carelessly credits her, she would never have needed to ask man for her rights or to fear at any period the power of his arm. She would have ruled him even as the various priesthoods have done, the power of her spiritual force being aided by the influence of sex, so rendering her position secure.

CONSTANCE CLYDE.

London.

EDUCATION IN THE ISLANDS OF THE BLEST.

IV—THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

WHEN education was reformed in these Islands and changed from an injurious system of memory-hypertrophy and intellect-atrophy to all-round development of faculty, mental, moral and physical, the Islanders began with the education of women. This they did because they realised that a child's *first and best teacher* should be its mother, that a boy's or girl's best guide and friend should be his or her mother, that a man's truest companion and helpmate should be his wife. Also that the higher education of the boy and man can but lead to weakening and dissolution of the family tie, and the pollution of the sweet atmosphere of home, where the women are superstitious uncultured ignoramuses ; and that, in this case, what should be the whip or spur along the path of progress is a brake on the wheel or a curb in the mouth.

They noted the absurdity, prevalent from the West to the East, of cherishing such proverbs as "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," in the one, and "The mother is greater than the earth," or "Where women are honoured Goddesses are pleased" in the other,—and of nevertheless regarding the education of women as a minor and secondary consideration in the one, and as an act of folly or impiety in the other.

Further, they realised that the beginning of this beginning must be the most careful selection and thorough training of the women who were to be the educators of the girls. They did not utter the wretched fallacy, "Because a woman is a B.A. she is therefore a teacher, and if she is an M.A. she is a better one." It was never supposed in these Islands that the learning of much Mathematics, Classics or Science guaranteed an inexhaustible fund of Love

Sympathy, Patience, Child-knowledge, Personality, Insight, or Tact and Experience with children. What they strove to get was a band of cultured women of the best class and type, imbued with a missionary zeal for the salvation of children's bodies, characters and intellects, and with an unquenchable love of them; endowed with commanding and magnetic personality; learned in physiology and psychology; broad-minded, travelled and experienced, for the staffs of the colleges for the training of women-teachers. It was rightly held that gentlewomen of this type would have a stronger and better influence on the future teachers than mere crude young blue-stockings whose painful acquirement of a "cram" B. A. had induced a mental indigestion the outward and visible signs of which were discontent, rudeness, and an "emancipated" contempt for accepted standards of propriety and conduct, combined with an appalling ignorance of life and the world.

As in every other kind of educational institution, the work in the colleges for the training of women-teachers is threefold—mental, physical, and moral. The students are selected for them much in the same way as are those for the men's training college, previously described, but even more regard is paid to natural aptitude and personality in the case of women, for they hold that "the teacher is born and *then* made," and are above all things anxious to procure those, and those only, who are "born" teachers for their training. So that the candidate for admission to the college is well-educated, strong and healthy, of the best character, and fitted by temperament, personality and bent, to be a teacher. As in the case of the men, the year's probation eliminates those who have all the attributes and qualities, perhaps, except the one essential—natural adaptation. And in the colleges, the whole of the work is devoted to their training in the science and art of the producing of *the perfect woman who shall be perfect wife and mother*—which is "female" education.

For in the Islands of the Blest an educated woman is not what she too often is elsewhere, an anæmic and useless weakling who blinks askance at woman's true duties from behind large spectacles, and, finding no place in the nursery, mounts the public platform and demands all the privileges, but none of the duties and responsibilities of men. The embryo teachers are not encouraged to suppose that it

will be their duty to entice girls from their proper sphere of duty and pleasure. to scorn delights and lead laborious days (and nights) until, neglected in culture, physique, and character, they pass the last examination and then drop it all, to sit forlorn amidst the ruins of their childless lives, dreadful warnings to others who contemplate the physically, mentally and morally destructive pursuit of the basilisk chimera falsely called "higher education of women," and rightly to be called "painful and cruel memory-hypertrophy of women, to the neglect of all that is worth cultivating."

In the Islands of the Blest the higher education of women is the striving after a higher ideal of womanhood. wifehood, and motherhood; the finer physique and health of women; the nobler and loftier character of women; the clearer, broader and more logical intelligence of women. Nor do they attempt to make perfect wives, and mothers by means of blind cramming of Greek or Sanskrit roots, Euclidian propositions and the Differential Calculus, Metaphysics, or the vivisection of the lower Reptilia. The training in the colleges is on much the same lines as that for the men, except in physical education (which includes technical) and in that branch of the mental education known as "aesthetic." It is held that women have a special need and claim to a scientific education in taste and in the philosophy of the fine arts. One of women's duties is to charm and to be beautiful in the home beautiful. Not, however, at the expense of being useful, and part of the physical (or technical) education is a training in cookery, housewifery, every kind of needle-work, and whatsoever other things should be known in theory and practice to the head of a household or the wife of a poor man. Nor is any social distinction made in this respect, and no such anomalies are found as a woman who has a staff of servants being entirely ignorant as to their management and their duties, or one who, being likely to marry a soldier, railway-guard or clerk, knows more about the painting of blue roses on a pink tambourine than about the cooking of potatoes. And this is not because they have the slightest regard for utilitarianism in their educational system. They hold that every girl, whether princess or peasant, has certain mental, moral, and physical faculties, and that it is her inalienable right to have those faculties developed and trained. Not those faculties which will make her a better clerk, typist, princess, shop-girl, cook, doctor,

peasant or painter, but which will make her a better *woman*, physically, mentally, and morally. When the trained teachers leave the colleges and commence work in the schools, they begin with the highest classes, and by ability, experience, and special fitness are gradually promoted to teach the lower classes. Head Mistresses are selected from those who have successfully taught the lowest class of all.

Children are not admitted to any school until they are eight years of age, and attendance for two years from that age is compulsory, so that the lowest class of wage-earning women who labour in field or factory can read and write. As in the case of boys, girls from eight to twelve years of age attend school from ten till one daily, and are *educated* but not *instructed*. The teachers have been trained to train, and are only required to train. Parents never ask their children "What are you learning now?" or "What have you learnt this year?" Inspectors never ask, "What do you know of this, that, or the other." The parent is satisfied that the child is growing intelligent, honest and healthy. The Inspector is concerned only to see that the teacher is training faculty, and not falling into the error and sin of neglecting body and character, intelligence, observation, imagination, curiosity and healthy activity and initiative of mind, in order to burden the memories of unhappy infants with useless facts. The Islanders entirely disagree with Montaigne when he says, "It is not a soul, it is not a body that we are training up, but a man, and we ought not to divide him," if he means that physical, mental and moral education are not individual though interdependent aspects and equally important, for they abhor the idea that Education is concerned with one function of the mind alone. If he means that the duty of the teacher is to make a man, a complete man, and not an examinee, they agree with him heartily. The teachers are skilled *specialists in child-culture*, and nobody there is so foolish as to try to test and measure their ability in child-culture by endeavouring to find out what the child knows of dreary trash or "useful information." A teacher would earn dismissal and disgrace by abusing her trust to the extent of *stunting* mental, moral and physical growth by cram, instead of encouraging it by development of faculty. For it is happily realised, that Education is, and can be, nothing but Development of Faculty. And that faculties a

developed by use and exercise, and that learning by heart develops no faculty but *the faculty of learning by heart*, which is a poor equipment for the battle of life.

The actual learning of the children, therefore, is learning to *do* and learning to *be*. They learn to observe and to think. They learn to read and to write. They learn to use eyes and hands. And they learn to be honest.

When the schools are inspected the Inspector goes to see whether the children *are* learning to *do* and to *be*. Whether they *do* observe and think. Whether they *can* read and write. Whether they *can* use their eyes and hands. He does not trouble about what they *know* or do not know.

No teacher ever says to an Inspector, "Sir, we do not know page 65, for we have only learnt up to page 64." If he did, the Inspector would reply, "What have I to do with *pages*? And what have you to do with *pages*? You are here to train the faculties of *children*, and I am here to see if you understand how to do it."

Although they do not use the misunderstood and abused term "Kindergarten," they use toys and games in the schools for young girls for the moral and mental, as well as for physical, education.

There is as much scope for observation and reasoning about a mechanical toy as there is about a text-book, and as much scope for the development of imagination about a doll as there is about desk-work.

Ignorant visitors from less fortunate lands sometimes exclaim: "But when do they study and work and learn? How do you examine them and put them in order of merit?" They are gravely informed that schools are places for the development of faculty through spontaneous exercise, and not penitentiaries, nor forcing-houses for the treatment of the human brain upon the principle of that of the Strasburg goose's liver. It is also pointed out to them that the forcing of the mental appetite is as unnatural and disastrous as the forcing of the physical appetite. That there must be natural mental hunger before the mental meal, and that this is only to be created by Interest. If the child is interested everything is possible, if it is not interested nothing is possible. And the toy is more interesting than the text-book, and the doll than the desk-work.

The hour of mental training completed, the hour of moral training follows, and is devoted to story-telling, recitation and the dramatising of nursery rhymes and history, and each child in her time plays many parts. The physical-training hour is devoted to muscular education, open-air games, and such hand-and-eye training as is obtained from paper-folding, block-building, needle-work, drawing, or pattern-cutting.

Nothing is done for long ; there is no compulsion, competition or strain ; the sole object is harmonious and natural development of the physical, mental and moral powers.

Girls from twelve to eighteen years of age attend school for six hours daily, of which only two hours are devoted to mental training. Half an hour is given to each of four subjects daily, and there is no memorising. The two hours of moral training are devoted to Literature, Recitation, History and Science, and the teaching is, here, rather to the heart than to the head. In the first of the two hours of physical education the muscular education is continued, and organised games are taught, and played under supervision. These vary according to circumstances and include tennis, hockey, water-polo, and cricket. (A gymnasium and a swimming-bath are as ordinary and obvious parts of the school equipment as are class-rooms and play-ground.) In the second hour some form of technical education is given—cookery, laundry, housewifery, needlework, etc. Hobbies, such as photography, collecting, or manual employment are encouraged and helped.

In the highest form the Head Mistress generally takes charge of the moral training, and once or twice a week talks informally to the girls about the problems of life, and gives them such advice and information as can, and should, be given to young girls by experienced women. Nor is it considered that Innocence should depend upon Ignorance.

In this form too, part of the physical-training is in Ambulance work, and part of the mental-training is in the sciences of Physiology and Hygiene.

Needless to say, there are no examinations throughout the school career. It is preparation for life, and not preparation for the examination-hall. Girls do not suffer from "the strain and overpressure of Education." They are stronger and healthier in

body, saner and more sterling in character, more original and logical in intellect for their long attendance at school.

Nor does College unfit them for home-life. They do not go there to indulge in a mad race with men as to who can learn the greatest quantity of useless matter in a given period, and pour it forth again most skilfully in another given period—to their great injury in mind, body and character.

Their Colleges are continuations of their schools, and places of physical, moral and mental culture. A very few are professional, and mental and physical education is given to the training of women nurses, doctors, actresses, teachers, etc.

One invariable and universal feature of the moral education in the Colleges is the study of a kind of very simple, elementary and practical *psychology*. The object of this is, of course, *to make every mother what she should be—her child's first and best teacher*. The study of Physiology and Hygiene commenced at school is continued at college as part of the mental-training, and is specialised. It includes the physical side of child-study (such as the proper feeding, treatment, and care of infants).

The extraordinary difference between the statistics of child-mortality in these Islands and those of other countries is ascribable to this fact, that mothers have been educated to be mothers, instead of learning everything empirically, and paying for the experience with children's lives.

Nor does this type of education produce any specimens of the shrieking, window-smashing, vote-demanding sisterhood, for the small minority who are not wives and mothers have had too strong a sense of self-respect developed by their moral education to indulge in these unwomanly antics, and the others, equally educated with their husbands, are content to give their advice and opinions, while all alike would be very loth to abandon their high pinnacle of womanhood to climb (or roll) in the direction of the lower plane of manhood.

And in the Islands of the Blest one could never hear the remark so common elsewhere (and so final a condemnation of the parody of "higher education" for women), "It is a pity that she has taken

up Education instead of marrying and having a happy domestic life." For the longer a girl remains at School or College there, the fitter and better is she in body, mind, and character for wifehood and motherhood, inasmuch as there Education is development and training of the faculties of all three.

PERCIVAL WREN.

TO THE OLD YEAR.

" Old Year, adieu ! Hast thou not served us well ?
 Throughout thy tenure of commission, true
 And constant always. Now, thy fun'ral knell
 Bids us, as thou hast done, our duty do,"
 The Old Year, sighing, nothing uttereth.

" At times thy path proved perilous and dark,
 Yet on thy feet trod fearless, steadfast, bold ;
 At other times thy mission made its mark
 Midst melodies and mercies manifold,"
 The Old Year, smiling, catcheth at his breath

" Friend ! we shall miss thee long. The young New Year
 Will not at once find favour in our eyes ;
 We know him not, while thee we still revere ;
 Thy fears and hopes, thy tears and mysteries." "
 " Be patient and be true," the Old Year saith.

" O Friend ! Dear Friend ! One word, ere good-bye's said ;
 Canst thou not whisper in the ear of him
 Who cometh with fleet feet where thou hast led
 Fast from the fastnesses of cherubim ? "
 All heedfully the Old Year listeneth.

" Whisper that we are yearning for the truth ;
 Whisper that we are longing sore for love ;
 Bid him in tenderness baptise his youth ;
 Bid him bring down bright blessing from above."
 With loving glance the Old Year promiseth

" Have we not seen enough of storms, Old Year ?
 Enough of wrong ? Enough of crime ? O Friend
 Bid for us now, while through this midnight drear,
 We pray Thy Lord that these may have an end ! "
 The bells are clanging for the Old Year's death.

ERIC HAMMOND.

THE TENNYSON CENTENARY.

A hundred Springs have smiled upon the earth,
In full-blown beauty, casting round a charm,
Since that immortal hour which saw his birth
To all creation's glorious life and form.
The golden robe his mind has wrought,
With Love and Fancy's range unfurled
These dazzling summers oft have sought,
The halo circling all the world.
Seasons of other sign,
With brimming tears have known,
The Sorrow's pangs divine
Which hundred years have shown.

II.

The bard's resounding melodies of song
Have played with zest upon the waves of Time
And orbs have hailed him speeding come along,
To chime with them in harmony and rhyme ;
The ocean's roar has heard him sing,
His tunes of full-majestic sound ;
Those lingering voices ever ring,
On shores the billows compass-round ;
And tender notes have crept
In silence on our ears ;
Our hearts have joyed or wept,
In gladness or in tears.

III.

Across the darkened vale of vanished years
 Is seen in shining glow the lyric light ;
 Through hushed arcades forlorn, the world now hears
 The gifted voice of strange ethereal might ;
 His life began to beat with breath,
 Beyond this distant gulf of Time ;
 And spite the dismal void of death,
 We touch his throbbing pulse in pri.e ;
 We taste his honeyed throng
 Of words of rapturous sound ;
 The incense of his song,
 In fragrance spreads around.

IV.

Creation's children hail the poet's soul
 In worship of his wide-embracing heart ,
 A thankful pæan raise the mighty roll
 Of noble creatures mirrored in his Art ;
 The lily-fancy that suspires
 Beneath life's rosy dawn ; the eyes
 That dreaming light with lambent fires
 Of Love and live on hopes or sighs ;
 The proud heroic hands
 That seek immortal fame
 On perilous seas or lands
 And leave a cherished name ,

V.

The manly heart that bows at Duty's shrine
 And seeks with firmness Virtue's steep ascent ;
 The mind in puzzled strife with God's design
 Oppressed by doubt and toward Faith now bent ;
 The toilers in this whirling world
 Of work and change, elate at morn,
 Wearied at eve, but ever hurled
 From care to care, by struggles torn ;
 The souls that calmly see
 The life beyond the Bar,
 Rapt in Eternity,
 Lit by the Heavenly Star ' 1

VI

Sweet joys of hearth and home are seen to bloom
 In unadorned grandeur in his Art ;
 A parent's loving voice is breathed—all gloom
 And shadow roll before the beaming heart ;
 The sacred hand that gently sways
 The cradle's potent lord—it feels
 The poet's tender soul ; his lays
 Now guide the noble wife who kneels,
 To Faith devoutly true,
 And cheers the blissful home,
 A soul of spotless hue
 Purer than ocean-foam.

VII.

Where hungry nations war in endless greed
 And peaceful climes are run to wreck and woe ;
 Where crowned heads and trusted statesmen breed
 The wolfish warrior or the raging foe ;
 Where council-chambers thirst for fights
 And roaring voices rend the air
 For blood and battle's ghastly sights,
 There like a heavenly angel fair,
 With radiant wings unfurled,
 And singing psalms of peace,
 He lights upon the world
 And lulls the troubled seas.

VIII.

From fairy-realms of rapturous Romance
 Throned on aerial heights, or lost to view
 Above dim fading peaks in lonely trance,
 Or reared beyond some unknown virgin blue
 Whose bosom knows no lustful hands,
 Secure, across the surging roar
 From worldly ills and toil's demands,
 And vulgar visions on the shore—
 He pours his dulcet strain :
 Its music rings along
 All space, on land and main,
 Suffusing deathless song.

IX.

With golden orbs that grace the void of air,
And move in measured step with sun and star
With constellations basking in the care
Of one irradiating Light afar ;
In sweet communion with the soul
Of universal forward pace,
The years shall see his spirit roll
In ceaseless life, the joyous race,
With that immortal strain,
The witching melody
Heard o'er the bonndle main
Of vast Eternity.

P. SESHADRI.

Madras.

THE VIVISECTOR.

(Continued from our last number.)

CHAPTER XX.

SIR LYSTER descended from the rostrum at the close of his speech without making any further remark and sat down on a chair at the end of the front row of the audience, next to the one occupied by Archdeacon Dayford. As he did so, the Archdeacon rose and stepped to the place vacated by Sir Lyster, whence he proceeded in his shrill voice to make a short speech, thanking the distinguished surgeon for his excellent address, and also paying a compliment to the wrapt attention of the audience. Finally he wound up by repeating the words of the invitation issued by his wife, that tea would be served in the dining-room, and he hoped all his guests would stay and partake of it.

Then he too sat down, and conversation, which had been hushed for considerably over an hour, began again, fitfully at first, and then louder and louder, until the whole room buzzed with the sound of incessant talking.

As is often the case after a prolonged, enforced silence, people recommence their conversation with remarks peculiarly characteristic of their general character.

Lavinia, who was present accompanied by Fraulein Hildersheim, scarcely waited for the concluding words of Archdeacon Dayford's address ere she gave vent to a long-stifled yawn, and remarked loud enough for all her immediate neighbours to hear, "Thank goodness that is done. Now we shall get tea. That is all I came for, because I wanted to see the dining-room. People say the pictures there are really wonderful, a real Corot, and two Reynolds you know, and lots of others. I'm sure we deserve tea, don't we, dear?" Then as she spasmodically caressed Fraulein's bony hand, "We've done penance long enough listening to that old thing, at least I didn't listen. I dozed nicely, and opened my eyes sometimes so that people should think I was awake."

"Hush!" said Fraulein, smiling nevertheless. "You must be good a little longer, and you will see what you wanted to. But you should have listened. Really, he was quite nice and interesting, the old man."

Dear old Fraulein. A quarter of her faded life had been spent in gently chiding this curious child whom she so ardently adored, and perhaps the best spot in Lavinia's frivolous nature was the somewhat desultory affection she cherished for her old chaperone and erstwhile governess.

Anne, who had followed the lecture throughout and been delighted with it, was quite sorry when it came to a close, and so was Mrs. Langridge, who, although she had not fully understood all Sir Lyster said, had been vastly pleased by the eloquence with which his views were delivered.

"In a pulpit, my dear," she said ardently to her daughter, "he would be divine, and think what a position he might hold. The Archbishop of Canterbury could not speak better, I feel sure; only," she added a little deprecatingly, "I am not quite certain that he is entirely orthodox. The references to Buddhism, for instance."

But Anne scarcely heard her. "The dear animals," she murmured softly to herself. "How they must love him and he them. I don't think I shall ever want to eat any more mutton-chops or beef-steaks now. I never seemed to think so much of meat-eating before, and I think I shall love Swell and Lord Roberts more than ever, now I understand things."

At this point no one had much time left for further remarks or reflections, for Mrs. Dayford rose and proceeded to escort Sir Lyster to tea, motioning the company to follow her. They, on their part, were ushered out of the room by the Archdeacon, who, as the last guest departed, followed to the dining-room. When he entered the dining-room he saw his wife beckoning to him with a most distracted expression on her face. As she was attired in all her best clothes, and was apt on such occasions to be distracted, the Archdeacon did not think there was much wrong; the set of her cap might need his care, perhaps, he argued in his mind, or she might have mislaid the mauve silk bag with her opera glasses in it. He walked towards her without hurrying particularly and touched her arm, for at that instant she was turned from him.

"Yes, Eliza!"

Mrs. Dayford turned quickly to him. "John," she said in a low whisper, "there are three plates of *pâté-de-foie-gras* sandwiches on the table just close to Sir Lyster Knowlson. He is sure to see them, and after his lecture just fancy what he will think! I had no idea he would mention *pâté-de-foie-gras* in a lecture on anti-vivisection. It didn't come into my mind in that light before."

The Archdeacon looked meditative, and rubbed his long grey beard with a faultlessly manicured, fat, white hand.

"They must be moved," he said at length.

"But how, John? One plate would be quite easy, but three! And he may have seen them by now."

The Archdeacon moved towards the table on which the offending plates lay. Sir Lyster had his back turned to them just at that moment, and was conversing with Lord Avesham, whose mother he knew well.

The Archdeacon seized his opportunity; regardless of the enquiring glances cast upon him by the people round the table, he bore off the three plates with all the dexterity of an accomplished waiter and vanished with them through the door. The situation was saved. Just then the footmen entered bearing the heavy silver tea-urns, and Mrs. Dayford was able with a thankful heart to turn her attention to serving her guests.

"Truly on occasion John is a valuable husband," she told herself, "and the intrepid way in which he has done the deed of valour is worthy of praise!"

Meanwhile Keynsham had made his way to the corner in which Anne sat. He had attended this lecture for reasons pertaining to herself, and he considered it was most necessary that she should see him there. Anne looked up as she noticed his approach, and smiled. Under his careful ministrations her arm was recovering wonderfully and with her increasing trust in his capacity as a clever doctor, she had greatly got over her former dislike for him.

"I am glad to see you here," she said, as he came and sat down beside her, after handing her some cake from a stand.

"Are you, why?" He looked at her enquiringly and strove to read her thoughts through her frank grey eyes that, to-day, had such a friendly gleam in them.

"Because, you know, you are not fond of animals, and it must have done you good to hear that lecture. It was such a convincing lecture, wasn't it now?"

She raised her delicate eyebrows slightly, and paused, cup in hand for his answer.

He stirred his tea vigorously and did not look at her.

"Well, you know," he said diffidently, "one does not usually alter one's opinions at each lecture one hears. I, for instance, have heard a good many on the benefits obtainable by means of experiments on animals. I can't believe all I hear, can I?"

"But you don't believe in vivisection, do you? You wouldn't really hurt any poor animal, you couldn't." Unconsciously, she raised her voice, her pale cheeks flushed brightly. She had her beloved animals very much at heart. Suddenly her eyes dropped. "Ah, I forgot," she said sadly, "the yellow-hammer, you killed it just for"—she paused seeking a word—"fun"—she added, still more sadly, her beautiful eyes darkened.

Matters were not going entirely as Keynsham wished, but one thing he had gathered. She did not know the story of the retriever. This much was in his favour. But Anne's memory was becoming unpleasantly vivid. "Do you know," she continued "that I heard before I met you that you were a vivisectionist. Fancy how horrible the idea is. I would not sit in the same room with you, much less near you if you were one. I should loathe and despise you so, you would be such a butcher." She uttered the last word with evident loathing, but the man by her side did not wince.

"Come," he said, "this is not a pleasant subject. If you have finished tea, let us look round at the pictures. You know the gems and will be able to point them out to me."

She handed him her tea cup, and rose with alacrity. Her mother was busy chatting to an old friend, and it pleased her to be taken notice of. It all helped to dispel the crushing sense of loneliness which overcame her when she thought of Percival. It was nice to have someone all to herself to talk to, and Keynsham was a good conversationalist too.

"The best one first," she said, as they wended their way down the long dining-hall, through the crowds of people that filled it.

She led him to a small picture in an old gilt frame. "Now, look and see if this is not beautiful," she cried with almost childish pleasure as they stood before it. "It is said to be a Turner, but the Archdeacon is so afraid of having it stolen that he refuses to have an expert here to see it, or to send it anywhere to be valued. Do you know anything of pictures?" she added, glancing at him.

He did not answer her for the moment, but bending his head, peered into the picture, which was hung rather low, and was silent. She was right. It was a very beautiful little scene, very simple in subject, but exquisite in detail and colouring. Just a few deer grazing on the sward round an oak tree, in a park rich in bracken. It was the oak tree which was so peculiarly beautiful. The sunlight filtered through its gnarled boughs on to the deer beneath, the leaves seemed almost to quiver in a gentle breeze against the clear blue sky, the old twisted roots wound themselves about among the bracken like so many snakes. The tree

was, in fact, as perfect a tree as could ever be found on painter's canvas, and the Archdeacon was justly proud of his possession.

Anne was the first to break the silence. She did not wait to have her question answered. "The tree is what most people admire," she said, "but I like the deer best. They are so real, so timid looking. I love the deer in Lord Ashdale's park here. I often feed them. Do you know that one of the poor things got killed while the Militia were in camp, by getting itself caught in the ropes of one of the tents and cutting its neck. Lord Avesham told me. He says they all tried to keep it alive but it died the next day. I was so sorry."

For once Keynsham almost felt a pang of disgust at the part he was playing, but he smiled in spite of it.

"You are very tender-hearted, Miss Langridge," he said, almost pityingly. Then, returning to the question she had asked, "I do not know much of pictures except those in the Louvre. I studied medicine in Paris once, and in my spare moments I became fairly well acquainted with those in that Gallery. Do you know Paris?" he asked, anxious to turn the conversation into safe channels.

She answered in the negative, and thereupon he launched forth into an account of all the beauties of the gay city, touching chiefly upon those which he fancied would please her most.

Anne was enchanted. She loved hearing about beautiful places. It was not often she had such an entertaining person to talk to. She let herself go entirely. Her shyness and reserve gave way and she was charming, animated, delightful. A bright colour shone in her cheeks and her eyes sparkled. She felt she positively liked this man who was taking so much trouble to amuse her. When at length Keynsham took out his watch and announced that he was due at the surgery, and must go at once, she felt quite sorry.

He smiled as he said good-bye to her. "I shall come and see that arm again in a week or so," he said, "and shall expect it to be nearly well."

Anne frowned suddenly. "I had forgotten all about my arm," she said. "Why did you remind me of it? Don't bother about it please, but come to tea and talk about Paris. I want to hear more of it."

"Nonsense," he said abruptly; nevertheless, her childish manner pleased him, and he determined to accept her invitation. "Your arm is of primary importance."

She gave a charming little pout, and held out her hand. "Good-bye till a week to-day," she said gaily. She was almost astonished at her own intense cheerfulness. She had been particularly morbid lately.

He took her hand and held it an instant in his own before he left her. Inwardly, he was telling himself that he had scored that afternoon.

But Anne was happy and perfectly unsuspecting.

CHAPTER XXI.

Anne Langridge flung herself face downwards on her small white bed in an utter abandonment of inconsolable wretchedness. Even the horror which had fallen upon her at the receipt of Colonel Lane's letter just two months before had not been equal to this. Then she had felt self-reliant. She had known that she had herself to depend upon. She had felt in a sense almost strong. But now there was nothing left, only ghastly distrust of self, and a horrible sense of self-abasement which nothing could efface, and no time alter. She knew herself to be faithless; she deemed herself unworthy of any regard; she dared not think what Percival, if he could see her, would think, how his faithful loving heart would be torn with misery. And what was the cause of all this wretchedness? What had caused her to suddenly lose all the self-control upon which she had once prided herself?

Charles Keynsham had made her an offer of marriage! That was the horror from which her soul recoiled—the idea that she could have so behaved as to give any man the opportunity of proposing to her, when a little over two months before the one man she loved had died alone and un comforted in a far-off land.

She did not realise in the first poignancy of her misery that the blame could not rest entirely upon her, that men could not be expected to be proof against falling in love with girls whose lovers had died, and whom therefore they believed to be free, and that if there were any real blame, it lay rather with Keynsham, who should have known and respected her feelings better than to abuse them thus.

But Keynsham was not a respecter of feelings. A man of his calibre would not be likely to be, and having made up his mind to marry Anne, and having discovered that he had at last made a distinctly pleasant impression upon her, and that she had fairly overcome her former horror of him, he lost no time in asking her to marry him. To do him justice, he was by this time honestly in love with her after his own fashion, and the horror and surprise with which she had heard his proposal had upset him not a little. He had gone away from Anne in a frame of mind very far from pleasant, and with his love turned into something very near a desire for vengeance, for above all things Keynsham was a man who hated to be balked.

But Anne was unconscious of all this, and as he left the drawing-room after his somewhat stormy interview with her, she had dashed to her room and taken refuge in violent floods of tears. She had been alone when he came in, presumably to see her arm, and she had welcomed him in quite a cheerful fashion. She had become so used to his visits, and his talks always livened her up; they were so full of life and interest. On this occasion she had shown him some sketches of the Abbey Church that she had done the previous summer, and he had praised them. She had been proud and pleased, because she really valued his opinion. Then quite suddenly she noticed his face had changed. It had become softer than she had ever seen it, and she had shrunk away with a sudden fear in her heart, and then he had caught her hand—the hand that Percival had held so often.

But here Anne's sobs redoubled. She could not go on recollecting any more; her remorse swallowed up all other thoughts. How had she dared to be so cheerful, so affable to him, a mere stranger! Oh, if only she had never been persuaded to go to the sports, all this could not have happened. She would not have got to know and like (for she confessed she did like him) Dr. Keynsham; she would have remembered him only as the horrid man who had killed the bird, and then her memory for Percival would not have been violated. She would not have lost all her self-respect. She wondered what Captain Holford would say—but then he need never know. He was back at Khartoum by now. At the thought of Captain Holford the memory of the letter he had written to young Green came to her. It was nearly five weeks since it was posted. Very likely Captain Holford had had an answer to it by now and then he would send it to her, and she would hear more about him.

At this point Anne's arm began to pain her terribly and distracted her thoughts from other matters. She discovered that she had been lying with all her weight on it. No wonder it hurt. She drew it from under her and regarded it ruefully. It was still far from right and she knew that under ordinary circumstances Keynsham would have continued to come and attend to it. Now he could scarcely come! Anne wondered mechanically who would look after it, and how she could best explain matters to her mother without exciting suspicion. She finally decided upon a deliberate lie. She would say that Dr. Keynsham had been, and had said that it needed no more attention, and therefore he would not call again. Meanwhile, she decided to treat the injury herself to the best of her ability, and if it did not progress as well as it should, to ask Dr. Martin's

advice concerning it; she need not explain anything to him. Doubtless he would understand.

Anne rose from her bed. In addition to her other miseries she now felt a coward and the sensation was unpleasant. However self-abased she might feel, she had no right to cry in this fashion; so she got up and walked over to the window to calm herself.

Luckily Mrs. Langridge was away for the day visiting her sister who lived about ten miles off, and she need not fear investigation. If only something could happen to comfort her just a little! The loneliness was so horrible. She was only twenty-five, and other men might propose to her during the course of her life unless she became an absolute hermit, and that she felt she could not do if she was to remain sane. Would she always suffer like this afterwards, she wondered? Would she never be able to remain so faithful to Percival as to make all men see that it was useless to expect her to marry them? She did not know; besides, was she so faithful to him? It was terribly difficult to remain faithful for a lifetime to a memory, when there was the awful, the overwhelming loneliness. Anne had never been a deeply religious person, but since her trouble she had fallen back, as most people do, upon God. It seems strange, but it is true that more than half the people in the world only think of their Father and Creator when under the stress of some great misery. He must be the participator of their sorrows, but not of their joys—a curious, but after all a very human, creed. We can all of us be marvellously self-reliant as long as everything goes well. Anne fell on her knees before the window, and tried to pray, but praying is not easy, especially under stress of emotion. It requires a calmness, a concentration of will, of which we are not at all times capable. Anne soon found that beyond broken, disconnected utterances, which she felt were useless, she was incapable of prayer. "Send me help, Lord," was her repeated cry, but even with that her mind seemed to wander. She felt uncomfortable. She rose at last and looked about her, searching for some distraction. Her eye lighted on the drawer in which her precious "Unsent Letters" were kept. She determined to get them out and read them again. She knew them almost by heart now, but even the touch of the paper they were written on was consoling. She unlocked the drawer and took from it the parcel of letters; drawing an easy chair to the open window she sat down, and began to untie the ribbon that confined the parcel.

It was a glorious evening outside. The sun, though declining, shone brilliantly, and the flowers in the garden were at their very

best. The white jasmine that clustered round the window was in full flower, and the delicious scent of the star-like blooms filled the room. As she sat quietly undoing the letters Anne became conscious of it, and drew in deep breaths of the fragrant air. It seemed to produce in her the sense of peace which she so longed for. She realised that she felt differently towards Nature than she had done on the lovely May morning that had followed the day on which she had received Colonel Lane's letter. She felt more at one with Nature, nearer to the heart of things. She was learning through suffering what Sir Lyster Knowlson had depicted so graphically in his lecture, the Eternal Oneness of all creation.

She leaned back in her chair, and opening a letter at random began to read, and as she read the sensation of peace increased and the world and its business seemed to fade away before the knowledge of that great love that had been—nay—that was hers.

"Beloved," so ran the letter—

"The longer I live the more I realise that there is not, there cannot ever be such a thing as death. By this I do not mean that we do not inevitably cast off our physical bodies and pass our conscious existence on to other realms of being. That, of course, we all do, and we in the West are apt to attach a terrible amount of unnecessary importance to this change—for more than that it is not. Here, in the East, all is different. The Hindu thinks no more of dying than we of changing our coat for another that is newer and fresher. His religion teaches him this calmness, this peace, for with the great doctrine of reincarnation and all the ideas surrounding it standing paramount in the background, all for him is certainty and knowledge. Would that in the West it were so too! In spite of the eternal truths of Christianity there remains to-day the fact that thousands upon thousands of men in the West dread death as they would the most horrible torture that the fiendish ingenuity of man could devise. And why? I do not know. I do not imagine I shall be changed when I cast off this body. My personality will be the same, my love, for oh! my best-loved one, there are times in which my personality seems to consist of nothing but this great capacity for loving you. In the course of our lives, sweetheart, if it should be my lot to pass through the portals which men call the gates of death before you, I want you to think of me only as a living free embodiment of Love which is all yours and which will guide, protect, and care for you for ever, that is, unless you tire of me. And even then I shall

not blame you if you transfer your love to someone whom you feel can understand you, and therefore love you, more deeply, more devotedly than I, terrible though the agony of such change must be to me if I witness it."

Anne laid the letter down as she finished it, and a smile came over her tear-stained face. "He is not dead," she said softly to herself. "He cannot be, I can feel his love, he will understand, he will know I am not really faithless. Only there are times when all is so hard—so hard, but a soul like his cannot be a stern judge. Surely, now he knows me better than before. His capacity for comprehension must be greater now, he is free from the fetters of physical existence."

(To be continued.)

MARGARITA YATES.

London

EDITORIAL NOTE.

In warning the British public against the dangers of allowing seditious activities to spread in this country without any check in their early stages, Anglo-Indian writers have sometimes reminded their countrymen how suddenly in the past insurrectionary movements have gathered head, and at least in one case, never to be forgotten, spread like wildfire over large areas. It is believed that this development of dangerous movements is one of the characteristic phenomena of Eastern lands, even as cyclones and typhoons arise and involve the navigator in disaster in certain seas without much previous warning. It may be that there is something in the temperament of the people which makes them act on a sudden impulse, and predisposes them to sudden alarms, or it may be that European inhabitants among them are unable to penetrate beneath the surface of Indian society and to understand the significance of what passes in its innermost depths. In the case of the great Sepoy Mutiny it has been said that warnings of the coming event were not altogether wanting, but that certain great men at the helm were constitutionally incapable of realising the meaning of the signs and they were lacking in imagination. Warnings have so often proved false in the history of the world, and so often true, that it is difficult to appraise the blame attaching either to those who have too readily acted upon them, or to those who have too long disregarded them. Apart from any comparisons that may be instituted between this country and others, and apart from the nature of the movements that spread rapidly, one cannot deny that certain ideas have recently spread in India with remarkable rapidity—with a rapidity which ought to shatter the belief, once so much in vogue, that the East is immovable. The spread of English education has surprised many who thought that the people were so imbued with the conservative

spirit of their civilisation and literature that they would be content to know sufficient English for employment in the public service. The rise of the National Congress surprised and alarmed not a few. The Boycott movement in Bengal gave very little previous warning. The National Volunteers, as they called themselves, leapt into existence and prominence at the casual suggestion of a lady. The bomb was a startling revelation. The huge conspiracy which has been established before the highest tribunal in Bengal after a prolonged trial was not known to the ubiquitous police until it had manifested itself through daring and open crime, supported by persistent advocacy and sedition in the Press. The rapidity with which a movement spreads depends upon what may be called the solubility of its main ideas in the consciousness of the people, and not merely upon their temperament. It may be a good or a bad movement, having either mischief or moral regeneration for its object. One sometimes wishes that good movements would spread more rapidly than they do: the progress of social reform is much more tardy than a well-wisher of the country would desire. Political movements, on the other hand, communicate their vibrations to the population in all directions with surprising rapidity. The reason that is ordinarily given for this difference in this country is that men are more anxious about their being than about their well-being, and that inasmuch as politics affects their very being, or the very foundations of their well-being, they are more responsive to political suggestions than to advice concerning their social well-being. Students of history who are impressed by the prevalence of intrigue and faction and the instability of Governments in former times may perhaps suggest that the traditions of the past predispose the people to believe in rumours and alarms. Education, which spreads a knowledge of the machinery of Government among the people, makes them less credulous about its vicissitudes and more confident in its stability and protecting power.

The movement that is to be noticed in these paragraphs wears an innocent aspect—it is to induce the people of India, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, and between boundaries East and West which are not fixed by nature, to adopt a common language and a common script. It is not a novel project. More ambitious proposals have been put forward and made some progress in the

West. A common language with a common script is something more than a dream of waking hours. Esperanto congresses are held nowadays, books are written, dramas enacted, and many kinds of attempt are made to demonstrate the convenience and possibility of a common language for the whole world. Why should it be impossible to re-build the tower of Babel ? It is an ambition which Science has suggested by linking together the various parts of the globe by means of the electric telegraph and steam locomotion. India has also been consolidated, not merely by the inventions of Science, but by the genius of the statesman and the valour of the soldier. The country has been organised : it is endowed with one heart and numerous blood-vessels. Shall it not have a common speech ? The question may sound rather strange, for a common language, namely, English, has already had no small share in promoting a sense of national unity among the educated classes. It has not succeeded completely in obliterating a consciousness of differences : language, while teaching common ideas, does not necessarily create common interests. Recent discussions show that the sense of unity of interests which the English language has created among the educated classes of the Hindu and Muhammadan communities, as compared with that might have existed under a ruler like Akbar, may be easily exaggerated, though it is no doubt considerable. It may, perhaps, be replied that the case of the Hindus and the Muhammadans illustrates precisely how a difference of language creates a sense of difference between communities, for the classics venerated by the two communities are different. Where the spoken vernacular is the same, and where learning has not created a strong bias in favour of exclusive ideas handed down by different civilisations, the two communities as a rule hobnob with each other closely enough, except when some casual incident rouses their fanaticism. The power of a language in establishing bonds of sympathy cannot be denied. Through a common language one may find one's own soul reflected in another, and even in a mutual conflict it provides a hope of concord. Divided as Americans and Englishmen are politically, their common tongue preserves a kinship of soul as it reminds them of the kinship of blood.

For centuries Sanskrit contributed largely to unite one part of the Indian continent with another. As H. H. Wilson wrote in

dedicating his Dictionary to the Directors of the East India Company, "The Hindu population of these extensive realms can be understood only through the medium of the Sanskrit language : it alone furnishes us with the master spring of all their actions and passions. their prejudices and their errors, and enables us to appreciate their vices or their worth." As it was not a spoken vernacular in his time, it was only Pandits that could use it as a medium of communication between one province and another. But Pandits were ubiquitous, perhaps more so than graduates are supposed to be at the present day, at least in relation to the demand for them in the country. They could acquire their education at a much less cost than a modern matriculate, and sometimes at no cost at all. They could speak Sanskrit fluently, as modern graduates as a rule cannot. Whether the language of the Gods was ever understood of the common people is a somewhat debated question. It must at one time or another have been a spoken language somewhere, in the sense that English is in London or Marathi is at Poona. Side by side with the cultivated literary language there must have existed local dialects. All these conjectures one can safely base on the general truths that the science of language teaches us. At the time when it was spoken Sanskrit might not have been a common language over a considerable portion of Bharatavarsha. It was the literature that saved the language, and made it living as a medium of communication between scholars of different provinces, and perhaps also between different Governments, when it had ceased to be spoken as the mother-tongue of any community. It lives to-day and will perhaps be imperishable, if anything can be imperishable. There are two difficulties in the way of its adoption as a common language by large sections of people. In the first place, as it is not spoken in any province or community, everyone has to learn it. The same objection may be raised against Esperanto. A still greater difficulty is that its grammar is difficult to master. It has therefore been suggested that its grammar must be simplified, so that it may be easily learnt by people whose mother tongue is a Sanskritic vernacular or a language which contains a large number of Sanskrit words. This suggestion has the merit of impartiality as between various provinces. But Sanskrit with simplified grammar will really be no Sanskrit, but practically a new vernacular. It will have to

be learnt as much as Sanskrit has now to be learnt by all, and it will start with the initial difficulty of having no literature. A long time must elapse before the necessary literature is created, and in fact it will have to contend against the same difficulties as are encountered by Esperanto.

For many years English has been a common language in India and has been used as such with great advantage even by those who wish for an Indian substitute in its place. The congresses and conferences that meet every year in Christmas week and whenever the educated classes have time to congregate from their respective provinces and districts, would have been practically impossible without the English language, and the Native Press would not have acquired the power it wields or enjoyed the facilities which it utilises without a common medium such as English is, and such as no Indian language can be. It establishes contact not only between province and province, but also between rulers and ruled, between Hindus and Mahammadans, between officials and non-officials, and between India and the outside world. India cannot remain isolated, nor can it maintain its political integrity as a nation without the English language. The objection to remain content with English as one common language seems to be that it cannot be as easily learnt as an Indian vernacular, like Hindi for example, and it cannot therefore be a common language for those sections of the people who have not the time to learn the foreign tongue. It is easy to understand the force of this objection. Hindi speakers are understood sufficiently well even in provinces where it is not habitually spoken by a large number of people. It is understood in Maharashtra, and even in Southern India to some extent, because of the Sanskrit words contained in it. Vernacular preachers from Bengal and the Panjab are followed by those who have not made a special study of Hindi in Bombay and the Central Provinces, whereas the same people may not be able to understand a word of English. There can be little doubt that Hindi may be taught much more easily than English even in Southern India, though an orator in that language would require a considerable amount of time to acquire a sufficient mastery of the tongue. Its grammar is simple, and it is already spoken by many millions of people. As a common language within certain limits it possesses great advantages over

English. But before advocating its use one has to inquire who will care to learn it. How many among those who cannot speak English will feel the necessity of communicating with their countrymen who do not know their own mother-tongue? How many people in Western India, who are ignorant of English, desire to exchange thoughts with their countrymen similarly circumstanced in Bengal or in the Panjab? Those who advocate the use of Hindi as a common language assure us that the number of such is bound to grow under the political conditions that already prevail and will prevail in a large measure in the future. That an ever-increasing number of people are taking a more or less lively interest in political discussions cannot be denied. This interest is bound to grow with the spread of education and the development of the vernacular Press in each province. It is sometimes suggested that the study of English literature is at the bottom of much of the unrest in India, that this unrest spreads from one part of the country to another through the medium of English, which is used as a common language, and that the unrest might be arrested by reducing the facilities for acquiring a knowledge of English. This kind of reasoning ignores the influence of the vernacular Press. If the study of English is openly discouraged as a political move, the next day a movement may be started to substitute Hindi in its place as a common language as a protest against the Government's policy. Under a sense of wrong the people will flock round the standard of Hindi in larger numbers and with greater ardour than they do now. It is in such circumstances that political movements arise and pass over the country with the rapidity of a hurricane. At present the movement is guided not merely by sentiment but also by calculation. As a practical measure to attain the desired end, it is suggested that Hindi must be taught as an optional vernacular in all schools throughout India. The cost of education will thereby be increased, for qualified teachers will have to be imported from Hindi-speaking provinces until local teachers become available. The cost of providing teachers may be reduced by sending the would-be teachers from each province to Benares or elsewhere to learn the language, and by waiting until they become available. But the initial supply of teachers so trained will not last very long. It will have to be kept up by fresh accessions, and eventually as much

money will have to be spent on Hindi as on Sanskrit or any other Indian language. Then again, some other branch of knowledge will have to be sacrificed for the sake of Hindi. What is the benefit to be derived in return for this pecuniary and other sacrifice ? Only that those who do not know English, and yet wish to hold common political meetings with their brethren of other provinces, will be able to meet on a common platform. Whatever the future may bring forth, their number is very small as yet. The utility of the movement and the prospects of its success may be ascertained by a simple experiment. Hold Hindi classes in every great town or city. If the classes are well attended voluntarily when the language is not prescribed for any examination, the inference would be that there is a genuine desire among large sections of the population to make use of Hindi as a common language. Otherwise the movement must rest on a foundation of sand.

CURRENT EVENTS

The Viceregal tour has not been such a triumphal march as we expected it would prove when its commencement was recorded last month. The most notable and untoward incident in it was the attempt made on His Excellency's life at Ahmedabad. The part of the country where the atrocity was committed by throwing two bombs in succession at the Viceregal carriage is not known for any tendencies towards disaffection. Ahmedabad is an industrial centre, the atmosphere of which is contaminated more by the smoke from factory chimneys than by sedition. On the other hand, if the would-be assassin came all the way from Bengal, where the art of bomb-making seems to have been developed considerably, would he carry with him such ineffective weapons? The incident is shrouded in mystery, and arrests have been made on suspicion. It is not yet publicly known whether there is any early prospect of bringing the offence home to any culprit. The bombs were not altogether ineffective: one of them burst when handled by a municipal sweeper and severely injured him. The duty of compensating him and making a provision for his maintenance was undertaken by the Viceroy!



Contrary to expectations, the publication of the rules and regulations under the Indian Councils Act proved to be almost in the nature of an untoward incident. It did not add to the popularity which His Excellency had already acquired by his constitutional concessions. To say the least, it left the popularity where it stood; at any rate among Hindus, though perhaps not among Muhammadans. The concessions appreciated are not really small or worthless. The number of non-official members in all the Legislative Councils put together has been nearly trebled. In the Provincial Councils the

official majority has been abandoned. The power is given to non-official members to move resolutions in the shape of recommendations. Interpellations may be supplemented by further questions. Opportunity is allowed to discuss the budget at a stage and in a manner which makes its modification possible and probable, if the criticism is intelligent and sound, and not vague and stale. All these concessions carry out the gracious announcements made in His Majesty the King-Emperor's message last year. The credit for the bounteous gifts does not pertain to the Viceroy alone, but also to the Secretary of State, and at least in one important respect more to the latter than to the former.



The Government seems to have had almost a premonition of the criticism that was likely to be bestowed upon the regulations. The experienced officials knew the tests which the educated classes generally apply to all political measures, and in their consciousness a recollection of the past must have projected itself into the future. The Government Resolution on the regulations admitted that they might contain defects to be set right hereafter, but explained that a postponement of the reforms merely for the purpose of removing the defects at the outset was not desirable, because a considerable length of time had already been devoted to a discussion of the reforms and further discussion would make it impossible to introduce them in Lord Minto's time. The personal note struck in this appeal to critics must have the sympathy of all who realise their sense of gratitude to the present Viceroy. *Minus* the reforms His Excellency would have no record behind him for which posterity might remember his connection with India with special approval and commendation. Indeed, the deportations would have rankled in the memory of many. The procedure to be followed in discussing details with Local Governments in the light of public criticism would have swallowed up many years. Whatever its defects it was well that the scheme was launched into operation without delay.



The criticism has centred mainly round the concessions made to the Muhammadan community and the alleged insufficient recognition of educational qualifications for the franchise. Ever since the publication of what was called the Simla scheme of

reforms it could be clearly perceived that the Government and the Congress school of politicians differed on certain main issues. The Government approached the question of constitutional reform from the standpoint of communities and interests, while the Congress school, deriving its ideas from Western literature, demanded that the franchise should be based mainly on an individualistic and territorial basis. The Viceroy in one of his telegrams to the Secretary of State pointed out the inconvenience of introducing the communal principle in the representation of the universities, the local boards, and other similar bodies in the Legislative Councils, but wherever it could be introduced it has been under the regulations, in addition to the special representation given to the Muhammadan community. As that community is the only one which has been selected for the application of the communal principle, the concessions made to it naturally appear somewhat too obtrusive in the scheme. As a consequence of emphasising the standpoint of interests, educational qualifications have receded into the background, for those who receive the hall-mark of the universities and of Inns of Court do not thereby acquire an interest of their own. It may be expected that all these questions will be discussed in the new Councils and the Government will have an opportunity to explain the principles on which it has acted. The Bengal Government has already given proofs of its readiness to amend the rules wherever good reason is shown, and future discussions in the Councils may be expected to minimise the differences between the Government and its critics.

The year is drawing to a close. As usual the last week will witness many a gathering of educated men and women for the discussion of political, social and other questions. The interest of these gatherings has this year been eclipsed by the elections that are taking place all over the country and the curiosity which surrounds the future. Internal dissensions have further bedimmed the reputation of what has long been acknowledged as the premier public movement in India. The war between the Lords and the Commons has no direct bearing on Indian affairs.

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